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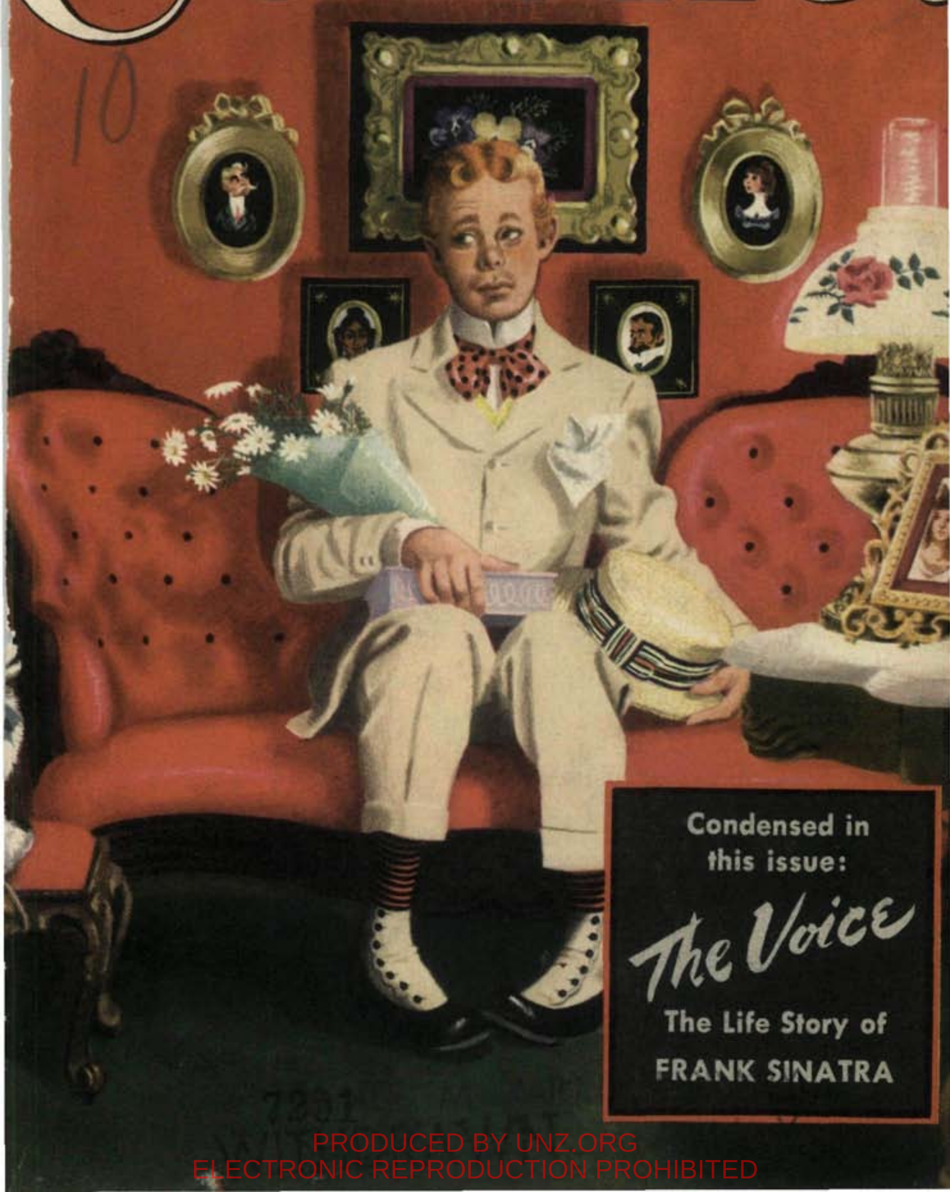

Condensed in this issue:

The Voice

The Life Story of
FRANK SINATRA

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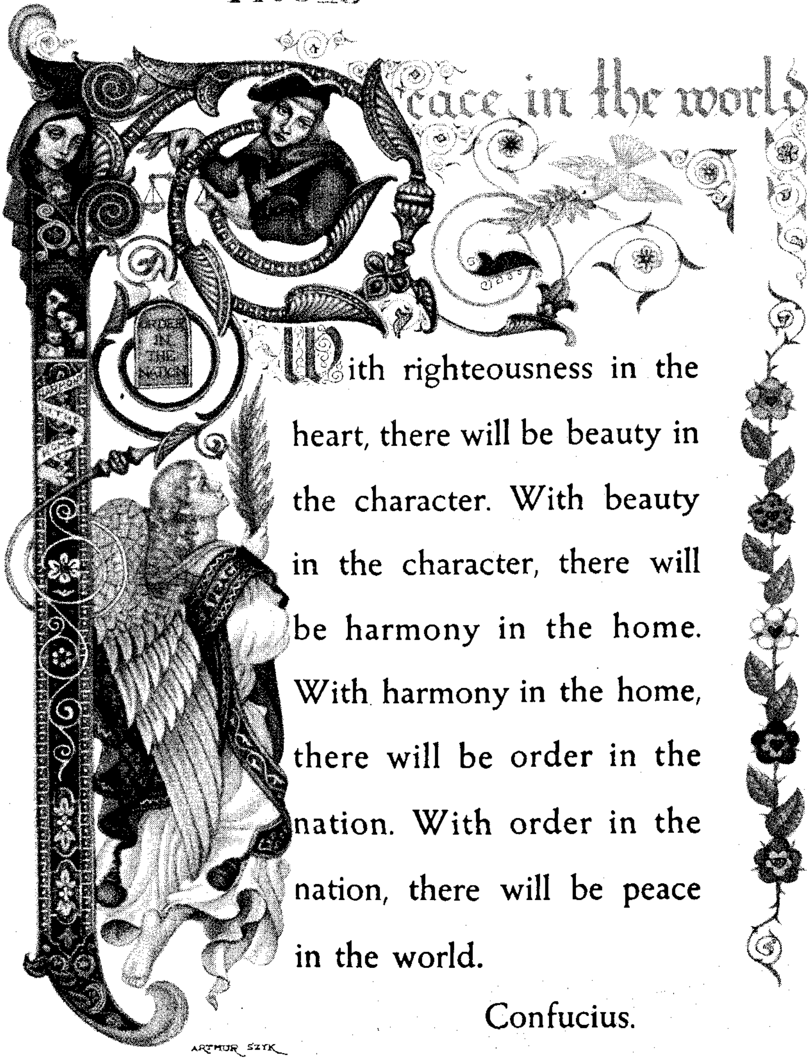

With righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. With beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the home. With harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. With order in the nation, there will be peace in the world.

Confucius.

In this illumination by Arthur Szyk, righteousness is represented by the man holding a scale and a heart; beauty and character, by the woman at upper left; and peace, by the angel and the dove. The roses at the right, each of them a different color, symbolize the various races of mankind.

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Vol. 22, No. 3 Coronet July, 1947
Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

America's Week-end KILLER

by LAWRENCE LADER

YOU'VE SEEN IT OFTEN in the newspapers. Just last week, when Joe Smith collapsed in the locker room after 36 holes of golf and died an hour later, you asked yourself:

"How could it happen? Joe was only 45. Played the game like a kid. Never had an ache or pain. Then suddenly, he's dead!"

A New York executive suffers a heart attack on a hunting trip. A businessman, vacationing in Florida with his son, collapses on the tennis court. An alumnus returning to a Midwest college for his 25th reunion is stricken during the class ball game.

You've read about them all. Each time, you shook your head in amazement. But what you didn't read was that every one had actually killed himself as surely as if he had held a gun to his head and pulled the trigger.

The same sudden death is waiting for thousands of other people. It isn't a well-known disease like cancer or tuberculosis: you won't even find it in medical dictionaries. But doctors throughout the country, who have watched it grow into a nation-wide menace to middle age, call it "week-end athletics."

Medical casebooks are full of tragic examples. A Chicago banker, age 44, who hadn't done anything more strenuous all winter than walk from his office to a luncheon restaurant, rushed to the golf course the first spring week end and played 36 holes, then topped it off with a swim in the club pool. A few hours later he was dead.

A New England businessman, age 43, who hadn't skied for years, went to Vermont on a skiing week end. By noon of the second day he was exhausted, but he wanted to get in more skiing after lunch. At the end of the first ski-run, he collapsed with a heart attack.

A 42-year-old industrialist, who

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had moved to New York during the war to be near his plant, went back to the country for his first real vacation in years. He played 36 holes of golf the first and second day, then paired with his son against another father-and-son tennis combination. At the end of the fifth set, he fell dead on the court.

ALMOST ALWAYS, THE "week-end athlete" follows the same suicidal course. After a long winter of desk work, his health is run down. Then the first summer week end comes along and, bang! he feels like a kid again, ready to take on men 20 years younger. He rushes to the country to crowd all his months of inactivity into one big week end.

Saturday starts with a dip in the ocean, then golf morning and afternoon, then a few rounds of drinks, then a rush home to meet the wife for dinner. Later, they go dancing, and long past midnight, after tossing down too many drinks and smoking too many cigarettes, he remembers that he has to be up early for golf next morning.

At middle age, a week end like that is plain suicide. Very few car owners would think of driving worn tires at 70 miles an hour. Yet they drive their bodies, which have been subjected to the same stresses and strains, even harder. Under the pressure of sudden and strenuous exercise, the average body can collapse tragically.

Medical statistics show what happens to a heart after 40, when the arteries begin to harden. Any exercise, driving the blood at an accelerated pace, can form a clot and cause sudden death. In a study of 2,400 men averaging 48 years of age at the Life Extension Institute in New York, electrocardiograms revealed borderline changes in 55 per cent and definite impairments in 10 per cent. Between 1930 and 1940, deaths throughout the country due to heart and circulatory ailments rose seven per cent. And they are still rising.

Worst of all, most men don't even know when their bodies are failing. Of 1,000 executives with an average age of 48, who were examined recently by the Life Extension Institute, 25 per cent had light abnormalities. The staggering figure of 61.8 per cent showed serious abnormalities that needed immediate medical attention. Yet it is men like these who put themselves through a tortuous week end of sport that may injure them severely or even bring complete collapse.

With most "week-end athletes," their favorite sport is almost a mania. Even against doctor's advice, they often refuse to give it up. Dr. Peter Steincrohn tells of one businessman with a blood pressure of 200 who had been warned against overexertion. Yet he insisted on joining a fishing party and helped to carry his canoe for a quarter of a mile. His friends had to carry his canoe back—with him in it!

The root of the evil is that countless Americans, who are keen and rational when it comes to their business or profession, lose their heads completely over "week-end athletics." When a cartoonist depicts a golfing maniac heading for the course with three bags and 78 clubs over his shoulder, it's a laughing matter. But the joke ends when that same golfer in real life collapses in the locker room after 36 holes. If he had only used common sense, he could have enjoyed his favorite sport during the rest of a long and healthy life.

It is time for every middle-aged "week-end athlete" to start following a few simple rules laid down by doctors. The first thing to do each year before heading for the golf course or tennis court is to undergo a complete physical check-up. It takes only a little time and money, yet its value is incalculable. The doctor can discover any signs of stress or strain, can tell how much exercise is beneficial and how much is dangerous.

When you get your check-up, ask the doctor what sports you are fit to play. No matter how young you feel, the strenuous athletic activities will have to be abandoned sooner or later.

"Vigorous sports like handball, boxing, volleyball and tennis," states Dr. Harry J. Johnson, director of the Life Extension Examiners, "should be limited, as a rule, to those under 45 years of age."

Edward Kennedy, Columbia University's famous swimming coach, recommends badminton and volleyball in winter, swimming and golf in summer. Prof. Thomas Kirkpatrick, head of Columbia's Physical Education Department, lists skating, hunting, fishing, swimming and golf.

Once you have the recommendations of a doctor or trainer, stick by them. "If you have played two sets of tennis or whatever your doctor sets as a sensible quota," says A. C. Zuaro, assistant director of physical training at New York University, "don't keep on just because you're feeling fine. Of course you feel fine, because exercise has set you up. Another set or two is liable to leave you near exhaustion."

But the most important rule of all is really the simplest. Before you go out for summer exercise, get into shape. Tone up your muscles, increase your endurance. The average "week-end athlete" forgets that he is 20 years older. He forgets that through months, sometimes years, of desk sitting, his muscles have gone flabby, his wind is shorter. Above all, he forgets that even in the prime of life the professional athletes go through long periods of intensive training.

You should start your training during the winter. Not bag punching or road work, but at any gymnasium or YMCA you can get carefully supervised exercise under an experienced instructor. As manager of Al Roon's gym in New York City, Bill Broedel handles many executives. For best results he has them come in twice a week, starting slowly and gradually building up to more difficult exercises. And in between each exercise, he insists on a rest to prevent heart strain.

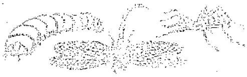
Many doctors, however, feel that gym exercises aren't necessary. "There's no better way to get in shape than walking," says Dr. Harry J. Johnson. "Try to walk an hour a day—to the railroad station, to your office, to a restaurant for lunch—then walk part of the way home at night."

No matter how carefully you follow rules, the one thing that can keep every "week-end athlete" from committing suicide is common sense. When you go out on the golf course or tennis court, forget the idea that you must do or die for Old Siwash. And pick partners your own age. It isn't smart to try to keep up with men 10 or 15 years younger. And above all, don't crowd everything into one week end.

When you examine the tragedies of "week-end athletics," you can see how easily they might have been averted. The New England businessman who suffered a heart attack on his skiing week end should have stopped exercising as soon as he felt the pains of exhaustion. If the 42-year-old industrialist had controlled his pride, he would not have accepted the tennis match with his son.

Don't make the same mistakes yourself. By using common sense and following a few simple medical rules, you can enjoy "week-end athletics" for many long, healthy years. But if you lose your head just once, that article in Monday morning's paper about the middle-aged businessman who collapsed after golf or tennis may very well contain your name.

Wondrous Insects—and No Bugaboo



A French scientist who once set out to measure the strength of insects determined that a beetle can draw 40 times its own weight. That means that if a beetle were the size of a cart horse and its strength proportionately as great, it could haul something like 100,000 pounds.

The pyramids are only about 450 feet high, and the highest building in the world is 1,250, a little more than 200 times the height of a six-foot man, but—the termite nests of Africa are a thousand times the height of the little insects that build them.

The maggot of a little black fly has been seen to jump out of a box four inches deep. If a man could jump like that, he would be able to stand on the ground and leap to the roof of an eight-story building without a running start. The flea does better. It can jump 200 times its own length, which for a man would be more than a thousand feet.

Picture a man sitting down to a hearty meal of a whole roast chicken, vegetables and pie, eating it in five minutes, and then eating another, and another, and keeping it up the whole afternoon. Well, if he had the appetite of a dragonfly, in proportion to his size, he'd have no trouble at all downing this little snack. A dragonfly has been seen to eat 40 houseflies in two hours. A chicken is about the same size in proportion to a man as a housefly is to the common "darning needle," and we do not eat it bones and all.

The dragonfly has one of the largest appetites in the world of living creatures. It will stay quiet on a pin and make no struggle, so long as it is constantly fed; one naturalist actually cut a piece off the insect's tail and fed it into the hungry mouth! —J. Carlson

8 Ways to Beat Divorce

by Jean Libman Block

Here is a simple but practical program, designed by experts on marriage, to help prevent the tragedy of a broken home

PERHAPS YOU ARE COMPLACENT enough to believe that divorce will never strike *your* home. You think it involves only the wealthy city playboy who packs his bag and moves to the club; or the people from the other side of the tracks who hurl dishes and wind up by telling it to the judge.

Well, you are dead wrong. The husband and wife who flew at each other in court yesterday were the most charming and happiest couple imaginable until a short six months ago, when they had their first serious quarrel. (Both the soup and coffee were cold at dinner and he commented acidly on her housekeeping talents.)

And the woman who last week tore her child from the arms of her husband in the courtroom—a lurid nightmare which the tabloids played up in pictures—were good conservative folk who a year ago would have turned in distaste from a similar story in the papers. But he started running around with a younger woman, and things went from bad to worse until both lost their heads.

Why are America's marital failures ascending in a shocking spiral? Partly you can blame hasty war marriages, partly the increasing tempo and uncertainty of our times, partly the economic independence of women and the casual—even callous—attitude of the public toward divorce. But most of all, blame a frivolous, easy-come easy-go viewpoint which holds that it's simpler to shed an unsatisfactory mate than to find out how to make a marriage work.

In seeking the causes of divorce, don't be misled by the charges that plaintiffs bring in court. These, often as not, are mere legal fictions. To get at the *real* reasons you must search behind the ugly surface accusations. And invariably you will find the history of a marriage which has crumpled bit by bit. From the first small irritation over cigarette ashes on the parlor rug or the minor quarrel after Saturday's bridge game develop the pitched battles that bring marital disaster.

Perhaps the toll of broken homes and crushed children would not seem quite so terrible if divorce actually solved the problems of the 500,000 American marriages which went on the rocks last year. But divorce has a frightening way of destroying everything and solving nothing.

Dr. Lester A. Kirkendall, expert on marriage and director of the Association for Family Living, sums it up crisply: "Divorce is not a solution for most marital troubles. All you can hope for is a different set of problems or the old set *in a new setting*. If a man and wife are lacking in companionship and have no interests in common, they still have to find that companionship after divorce."

How about your marriage? Of course, you're not contemplating divorce, but then, is the unruffled bliss of your wedded life beginning to fray—ever so slightly —at the edges? In thoughtful moments have you ever asked yourself: "Is there anything I can do to avoid the matrimonial skids?"

Fortunately, the answer is "Yes!"

Based on my interviews with some of the most authoritative experts in America, there are eight things which you, or any wife or husband, can and *should* do now to bolster your marriage and beat the rising divorce rate.

Every individual I questioned conceded that all marriages have weak spots. In every relationship, no matter how ideal, you will find crises and turnings of the road where it is easy to go astray. If you let one or two of them pass unheeded, the best marriage in the world is on its way to disaster. Here are the eight danger points, as illustrated by the actual experiences of typical American couples:

1. *How is your personality give-and-take?*

You said, "I do," to a human being, not a flawless robot. Besides, you are not perfect yourself. Usually, just after the honeymoon you discover the person across the breakfast table is an ordinary mortal with human failings and faults.

Take the case of young George W, who was on the verge of divorce when he sought the advice of an older man. George, complaining that his wife was flighty and immature, gave this example. If he asked Gladys to have the car checked during the day, he found at night that she had really started for the garage. But on the way she had noticed a patch of ripe blackberry bushes. Promptly she stopped, picked a basketful and sped home to make a pie for George's dinner.

Now George admitted that he loved blackberry pie, but why

Training for Marriage

Imagine marriage as a bridge stretching across from one person to another. When the gulf between the two is not very wide, the bridge can be short and sturdy. The wider the chasm, the longer the bridge; the longer the bridge, the more skillfully it must be built to carry the full weight of the relationship.

There is a know-how in marriage as in any other job. We insist that our doctors be trained, that our teachers be educated, that our beauty operators, our bricklayers, our plumbers and all the rest have specific training and certification before they may enter their vocations. Some day we will require that couples approaching marriage show evidence that they are ready for its responsibilities.

—Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall, executive secretary of the National Conference on Family Relations; from an address on *America's Town Meeting of the Air.*

couldn't Gladys carry out a simple task like having the car checked? And why should she rush out of the room in tears when he mentioned her shortcomings?

George's friend urged the bewildered husband to have a serious talk with his wife. He reminded George that a basic difference in temperament existed. George was plodding and methodical, Gladys was impetuous and unpredictable. Yet now he wanted to remake her into a stodgy housewife.

Adjustments were required to save this marriage. George resigned himself to a certain amount of whimsy in housekeeping, while Gladys made an honest effort to work on a definite schedule and to accept deserved criticism gracefully.

Trivial, you may say of the common failings from which we all suffer. Yet how easily you can remedy these slight scratches which mar the smoothness of your marriage, compared to the difficulty of repairing the damage once the cracks have deepened into ugly scars.

2. *Do you run your marriage as a partnership?*

A marriage is a going business only as long as it is a true partnership. Too often the husband slips into the role of paymaster, wife into housekeeper. His life becomes centered in the office; hers either in the kitchen or at the club. The home, *their* home, is just a place to change clothes or pick up the mail.

In Omaha I met the Fieldings, a delightful couple who recognized several years ago, when they lived in Delaware, that they were drifting apart and decided to do something about it. Said Mrs. Fielding: "Jim was so busy at the shipyard that he had to be reminded of the children's birthdays. Of course, it was for us that he was working so hard, but we needed more from him than just money."

So the Fieldings reformed, basing

their reorganization on the family conclaves featured in the *Judge Hardy* films. All major decisions are now voted in council. The majority rules, although in issues affecting health, Mother and Dad hold a veto. Mr. Fielding still doesn't have time to participate in all family outings and projects, but at least he helps to decide activities and gets progress reports at the weekly meetings. The Fieldings now operate a partnership.

3. *Have you interests in common?*

A naïve young girl once remarked that she couldn't imagine what married people found to talk about after the first year or so. Her statement is not as silly as it sounds, for unless a husband and wife have mutual interests outside themselves, one day they are going to run out of conversation.

The interests may include hobbies, studies, charities, amusements and liking the same kinds of people. If you're bored with each other's friends, it usually indicates that you have little in common intellectually. But that doesn't mean you must start checking timetables to Reno.

In Buffalo, the Cliftons found an easy solution to the friendship problem. He was a physics professor and she a former dancer. She considered his friends impossibly stuffy, he thought her crowd too frivolous and gay. But the Cliftons have two young sons, so they deliberately became active in a child-study group. Now they have a new circle of friends whom both enjoy.

If you should discover, early or late, that you and your mate have few mutual interests, why not go back to school together, or transform the guest closet into a photographic darkroom, or work jointly for a cause or organization?

Perhaps too, you can learn from each other. If your husband is an expert horseman, take lessons from him. If your wife is a whiz at bridge, let her polish your game.

4. *Do you live in peace with your in-laws?*

Marriage counselors report a rising flood of complaints from couples who can't get along with in-laws. Most of the conflicts can be laid to the housing shortage, which has forced families to live with relatives.

In-law relations are but another facet of the personality adjustment necessary between husband and wife. The secret usually lies in a united front. If your mother-in-law begins to drop hints about how she would run your household, discuss the problem frankly with your husband or wife. Don't give the meddling in-law a chance to carry tales behind your back.

And if you are dependent on the hospitality of in-laws for that roof over your head, take a tip from the Glovers of San Francisco. Since Stan Glover got out of the Navy, they have been living, four adults and two children, in Lucille's mother's three-room apartment. At first, Lucille thought they would all go out of their minds. Then she hit on the week-end-off system which has preserved their sanity—to say nothing of their marriage.

The Glovers get a hotel reservation for Saturday nights. As Lucille explains: "Some weeks Stan and I go to the hotel, and other weeks Mother and Dad use the reservation. On our turn we dine out, go dancing, sleep late and have breakfast in bed.

"And when it's their turn, you'd never believe the thrill my folks get from their night on the town. Best of all, the crowding and bickering during the week don't wear us down so, now that we can all count on a Saturday reprieve."

5. *Do you fight over finances?*

Marriage experts agree that financial problems must be solved jointly. Even before marriage, they say, you should discuss monetary prospects. The woman who weds with the expectation of mink is apt to prove a sullen partner if she finds herself wrapped in rabbit. The husband who conceals his true financial status can't expect his wife to be bright about the budget. Yet just because he earns the money, the husband must not dole out the dollars, dime by dime.

Not so simple is the question of "living up to the Joneses." You probably know several couples like Sam and Ethel, who have broken up over the continual strain of living beyond their means. At home Ethel had been accustomed to luxuries, and when she married she assumed that Sam would support her in the same style, even though he was a struggling young lawyer. When Sam found that his law practice would not buy Ethel the things she demanded, he abandoned his profession to enter his father-in-law's business. This arrangement worked for a while, but Sam was so resentful over his dependence on his father-in-law and his wife's extravagance that the marriage eventually fell to pieces. Sam went back to his law practice and later married a girl whose charge accounts were less staggering.

Then there is the case of Larry Harrison, whose textile business went bankrupt a year after he married Marcia, a society girl. Marcia's friends were sure she would call off the marriage, but Marcia fooled them by mastering shorthand and pitching in as her husband's secretary. Today, three years later, Larry's firm is again flourishing, and the Harrisons' happy marriage is the envy of their friends—a union strengthened by Marcia's faith in her husband and Larry's determination to justify that faith.

6. *Is your health an asset?*

Ill health is not a bar to marital happiness, but chronic illness of one partner can prevent both from doing things together. If the wife is continually indisposed, the husband may seek companionship away from home. The wife, in turn, gets tired of babying a man who recovers from his splitting headache the moment someone mentions a poker game.

Fatigue, as well as poor health, can raise havoc with an otherwise happy marriage. In Jacksonville, Florida, I talked to the Ken Franklins. Ken had been coming home from the office, weary and short-tempered, to find Janice exhausted by the day's housework and baby-tending.

They finally held a council of war—after they had been badly frightened by several ugly quarrels. Ken now stops for a snack at a drugstore on the way home, to bolster his patience while he waits for dinner. On her part, Janice has hired a neighboring high-school girl to help in the kitchen from 5 to 6 o'clock, the critical hour when everything seems to go wrong. Since the new system went into effect, not an unkind word has passed between the Franklins.

7. *Is your sex life mutually satisfactory?*

Not so many years ago, the importance of physical attraction in marriage was mentioned only in whispers. Today, sex is recognized as a vital factor in marital happiness. Tensions built up from ignorance and misunderstanding create endless tales of quarrels, unfaithfulness or even desertion.

Sex problems are most apparent in the early years of marriage. They spring up again in the middle span when men are sometimes temporarily attracted to younger women who mirror their fading youth. At any time, however, a crisis may come if either partner takes the other for granted and ceases to appear physically attractive.

One happy married girl admitted to me frankly that she "lives a small white lie" for her husband. "I look like a wraith in the morning," she confessed. "But I manage to get up a few minutes before him every morning and use those minutes to put on lipstick and fix my hair. To me, there's nothing more natural than that a woman should always appear at her most attractive for her husband."

8. *Do you plan together for children?*

No marriage is really complete without wanting children. Yet in fairness to yourself and your offspring, you must be financially and emotionally ready for them. But don't count on children to bolster a tottering marriage. Unless you clear up basic conflicts, children will only complicate existing frictions.

Richard and Sue, whose marriage was not too happy, had a baby, as they told their friends, "to bring us back together." The first two years were idyllic. But soon the pair was battling over disciplining and spoiling the child. Sensing the gap between his parents, the youngster played one against the other, running back and forth for sympathy. Before long, things were at the tooth-and-claw stage, and now the couple is divorced.

Sally and Ben had quite a different problem. Within eight years, Sally had five children. Ben could not support such a family in comfort, and Sally, a slave to her household, now looks twice her age. While the children will probably prevent a divorce, this couple faces years of drudgery until their sons and daughters are self-supporting.

THESE, THEN, ARE THE eight crossroads in marriage where you can either heed the warning signs or rush headlong to disaster. But, you ask, what about the third party—the siren in satin or the tweedy chap with the pipe—who wrecks so many homes each year?

Marriage experts are inclined to belittle the destructive talents of the "other" man or woman. By the time the third party comes on the scene, the marriage is already on the brink of failure.

A man happy at home may escort a different lady buyer or a client's pretty daughter to lunch every day without experiencing the slightest change in blood pressure. But let him feel harassed by a nagging mate, and one spring morning his not over-young secretary will suddenly look like heaven's gift to the working man.

As in other marital crises, a frank and friendly discussion can usually remove bars to understanding. A brilliant New York career woman could not imagine why her husband had suddenly become interested in a young widow. "If that other girl were only better looking than I, or smarter, I wouldn't mind so much," the wife lamented to friends.

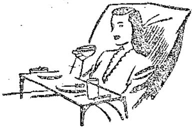
Before things had gone to pieces, this husband and wife decided to thrash out their difficulties. The wife then realized for the first time how her talent and energies had been devoted to furthering her own career instead of her husband's. And though she really loved him, not once in five years had she bothered to tell him that he was a pretty wonderful fellow.

This particular marriage was saved by two hours of quiet talk. But how many other marriages, some of them even less seriously menaced, have been allowed by pride, stubbornness or immaturity to drift into irreconcilable hatred?

What about your own marriage? To the outsider it undoubtedly appears sublimely happy. But then, only a short time ago, so did dozens of other unions which have since swelled the divorce total. Don't forget the shocking statistics: there is now one divorce for every three marriages.

Isn't it time for you to take a matrimonial inventory? If you would save your marriage from danger or disaster, remember this: divorce does not strike like summer lightning. Always it sounds its early warnings—a harsh word, a slammed door, a sob into the pillow.

Such a Difference!



MRS. HOLLISTER AND Mrs. Dunn hadn't seen each other for several months. "I understand," said Mrs. Dunn, "that both your son and your daughter got married. Congratulations!"

"Thank you very much," said Mrs. Hollister.

"And your daughter? How is she getting along?"

"Excellent," replied Mrs. Hollister, beaming. "She has a fine, thoughtful husband. She has breakfast in bed every morning, doesn't have to lift a finger. Every day, during the early part of the afternoon she goes shopping and later in the afternoon she plays bridge. She's a regular lady!"

"And your son?" continued Mrs. Dunn.

Mrs. Hollister sighed. "Ah, my son, poor boy. I'm afraid he didn't do so well. His wife is downright lazy. Why, she stays in bed every day until 10 o'clock and never does any work around the house. Spends all afternoon playing cards. Yes, Mrs. Dunn, she's a regular no account!"

—*The Doormat*

Yesterday's Fourth of July

by **Henry Seidel Canby**

A recollection tinged with nostalgia of a day that, alas, has changed

In 1890, in our old town on the Eastern tidewater, no boy ever called Independence Day anything but the Fourth. Next to Christmas, it was our big day of the year.

Once it had been Independence Day, with speeches from a platform, and bells rung, and the Declaration of Independence read. But by 1890, all that was past and the Fourth was ours alone.

The Fourth really began a week or so before, when the stores put on sale firecrackers, caps, torpedoes, toy cannon and the giant crackers that got bigger and bigger until the law stopped them. I do not remember ever having saved money for Christmas; but I always saved for the Fourth, because parents could not be counted upon for more than a quarter or so, or at most a dollar bill.

They knew that our hoards of pennies, two-cent pieces, nickels and dimes would never buy more than enough ordinary crackers to keep the day going, plus a few big ones. Whereas one moment of excess generosity on their part would be sure to result in some terrific explosion with the cat on top of it, or the sides of a box falling all over the neighborhood.

Our ritual for the Fourth was exact. First, up before sunrise, taking care not to wake mother, who might send you back to bed, or sister, who might try to follow you. Under the bed was the shoe box filled with everything you had saved to buy. Grab it carefully and tiptoe through the silent house, stepping over the place where the floor creaked, unbolting the front door softly, then out into a dim and unfamiliar world.

Off the porch, and down the dewy walk, fumbling as you went at the string around the box. Finally you pulled out a pack of crackers, but darn, the plaited fuses just wouldn't unweave!

The first cracker came off fuseless; the second was all right, but you dropped the match. The next match lit her, she sputtered, you threw her high between the maples, when, gosh darn it, a bang came from across the street. Bill Jones had beaten you to it!

But there was another first. It was terribly extravagant, yet something you could talk about all day. Under the syringa bush was a big empty can, hidden there yesterday. Put that in the middle of the street, light a *whole pack* of firecrackers at once, and drop them in. That would wake them. It did.

Boys like little gray ghosts came slipping through the yards or over the fences, listened to the bang-bang for a minute, then went back to their own business. So did you. Now it was pop-pop everywhere.

The family cat peered down from the grape arbor, then sprang out with a flash and bang behind her. A small cannon cracker (you had only six) justified the nickel it cost when it burst in the top of the old cedar, sending a whirl of cheeping sparrows over the sheds and fences. And as the sun touched the horizon, below your parents' window you lit a No. 2 cannon cracker (you had only two of them). What a roar! When heads appeared at the window, you stuck out your tongue and shouted, "Get up—it's the Fourth!" and ran.

The gang was at the top of Delaware Avenue hill. As you panted up to join them, they were arguing: "It's not time yet" . . . "Yes, it is" . . . "Somebody will brush them off" . . . "They'll come out and stop us."

Bill Jones, the biggest boy, booted the others into line. Then he took a box of paper percussion caps from each of the kids, re-divided them, and sent out working parties. Already we could hear the first horse-car jangling up the hill. Hastily we lined the tracks with caps, then hid behind bushes and fences, to wait for the fun.

Soon we heard the driver say, "Giddap!" to the horses, heard his black-snake whip snap, heard the car begin to rumble down grade. Then crack, spark, sputter, bang! as the wheels hit a pile of caps.

Up the horses reared, backing, pulling sideways, but the car carried them along and the rails held it. Then off they went at a gallop—street-car horses at a gallop!—tearing down the hill, the car swaying, a woman inside screaming, the driver leaning backward to swear at us as we staggered into the street, doubled up with laughter. It was magnificent.

Then someone yelled, "Cheese it!" There came the Judge out of his doorway, in his nightgown! We scattered like rabbits, beat it over fences, stuck our fists in our mouths. Oh, we'd tell about this for the rest of the year! . . .

Now we could settle down to ordinary fun. Everyone lit a punk stick and followed his own inclinations. Bury a firecracker and see the dirt fly. Throw torpedoes at dogs' hind legs. Pinch the end of a cracker

Henry Seidel Canby, editor, author, educator and literary critic, is one of the best-known men of letters in America today. A graduate of Yale University, he has taught or lectured there almost continuously since 1900. Dr. Canby was the first editor of the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post,* and a founder and the first editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature.* His many books include *Everyday Americans, The Short Story in English, The Brandywine, Education by Violence,* the story of his experiences in World War I; and *Thoreau: A Biography.* In this article he casts a nostalgic backward glance at a typical Fourth of July during his boyhood days in Wilmington, Delaware.

and fire it in your fingers. Break two and make sissies of them, each opposite each. They would fight like a pair of cats. Golly, this was *really* fun!

Soon it was mid-morning, and much quieter. Some of the boys had shot off everything they had, except a few crackers to use as rockets at night. Then some adventurous lad dragged out a big dry-goods box, set it on our pavement and put a cannon cracker No. 1—a No. 1!—under it. I got there just in time to see the box rip and tear up into the sky.

The Judge was sitting on his porch, reading the paper, and down came the pieces on him and everything else. It seemed as if a father came off every porch and caught a boy by the collar while we were still gaping at the fuss the Judge was making.

By LUNCHTIME I WAS tired enough to sit down and read the Declaration of Independence, printed in big type on the first page of the morning paper.

I remember being surprised at the names Thomas Jefferson called King George III. And also rather surprised at the fuss made over Liberty, Equality and Independence, which I naturally took for granted. But, of course, everything has to start sometime.

How long it took to get dark! There was a vacant lot near our house which more or less belonged to the boys of the neighborhood. Our parents had collected some money for fireworks that night, including the $5 we had to spend ourselves, and it was agreed that the show should be staged in our lot. The house across the street had broad porches on which all the mothers could sit in safety and still enjoy the performance.

Yet it wasn't our show. In those days there were two kinds of fireworks. For a cent or two you could get little Roman candles and rockets, which mostly fizzled out. Then there were the good fireworks, which cost money, and since the parents paid for them, they always wanted to set them off.

Just before dark was the girls' hour, when they were given sparkler sticks whose spangles of light did not burn you. Sparklers were definitely feminine and we sneered at them, but it was the girls' chance for a show-off—and we got even with our "chasers."

A "chaser" looked like a little Roman candle. You lit it and dropped it in the grass where the girls were performing. All of a sudden, swish, it shot one way spouting fire; then swish, it shot another, sometimes up in the air, sometimes along the ground.

The girls screamed, the mothers across the street called, "Come here, Marion, *this instant!*" and "Jimmie Taylor, you *bad boy!*"—and by the time the excitement was over, it was dark.

Never mind about the fireworks. I have seen a hundred times better since—and if we boys had been allowed to set them off, there wouldn't have been pinwheels getting stuck and rockets zooming down the street instead of into the air. However, the parents had said that something special was to happen, and it did.

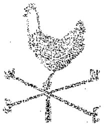
A big box was carried over to the lot and opened. We could see by the light of red fire a jim-dandy balloon, with a flag printed on one side and a place for a candle inside. Six men stretched it up, two of them standing on chairs, and my father soaked the big sponge at the bottom with kerosene and lit it.

Pretty soon the bag began to swell, and we all cheered. Then it stood up alone while the men held a ring at the bottom. Then they lit a Roman candle that hung on the ring, and let go, and it soared up shooting balls of colored flame. It was splendid, until a puff of wind knocked it sideways and set it on fire. In a few seconds, the whole thing had burned up. I didn't know whether to shout or to cry. It had been a beautiful balloon . . .

But that was not quite all. There was one more item in every boy's ritual for the Fourth. You dragged upstairs to bed, undressed and opened the window. You could see tiny star bursts over the tree tops from distant rockets, and it was damp outside with a wonderful burnt gunpowder smell.

Then you took a firecracker, the very last one, and lit it in the room, which was forbidden of course, and held it sputtering at the window until the very last second. Then you tossed it out into the dark. The flash and bang made the birds cheep again.

Christmas was only six months away—but it would be a whole year to the next Fourth of July.



Episode in the Desert

A CONVOY OF THREE cars left Damascus for a night trip across the desert to Bagdad, some 500 miles away. The lead car was driven by a veteran trans-desert driver. In the back seat between two dozing British colonels, a little Scotchwoman was sitting bolt upright with her umbrella tightly clenched in her hand.

About 3 o'clock in the morning, a small quiet voice from the back seat informed the driver that he was headed in the wrong direction. He stopped the car, and as the rest of the convoy pulled up he turned to the little lady and said, "Madam, I have been driving this track for three years. How many times have you crossed the desert?"

Meekly she admitted that this was the first time she had been outside of Scotland. Loud guffaws followed the joke as it spread around, and the colonels looked at her with pity. But she insisted, "Young man, I will not accompany you if you go the wrong way."

With a great show of exasperated patience, the driver got out his maps and compass. For a moment he studied them in silence. Then, shaking his head in amazement, he announced, "You're right, lady. I can't understand it, but you're right."

There was calm confidence and a bit of quiet pride in the little old lady's smile. "Oh, I know I'm right. You see, my father was professor of astronomy at Edinburgh."

—HENRY FIELD

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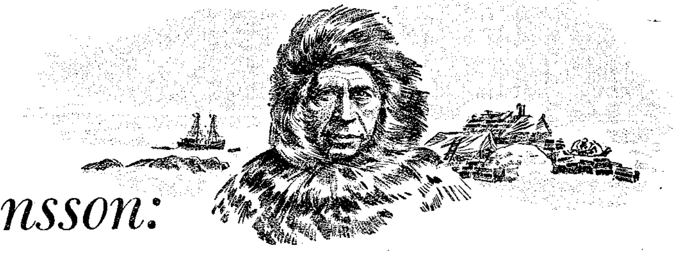
by **Jean Potter**



Stefansson: PROPHET OF THE ARCTIC

America's greatest living Polar explorer is a shy, scholarly man who shuns publicity and deplores hero worship; but his great contribution to our armed forces during the war put him squarely in the national spotlight.

At a formal UNO reception in Rockefeller Center, a Red Army general and an American were introduced.

"I know you!" the Russian cried, smiling broadly. "All my countrymen know you! I have a son six years old. He knows you too!"

Bystanders were flabbergasted. The American, a shy, elderly man, was neither an important Army officer nor a Washington official. He was a stranger to most of the other Americans in the room. Devoid of title or rank, his name was Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

Stefansson, America's greatest living Arctic explorer, has long been more famous in the Soviet Union than in his own country. The Canadian Government has also paid him high honor, passing an Order in Council in tribute to his work. Iceland, in an opinion poll a few years ago, named him its choice for president.

But until World War II, Americans knew little about the Prophet of the Far North and cared even less. It took a crisis to bring him to the attention of his countrymen.

During the war the U. S. spent more than $500,000,000 to build Alaska into the most completely equipped air base of the Arctic region. It was a rush job, but our Chiefs of Staff were dismally ignorant of the vast Northern terrain which they must fortify against the Japs. They did not even know the break-up and freeze-up times of Alaskan rivers.

Data on this vital subject were so scattered at the Library of Congress that compilation would have taken months. Someone suggested Stefansson. A full report was prepared at his New York home in three weeks.

Stefansson's Arctic library, one of the most comprehensive in the world, is crammed into six rooms of a Greenwich Village apartment. His office, lined ceiling-high with rare polar tomes, is plain and small. But during the war many officers flew to New York to consult him in these modest quarters; his telephone hummed with urgent calls. He and a staff of nine, under Army contract, prepared more than 2,000,000 words of detailed reports about the Far North.

At 67, Stefansson is a huge, energetic man with a shock of shaggy white hair. If you look for tales of peril and adventure, he is one explorer who disappoints you. He speaks slowly and deliberately, weighing his words. Gentle of manner but ruthless in argument, he seems, at first meeting, the typical college professor.

A lady hoping to impress him at a cocktail party once asked Stefansson how he could endure the Arctic winter.

"Endure it?" he replied. "One does not have to endure it. One simply learns to dress for it."

As for adventure, he has his own characteristic definition of it. "An adventure," he declares, "is a sign of incompetence."

Stefansson, no armchair explorer, has walked and sledged 22,000 miles in the North American Arctic, much of this distance across floating ice packs far from land. He has discovered more territory in this little-known part of the earth than any living American explorer. And he has disappeared so long from civilization that the press reported him dead.

Once, as he traveled the north Canadian coast, Stefansson and his party were trapped by blizzards. Hunting was impossible; food ran out. Facing starvation, the men ate long-haired pieces of caribou skin, the paws and heads of bearskins collected for a museum, even the skin lashings of their snowshoes.

Once a violent gale struck Stefansson out on the polar ocean. His tent, pitched on a floe, shivered and shook as towering pressure ridges crashed all around. The floe itself began to break up, and deep cracks opened close by. But he huddled in his fragile shelter until the storm had abated.

Narrow escapes like these, however, have been rare in the course of Stefansson's Northern journeys. He is honest enough to admit it. "The world," he has complained, "indulges in too much hero worship toward explorers."

He disdains the usual sensationalism of Arctic publicity. In 1925, a year before Richard Byrd by airplane and the crew of the dirigible *Norge* made their polar hops, a chain of American newspapers offered to fly Stefansson over the North Pole so that he could be the first human to see it from the air. He declined.

"I am not a flier," he told them, "and I could go on such an expedition only as a passenger. Besides, I see no sense in just flying to the Pole and back. I am not a tourist."

From the first, Stefansson's attitude toward the trade of discovery has been unorthodox. In 1906, the explorer Ernest Leffingwell invited him to join an expedition to study the little-known Eskimos of the north Canadian coast. The rest of the party boarded a steamer at Seattle for a conventional trip north, but Stefansson, at his own expense, made a lone 5,000-mile trek through Canada by rail, foot, horseback and riverboat, in order to learn something about the frontier country on the way.

He was to meet the ship at Herschel Island, a lonely spot north of the Mackenzie River. He arrived there safely, but the Leffingwell expedition did not. Stranded for the winter, he could have lived in relative comfort at the quarters of the local Mounted Police, but he decided it would be better to move in with the Eskimos.

At first, Eskimos were not sure they wanted him. "White men," they objected, "are always giving orders about things they don't understand."

But he showed the natives he could abstain from giving orders. He slept in their crowded wood huts, shared their exclusive fish diet. He treated the dusky-skinned Americans as equals, and they, in turn, taught him their simple, canny ways of living in the North.

Under native tutelage he became a veteran hunter and fisherman. He learned to build snow-houses—round structures of intricately fitted snow blocks which, heated by seal oil or kerosene lamp, are safe and warm. Nearly 40 years later, at Camp Hale, Colorado, he was to teach some of these techniques to troops of World War II.

After one winter with the Eskimos, Stefansson was in a class by himself. He no longer needed the paraphernalia of other expeditions. During the next five years, with few supplies, he was able to travel far east along the Arctic coast, living by forage, crossing terrain that other white men had viewed only from shipboard.

At Victoria Island he made an important scientific discovery: a group of "Blond Eskimos" whose origin is still being debated.

OTHER EXPLORERS, IN self-defense, have suggested that Stefansson has an extraordinary physique. It is more certain that he has an extraordinary mind. Son of Icelanders, he grew up in North Dakota as farmer and cowboy, and entered his state university with a self-taught knowledge of five languages.

Suspended on a charge of breaking a college rule, he entered the University of Iowa, where he completed three years' work in one. Then, after a year at Harvard Divinity School, he turned to science. He became an instructor in anthropology and had planned to visit Africa when he received the Leffingwell invitation to go north.

The Arctic intrigued him. "When I was at Harvard," he later admitted, "seven out of ten of my ideas about the North were false."

The Arctic was not permanently frozen, eternally dark; in summer he had seen flowers blooming in the 24-hour daylight far north of the Circle. The Arctic coast was not bitterly cold, even in winter; his home state had a lower temperature record and more snow. The Arctic coast was not barren; he had shot game all winter long. His sharp imagination reached further. What about the ocean beyond?

During his third expedition (1913-18), Stefansson accomplished his most daring work and broke not only with the tradition of explorers but also with the tradition of Eskimos. Authorities considered the frozen Polar Sea to be empty of plant and animal life. Eskimos had seldom ventured further than 20 miles from the mainland.

"The Polar sea is generally several miles in depth," Stefansson reasoned. "What difference should it make to a fish whether ice is floating on top?" He saw no reason why the Polar Sea should not contain fish; and where there were fish, seal and bear must follow. He also saw no reason why a man could not travel as far out over the ice pack as he wished, living by forage.

Terrified Eskimos refused to accompany him. Other members of his expedition warned that the attempt would be suicide. But two men, Storker Storkerson and Ole Andreasen, had confidence enough in Stefansson to join the experiment.

In March, 1914, with six dogs, a sledge, scientific instruments and a small load of provisions, the group set out north from Martin Point, Alaska. As the men proceeded out over the deep ocean, they saw fewer and fewer signs of animal life. No seal or bear tracks.

Could Stefansson be wrong? He made gloomy notations in his diary. Supplies dwindled till he and his companions were living on a few grains of rice a day. But it was too late to turn back.

On May 7, more than six weeks from land, Stefansson sighted a seal through his binoculars. Soon after, a bear track was seen in the snow. During the next six weeks, plenty of seal and bear were shot, and on their return journey the explorers never missed a square meal.

A ship scheduled to join them at Banks Island arrived several months later. "Stefansson is alive!" cried the incredulous crew. They had come following orders, but without hope. In fact, others of his expedition had entertained so little faith that they had notified the world press of his death.

THE BIGGEST BATTLE OF Stefansson's career has been not against ice and snow but against ignorance. After his third expedition he settled down to another and equally important part of his life work—debunking age-old myths about the North. In 18 books, several hundred magazine articles and several thousand lectures he has carried on his campaign.

"I never call myself an explorer," he quietly told me as we sat in the study of his Vermont farm. "I am an anthropologist by trade, and secondarily a geographer. It is the human side of geography that is my chief interest. My notion is that I am interested in the whole world."

In 1921, he wrote: "When the Polar regions are once understood to be friendly and fruitful, men will quickly and easily penetrate their deepest recesses." The following year, he foretold a vast civilization for the Arctic: bustling farms and factories, populous cities, thundering air routes.

Commentators of the day scoffed or paid little heed. Not until 1937, when the Soviet Union landed an expedition at the North Pole by plane, were Stefansson's claims about the Arctic Ocean fully vindicated. Seals, birds and bear were plentiful at the Pole itself, and the scientists, lowering nets to the bottom of the sea, found a gradient of plant and animal life similar to that of more southerly oceans.

In Alaska the tremendous growth of civil and military aviation has once more proven Stefansson a prophet. Alaskan economic development can hardly compare with that of the Soviet Arctic; but the successful Matanuska farm project, the discovery of minerals and oil, point the possibilities. Authorities now agree that the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions of Alaska, which have a population of less than 100,000, could support 10,000,000.

Depressed but not discouraged by America's relatively slow progress in the North, Stefansson considers that his most tangible immediate success at home has been in the field of medicine. Doctors and dietitians from New York to California were startled a few years ago when he declared, on the basis of Arctic experience, that man can live a healthy life on meat alone.

In 1928, under the auspices of the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology, affiliated with the Medical College of Cornell University, he and another explorer, "Charlie" Andersen, underwent extensive tests at Bellevue Hospital in New York City. They emerged as fit as before, and American views of diet were liberalized. Today the Stefansson doctrine, as expounded in his recent book, *Not by Bread Alone*, is being taught in some of our medical colleges.

In 1941, Stefansson married his young librarian, Evelyn Baird, a vivacious brunette who is an Arctic author in her own right. The Stefanssons spend their winters in New York, their summers on their Vermont farm. They are a gay couple with many hobbies, but winter and summer they are kept busy each day, answering letters, phone calls and visitors' questions about the Far North.

Americans, from Congressmen to school kids, are still turning to Stefansson for information about the Arctic. Some of their questions are practical, some of them are foolish. Patiently he replies with facts, but by this time he has become a little tart.

"Man," he has written, "finds it harder to change the face of nature than to change his own mind . . . It is chiefly our unwillingness to change our minds which prevents the North from changing into a country to be used and lived in just like the rest of the world."

Juvenile Jive

THE FIFTH-GRADE teacher was talking about the law of gravity.

"Sir Isaac Newton," she explained, "was looking at an apple tree and an apple fell to the ground. And from that he discovered gravitation. Wasn't that marvelous?"

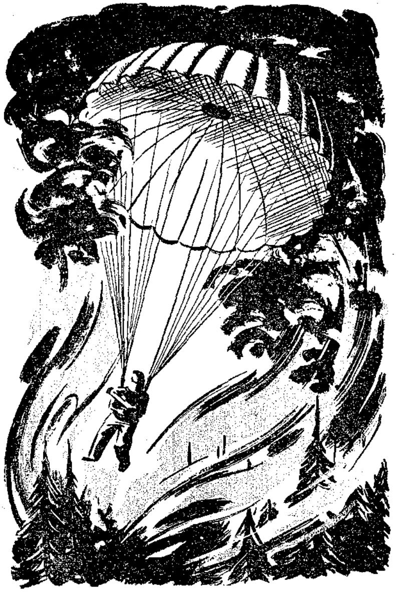
"Yes," answered a boy in the last row scornfully, "but if he had been settin' lookin' at books, he wouldn't have discovered nothin'."

—RICHARD KARGER

SMOKE-JUMPERS to the Rescue

by **Katharine Best**

America's peacetime paratroopers have brought a daring new technique to the hazardous job of fighting forest fires



It was the kind of summer thunderstorm that brings forest fires in its wake. The wind howled, clouds rolled in darkly across the Bitterroot Mountains and lightning slashed at the tall trees along Moose Creek. The storm lasted only 30 minutes, but this was enough for 14 separate fires to flare up along the remote, timber-packed ridges back in the Lost Horse country.

Nine smoke-jumpers and a crew of ground fire fighters were waiting, ready, at Moose Creek Ranger Station to attack the fires they knew lightning would bring. The ground force was dispatched to the four most accessible blazes, all at least 18 treacherous trail-miles away. Eight of the nine jumpers were parachuted onto eight more dangerous fires, while the ninth was dropped between two fires which were least likely to spread rapidly, with orders to suppress both.

Merle Lundrigan, smoke-jumper foreman at Redwood Ranger Station in Cave Junction, Oregon, likes to tell this story of when he was stationed in Montana, to prove that the modern smoke-jumper is worth more than his weight in old-fashioned fire-fighting methods.

"The four fires we didn't have men to drop on," he elaborates, "were out of control before the ground crews ever got there. One spread and burned for two months. It took 800 men to suppress those four fires, at a cost to the Government of $300,000. But my nine jumpers had their ten fires under control within 24 hours, and not a single one spread more than a quarter of an acre."

Such a sterling record in no way intimidates the 24 adventurous young men under Lundrigan's command. Thirteen of the 24 are ex-paratroopers, with war records from Okinawa to Arnheim. The others include an ex-medical student, an ex-detective and men too young to be anything but ex-high school. They all volunteered for this work in the U.S. Forest Service; they all endured muscle-making training at Ninemile Camp near Missoula, Montana; they all spend their time between fires clearing trails, bridging streams, and waiting for the siren that means a smoke-jump.

When that siren wails, seven years of experimentation in America's newest fire-control technique begins to click. Within 30 minutes, the men at the top of the rotating smoke-jumper list have encased themselves in heavily padded jumping suits, football helmets, face protectors and two parachutes, have climbed into one of two jumper planes at the Redwood airfield and have taken off. Within an hour they are over the smoke; and soon they are floating down toward it.

James Waite, who has fought many a fire for the Forest Service, describes a typical mission: "On July 24 at 1:30 P.M., Jim Alexander and I left the field for a fire on Lizard Creek in Clearwater National Forest. The hot and gusty air was the worst I've ever jumped in.

"When I was 100 feet above the tree tops, a sudden gust sent me down the canyon. I was facing into the wind and therefore traveling backwards. As I grabbed the guideline to turn myself, I saw a spike-topped snag looming in front. Pulling hard on the left front riser, I slid between the snag and another one and lit 125 feet up in a spruce. I pulled myself into the trunk of the tree, then got out of my suit and harness and slid down.

"I heard Jim yell so I knew he had made it. We arrived at the fire at 5:55 P.M. It had spread over two acres, but by 10 o'clock we had it trenched and under control."

Cliff Marshall, Danny On, John Thach and other ex-paratroopers who are now fighting a sinister peacetime enemy, are quick to emphasize the difference between paratrooping and smoke-jumping.

"I learned more about parachuting in those 20 training days at Missoula," says Marshall, formerly of Normandy, Holland and other hot ETO spots, "than I did in the three years I was with the 101st Airborne Division."

Chinese-parented Danny On, whose war record with the 101st also included Normandy and Holland, says, "This is cinch jumping. You're not loaded with guns and grenades, and you know you're not entirely expendable. I've seen a lot of paratroopers freeze in the door during the war, but here I've never seen a man refuse to jump."

SMOKE-JUMPING TODAY is easy compared to the first experiment made by professional jumper Frank Derry in 1939. Derry was dressed in a padded suit, a football helmet, a high leather collar and a wire face protector and dropped from a plane onto a remote section of the Chelan National Forest near Wenatchee, Washington. His chute opened promptly and he was able to guide himself over the target, but there good fortune deserted him. His chute got tangled in a tree top and he swung helpless in midair until a rescue crew could reach him overland and free him.

Once rescued, Derry had numerous suggestions. The suit was too cumbersome, the harness didn't allow the jumper to detach himself from the chute. How could a man get down out of a tree without a rope? Gloves, radio, signal paraphernalia, knives, a more steerable chute—all these were as necessary as shovels, axes and hoes if parachutists were to fight fires efficiently.

Derry made other experimental jumps, each time elaborating his demands; soon a small group of experienced fireguards and rangers in the Missoula district were being instructed by Derry in jumping techniques. By early summer of 1941, they in turn were ready to conduct schools for the Chelan, Clearwater and other national forests.

Today, smoke-jumping is a well-organized, venturesome, super-active part of the Forest Service, employing 225 trained men who work out of four primary bases: Winthrop, Washington; Cave Junction, Oregon; McCall, Idaho; and Missoula, Montana. Together they cover most of the roadless area of the Northwest timber country. In emergencies, their coverage can be stretched to the Canadian border and well down into California.

Not long ago, when lightning started a blaze in California's Shasta National Forest, Millard Green, one of Redwood's jumpers, and 14 other men were dropped from an Army C-47. Twelve of the 15 arrived at the fire in fit condition, but the other three were so badly hurt in the fall that Squad-leader Green had to walk 12 miles over trailless mountains to phone for help. Within two days the fire was under control, the injured men had been rescued and Green and his fellow jumpers were back at Redwood Station, ready for another call.

Theoretically a smoke-jumper can jump a fire a day. Control, not suppression of the blaze, is his duty. Once a fire is trenched, it can burn without spreading until a ground crew arrives to shovel dirt on the flames.

The comparative speeds of ground and parachuting crews were dramatized recently when lightning sparked a fire in a remote section of Yellowstone National Park. Simultaneously an alarm went to the fireguards stationed in the park and to a crew of jumpers at Seeley Lake, Montana, 225 miles away. Within 30 minutes, the jumpers had taken off from Seeley. About an hour later, six of them were parachuted onto an 8,000-foot plateau packed with heavy timber.

Twelve hours later, as the jumpers were well along with their trenching, the ground crew was halfway to the fire. Twenty-four hours later, as the parachutists wearily repacked their equipment for the long walk to a road, the ground crew appeared.

EARLY LAST YEAR, with returned servicemen becoming available for smoke-jumping jobs, the Forest Service began its first peacetime recruiting. Men from all over the U. S. and Canada, most of them ex-paratroopers, wrote in for application blanks.

The successful applicants soon learned that chuting into tall timber was more exacting than dropping behind enemy lines. They would not be shot at, but they might be slapped against a giant trunk, or dropped through stout limbs, or pitched onto a steep ledge covered with jutting boulders. Their training at Missoula taught them how to parachute into the most impenetrable, most precarious spots with the least physical danger.

Each jumper, after the take-off, "suits-up" in his 100-pound jumping suit. As the plane circles over the fire, a wind-drift chute is released, then the jumper is signaled by the spotter to step off.

While the plane parachutes fire-fighting equipment to earth, the jumper signals, by radio or streamer, that things are okay, that he needs help, or that the jumping spot should be changed. Then for 24 hours he battles burning timber.

First he turns his attention to the fire. Then he must retrieve his parachute—a difficult, dangerous and time-consuming job. To rescue his jumping parachute caught in a tree top, the crew member must either fell the tree, climb up and pull the chute cautiously off branches or lift it free with a long stick. If his chute should fall to the ground, it must be instantly put into a canvas bag. A few minutes on the ground, and the ordinary silk chute becomes a mass of grasshopper holes.

It is difficult to calculate the saving in timber and taxes if smoke-jumping should be fully established as a regular activity of the Forest Service. At present, Congress makes no appropriation for smoke-jumping. The Forest stations which maintain such an operation must pay for it by paring other expenses. The initial cost of dispatching jumpers to a fire is several times that of handling a ground crew, yet the ultimate saving is obvious.

If the young men who live so daringly at Redwood are any criterion of smoke-jumping caliber, America's forests are safer than they have ever been, for these men are devoted to their work. Some go on to forestry and engineering schools in the winter, the others stay at Redwood and perform the off-season chores of cruising timber, measuring snow and clearing trails.

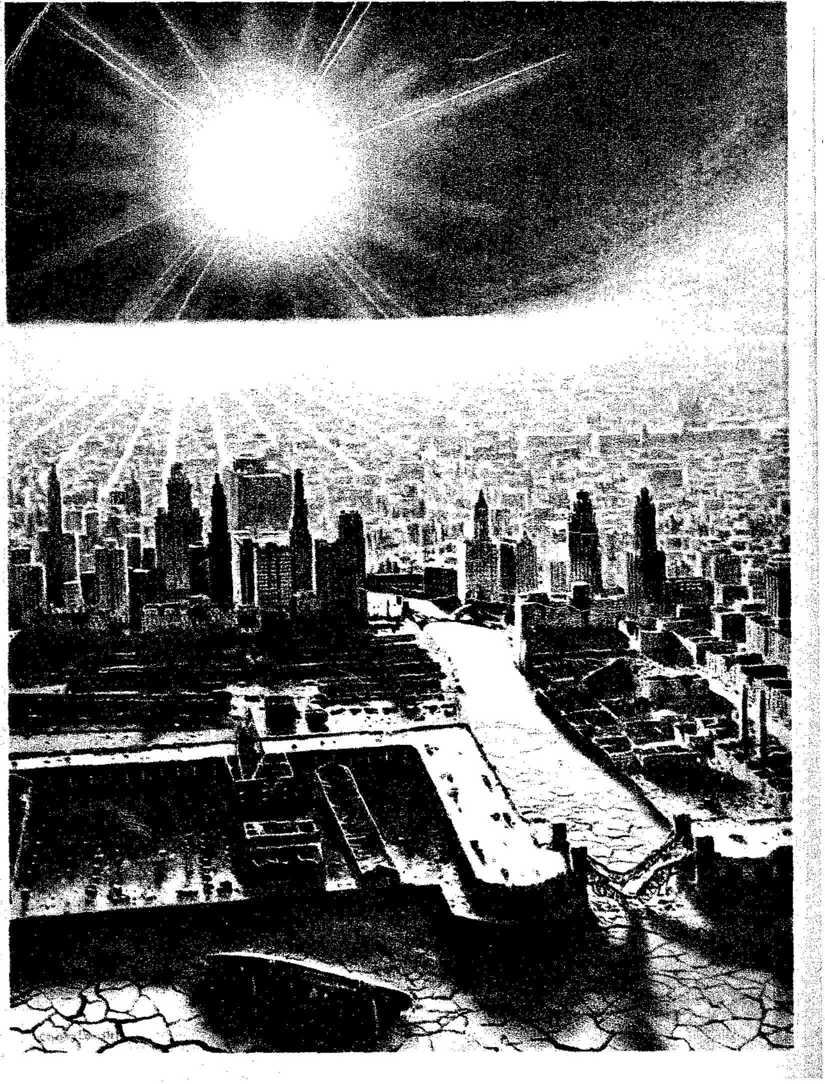
They give various reasons for becoming smoke-jumpers. "It's a natural for a paratrooper," says one. "Besides, it solves my housing problem."

But the most fireproof argument of all comes from Squad-leader Cliff Marshall. "I didn't choose smoke-jumping because I had been a paratrooper," he says. "I enlisted in the paratroops because, after the war, I wanted to be a smoke-jumper."

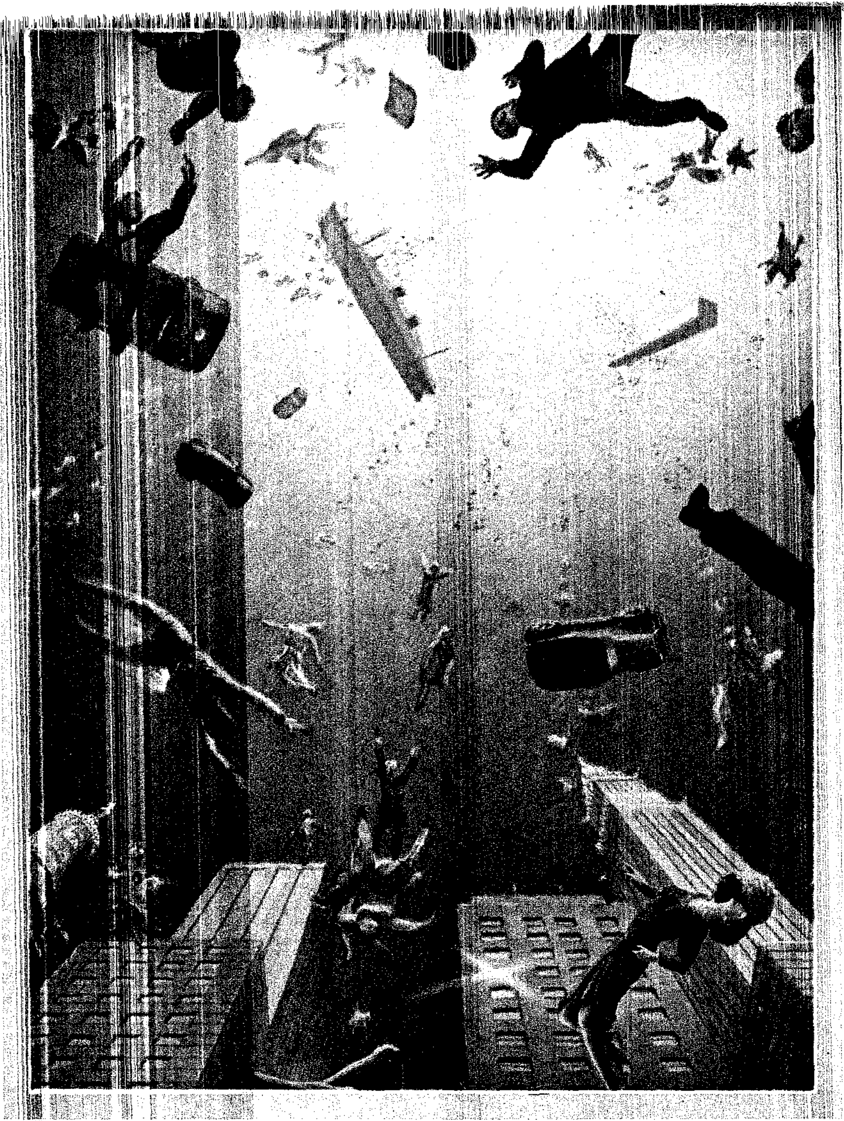
Gentleman to the Last

When Lord Chesterfield lay dying and heard his valet say that he presumed death would soon be coming, the eminent gentleman of good breeding bowed slightly, smiled weakly and said: "Give the visitor a chair."

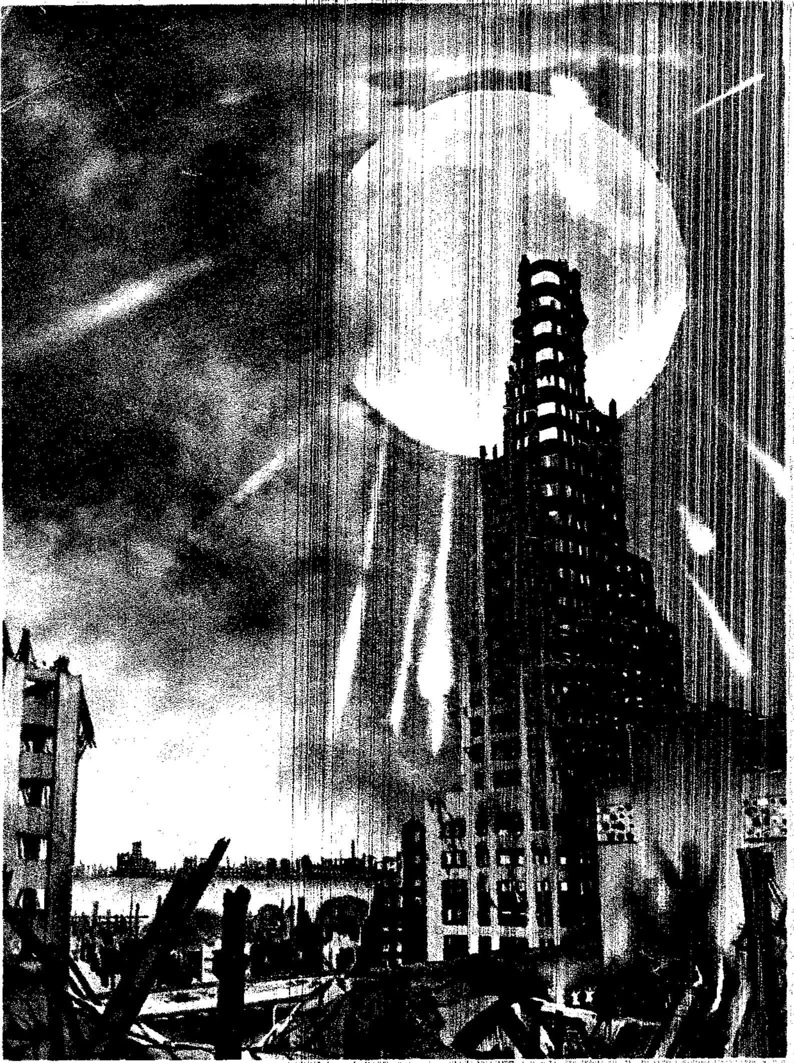
—The Rev. Philip Jerome Cleveland



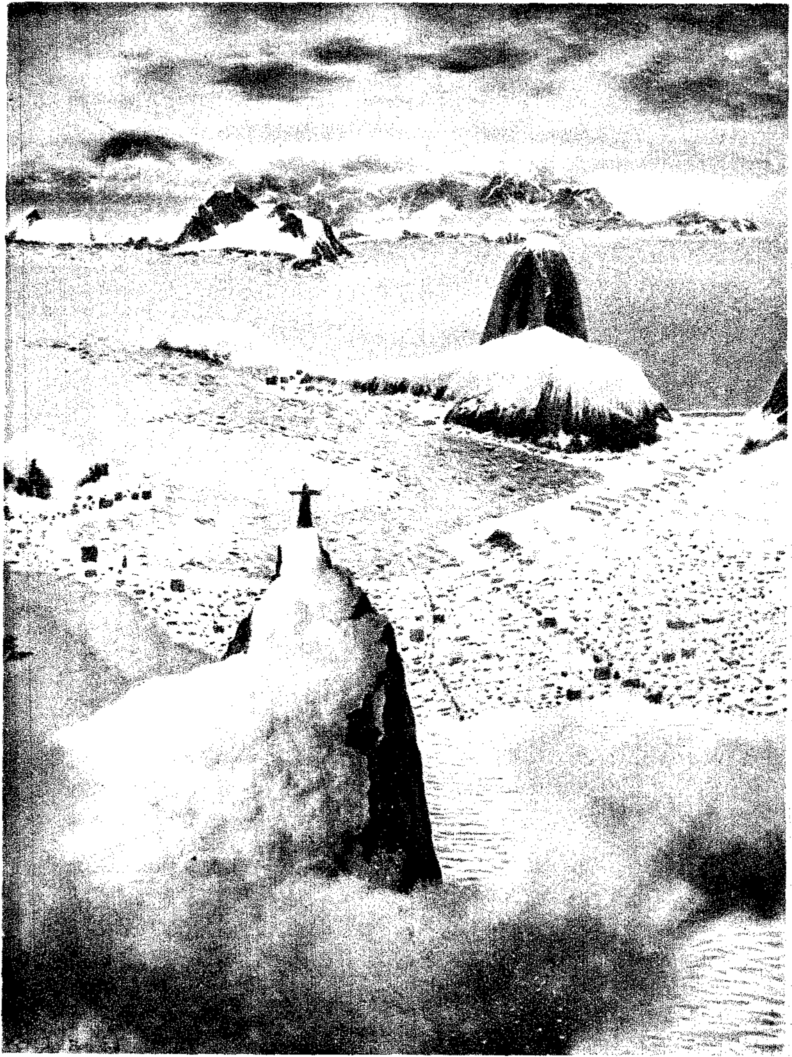
According to astronomers, internal disturbances may suddenly cause the sun to expand to as much as three times its normal size (above). The resulting increase in heat would then raise the temperature of the earth to about that of melting lead. Here you see the disastrous effect of the sun's expansion on just one city—Chicago, Illinois. Lake Michigan and the Chicago River have boiled away. Life is extinct. Conditions everywhere on earth are now similar to those on the planet Mercury.



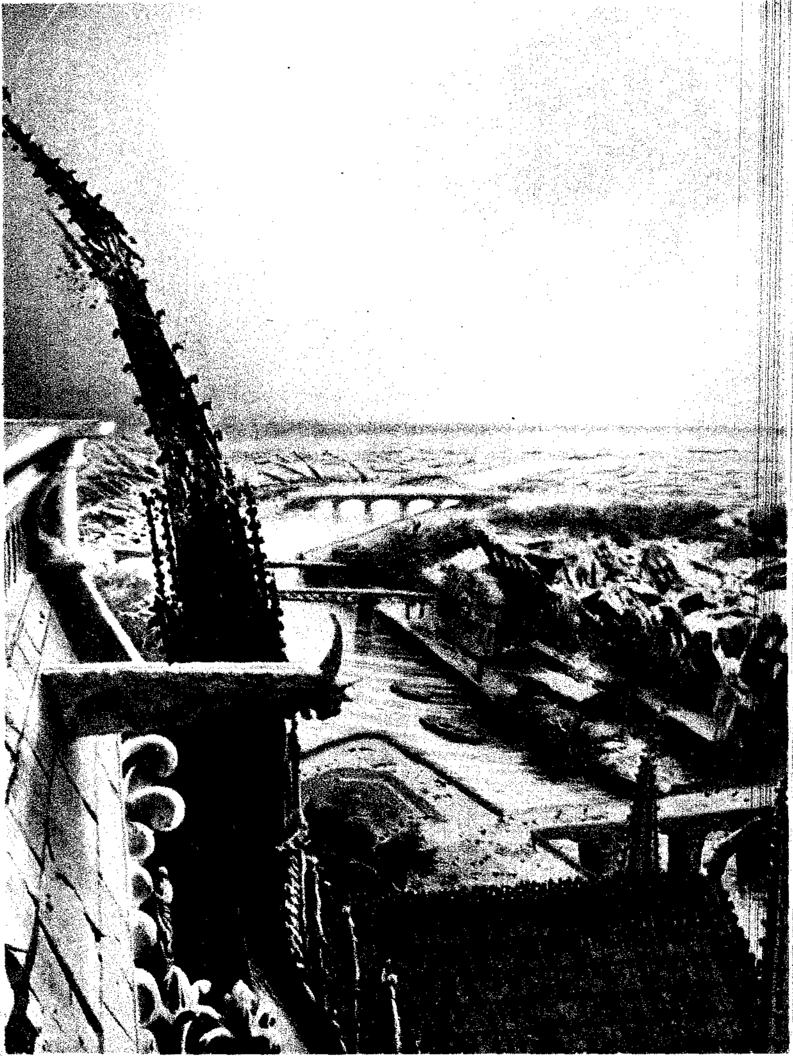
BATTLE OF GRAVITY: The stars travel at such tremendous speeds and in so many different directions that someday one might enter our solar system. Such a possibility is illustrated in this picture, where a white dwarf star has come dangerously near the earth. The gravitational force of white dwarf stars is so much greater than our own that people, buildings, ships—every movable object on earth—are hurtling irresistibly toward it. In a few minutes, our planet, and possibly the whole solar system, will be entirely disintegrated



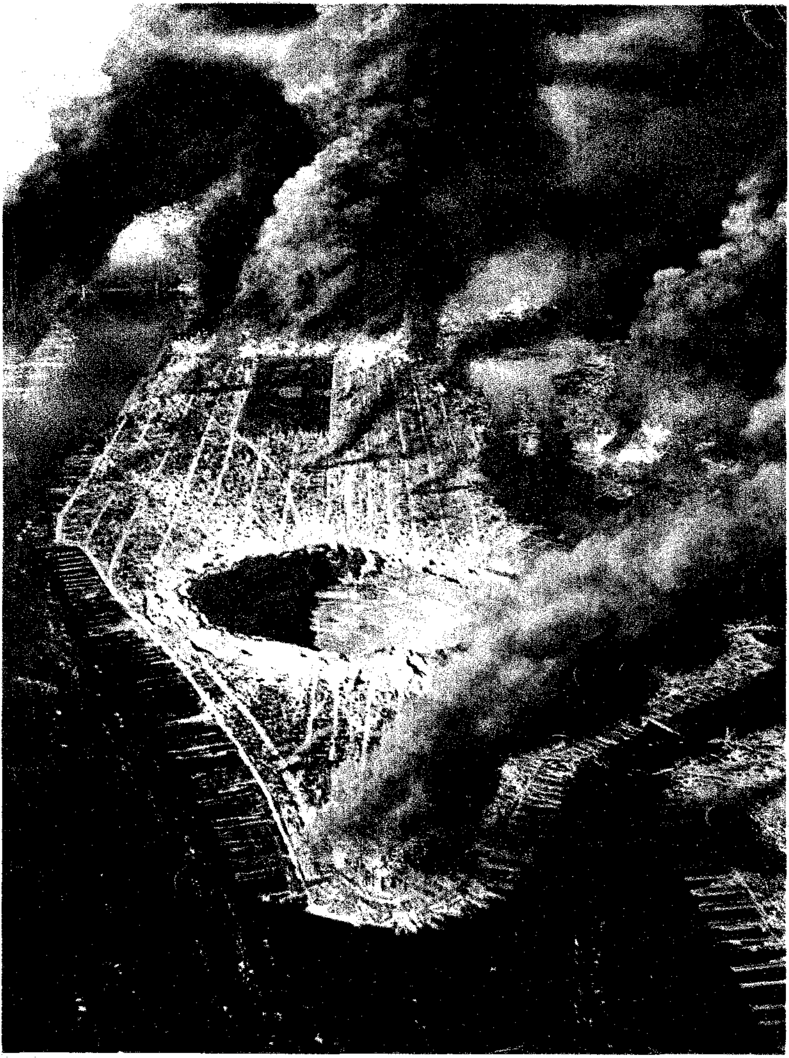
[illegible]: The moon's influence on our ocean tides retards the earth's rotation about one second every 100,000 years. As the earth slows, the moon is receding to a point where the earth's rotation might accelerate and, like a colossal magnet, draw the moon back to within 8,000 miles of us. Then, as the moon is split apart by our superior force of gravity, its huge fragments will shatter our cities into oblivion. The fragments which did not hit us would remain to circle the earth like millions of new moons.



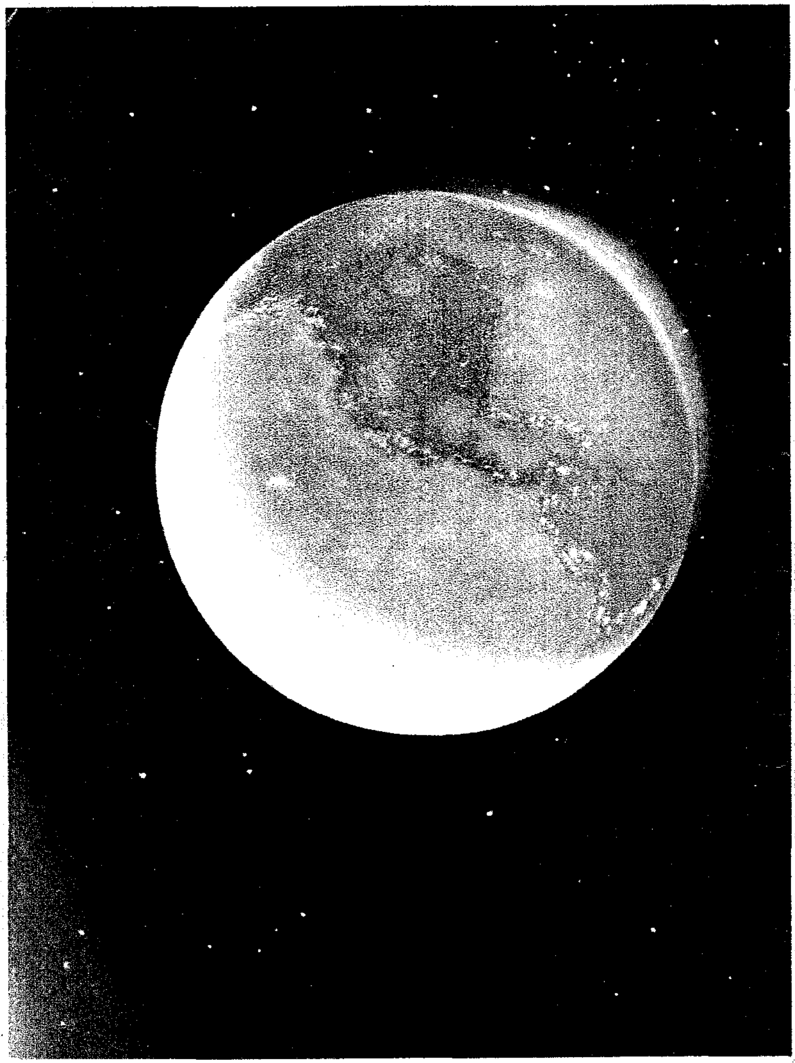
DEATH BY FREEZING: Among the potential destroyers of our planet are the dark stars—those invisible cold masses whose presence is known only by their attraction for other astronomical bodies, like the earth. If a dark star should kidnap us from the sun by pulling us out of our orbit, a loss of only a small percentage of the sun's heat would freeze the earth. Even tropical Rio de Janeiro (above) would be buried under tons of ice. All life would perish in the cold, and it is unlikely that the earth's heat would ever be restored.



[illegible]: When the asteroid Hermes crossed the earth's orbit in February, 1938, it missed us by only 485,000 miles and did no damage. But if Hermes or a similar small planet should ever come as close as the one in this picture, the tremendous pressure wave it created would flatten everything in its path. In this view of Paris from behind the Cathedral of Notre Dame (left), you see the famous French city collapsing like a house of cards, as an asteroid (upper right) cuts a path of destruction across the earth.



The earth is never safe from meteors which fly through space by the millions. In 1908, meteoritic material fell in Siberia, and in prehistoric times a meteor tore a huge hole in Arizona. No one was hurt by those masses of hot metal, but here you see how a meteor could rip open New York City. After punching a mile-wide hole in the middle of Manhattan, it has set off tremendous explosions, killing millions and enveloping the city in flames. For New Yorkers this would be the end of the world.



[illegible] Death from the sun could strike tomorrow, for, like other stars, the sun can at any moment become a *nova*, giving off a vast atmosphere of hot gas. By expanding, this gas would engulf us. It would then melt the earth's crust which is thought to average about 35 miles in thickness, turn our mountains into volcanoes, the rock beneath the Pacific Ocean (above) into live coals, and finally vaporize our planet, and possibly all the other planets in our solar system, out of existence. Only the sun would remain.

UNCLE SAM'S MAGIC ATTIC

by **RICHARD MAURY**

In peace or in war, the fabulous Smithsonian Institution has made priceless contributions to the welfare of America

ONE DAY A BAFFLED FBI agent walked into the office of Dr. T. Dale Stewart, curator of physical anthropology at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. The skeleton of a man and parts of a Marine uniform had been found in a well near Fredericksburg, Virginia. There were no clues to the man's identity: the FBI was stumped.

Dr. Stewart, after looking at the bones, calmly announced the man's age and height, and then added that he was left-handed and suffered from pyorrhea. Eventually, when the victim was identified through Marine records, he proved to be left-handed; and one of his last ailments, treated by a military dentist, had been pyorrhea. The murderer who threw the marine down the well was caught and convicted.

The deductions were nothing unusual for Dr. Stewart, who is an expert on skeletons and the physical characteristics of people in general. Given the right head bones, he can even draw a fair likeness of their former owner. And if anything puzzles him, he can refer to the Smithsonian's collection of 15,000 skulls, which fill wooden drawers lining his offices from floor to ceiling.

Dr. Stewart's charges, however, occupy only a small part of the Institution's stuffed-to-overflowing quarters. The Smithsonian keeps practically everything. In the museum's weathered buildings of red and gray stone, you can see the first auto that crossed the U.S., the fossil skeleton of a mastodon, a 12th-century Chinese vase, or a turbine cut open to show how it runs.

You can browse among flags,

coins, firearms, clocks, birds, swords, planes, arrows, pumps, statuary and fine china. You can inspect paintings by great masters, or a roomful of rich fabrics from American looms, or a gallery of spinets, harpsichords and pianos. You can watch a model condensed-milk factory in operation, or trace the history of typewriters or phonographs through showcases of old and new equipment, or observe how vitamin B_1 is made.

Altogether, the Smithsonian has accumulated 18,000,000 separate items in the century of its existence. Some people call it "Uncle Sam's Attic." But the title is not funny, for things from the attic are put to surprising uses.

When Jap incendiary balloons began falling on our West Coast, the Smithsonian got the job of finding out where they came from. Everything about the balloons was gone over: paper, string and explosives were checked. But what finally solved the problem was one Smithsonian explorer's habit of keeping pinches of sand from places he visited.

Aviation experts reasoned that filling the ballast bags would be the last thing the Japanese did before loosing the balloons into eastward air currents. So the sand in the bags was compared with hundreds of samples in the museum collection. At last it was identified as coming from an islet off the Japanese coast. Soon after, AAF bombers flew over that islet and blotted out the launching sites with high explosive.

The anthropologists, however, are the Smithsonian's chief peacetime detectives, with Dr. Stewart saving FBI men a lot of work. One perturbed agent consulted him about a detached hand which had been picked up on a farm in Oklahoma. Dr. Stewart studied the hand, then reported:

"It looks like a piece of an Egyptian mummy."

So it was. And when the story appeared in the newspapers, a woman in Oklahoma wrote to J. Edgar Hoover, demanding the return of the hand which, she said, had disappeared from her private collection.

As an authority on the races of mankind, Dr. Stewart often finds himself conducting a combination heartache and information bureau. The Immigration Service asked him to determine whether a certain Guamanian woman could legally become a citizen of the U.S. A soldier came to him for comfort when friends turned up their noses at a fianceé acquired in the Caribbean. A Lithuanian girl was worried about her origins. Dr. Stewart is able to handle such problems by explaining away mistaken ideas of racial differences.

IN AREAS FAR REMOVED from Washington, the Smithsonian conducts field expeditions, some of which turn out to be highly beneficial in a commercial way. For instance, Dr. Joseph A. Cushman went forth to gather samples of earth from the ocean bottom. In these he found microscopic one-celled animals, the foraminifera, among the smallest of living things. Such a find was of obvious interest to scientists, but it intrigued oil prospectors too.

Drillers, probing for petroleum-bearing ground, must try to judge what prehistoric layer of earth they have reached. Where the whirling bit pulverizes larger fossils that might reveal an ancient sea bed, it brings up foraminifera intact—and recognizable through a microscope. Thus the Smithsonian's pure science has helped to increase our known oil reserves, to run our cars and heat our homes for years to come.

In 1916, Smithsonian insect experts were asked to identify a new plant pest found near Riverton, New Jersey. Nobody there had ever seen anything like it before. After comparison with their collection of 60,000 specimens, the entomologists announced it was a dangerous Oriental scarab that should be destroyed at once. The Department of Agriculture asked for funds to do the work, but an effective control program could not be worked out quickly enough to prevent the pest from spreading.

Today, nearly anybody in the country who owns a garden can identify the destructive scarab. It is the Japanese Beetle.

In times of national danger, the U.S. always calls on the Smithsonian for help. In World War I, the Astrophysical Observatory modernized the Army's searchlights, and the museum biologists helped to halt a plague of mollusks that were riddling seaside docks and letting the ocean into our fleet of wartime wooden ships.

Total war, however, fully revealed how important it is to have a national storehouse of knowledge. Everybody in the Smithsonian was a defense worker after December 7, 1941. Service began with an urgent call from the Navy to Paul Garber, curator of the aircraft collection. The grim realization that many of our men could not tell enemy planes from their own had convinced the Admirals that we must have a practical identification program.

Garber's knowledge of aircraft types and models made him indispensable. As a naval officer, he helped to organize projects all over the country where millions of models were built to instruct naval gunners here and abroad.

A similar project, drawing on the Smithsonian's model-making knowledge, helped soldiers and sailors to identify enemy tanks and ships. Meanwhile, the Smithsonian prepared for a hard war by sending 17,700 pounds of America's most valued historical treasures to a warehouse in Virginia, miles from a possible bombing. Then they formed a War Committee, to see that military demands for scientific advice were met, and an Ethnogeographic Board, to dip into the Smithsonian's vast lore in aid of our men fighting around the earth.

Out of the experience of explorers who had roughed it in remote areas came *Survival on Land and Sea*, a manual for fliers and other fighters forced down or cast away. It told how to make a fishhook out of wood, what fish and plants to eat and which to avoid, how to get drinkable water, husk a coconut, find fresh birds' eggs, or tell your way by the stars.

Meanwhile, our troops in Europe were having trouble with a supposedly foolproof signaling device. Rays from the machine were assumed to be so ultra-ultraviolet that only the receiver at the other end could pick them up. But somehow the Germans were catching them with the naked eye. Tests showed that a few young persons, especially blonds, could see the signals. So the Astrophysical Observatory found a filter to screen out every ray that was visible, even to blonds.

All the Observatory's intimate knowledge of the sun now came into play. Uniforms, tents and gear were rotting fast in the South Pacific. Smithsonian experts studied the effects of sun rays on fabrics: Ammunition boxes grew alarmingly hot on the deck of boats bound from island to island. A paint that wouldn't absorb solar heat had to be devised.

This kind of work still is being done for the Army Quartermaster, but the Observatory's long-term job of measuring the sun's rays minutely day by day goes on as before, with continuous observations in Chile, California and New Mexico. In fact, the U.S. Weather Bureau itself grew out of a Smithsonian service. Dr. Joseph Henry, first head of the Institution, originated the use of telegraphic information and maps to chart weather, and in 1857 started furnishing daily forecasts to a Washington newspaper.

Such pioneering is the Smithsonian's main talent. In 1919, Dr. Robert H. Goddard was blazing a trail in America with rocket experiments. But most people looked on his ideas as crazy until he brought his appeal to Washington. There, the Smithsonian not only printed his papers but found him money and lent a hand with early flights. Dr. Goddard even thought a rocket might be fired to the moon. Today, the notion doesn't seem so fantastic.

The generosity of citizens has been a recurrent embarrassment to the Smithsonian. Many a Victorian industrialist, fixed forever in oils, glowers from its dimly lighted corners. That same generosity, however, gave the Institution trusteeship over the $15,000,000 National Gallery of Art, and the priceless art treasures that Andrew Mellon donated along with it.

But about the first giver, the man whose fortune founded the Smithsonian, an atmosphere of mystery still hovers. In 1829, a lonely and embittered Englishman named James Smithson died in Genoa, leaving a strange will. He earmarked his wealth for a nephew, but in case the nephew should die without heirs, "I then bequeath the whole of my property . . . to the United States of America, to be founded at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

Nobody knows what prompted this bequest, for Smithson had no ties with America. So far as is known, he did not even correspond with anyone in this country. Once, however, he wrote these words, half-threat and half-promise:

"The best blood of England flows in my veins; on my father's side I am a Northumberland, on my mother's I am related to Kings, but this avails me not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten."

Thus James Smithson, illegitimate son, rejected his native land—even as his relatives had rejected him. Though he was a ranking chemist and physicist, social custom branded him unwelcome in the drawing room. And so he got even by making his contribution to mankind through another nation where all men, regardless of origin, enjoyed equal opportunity.

Death overtook the nephew soon after Smithson had been buried in Italy, and the fortune descended to the U.S. In 1838, a sailing ship unloaded nearly a ton of gold sovereigns at Philadelphia. These were reminted into U.S. coins worth some $500,000—a fortune in that day. But Congress argued so long about the propriety of accepting the money that it was 1846 before the first Smithsonian board met and elected Dr. Henry as secretary.

Diffusion of knowledge, the Smithsonian's first task, had been carried on mostly by accident up to that time, but Henry soon had agents in 30 foreign countries. That was the beginning of what is now the world's greatest mailing list of learned institutions, with 65,000 addresses. The Smithsonian's International Exchange Service sent out more than 500,000 pounds of scientific documents in the last year before the war, and got back about a third as much. Today the traffic is rolling again, even to former enemy countries.

This gathering of knowledge is the part of the Smithsonian's work the public does not see—the part carried on in cellars and workshops, in South American jungles, on Pacific atolls and across frozen wastes near the Poles. The museum, of course, is the outward sign of the Smithsonian's existence, and 2,500,000 annual visitors are the chief witnesses to that existence.

Post-war crowds promise to break all records, and they get a cordial welcome. Guards direct them to their favorite exhibit, the plane in which Lindbergh pioneered the Atlantic, or to their second choice, the gowns worn by wives of U.S. Presidents. To all comers, the Smithsonian is gracious—even to those curious citizens who insist on seeing the stuffed jellyfish—for this Institution belongs, by its charter, to everybody in the world.

Never a Sure Thing

A MAN SHOULD NEVER kid himself that he knows what a woman is thinking even when he thinks he has a sure thing.

A judge in Atchison, Kansas, was conducting a wedding ceremony. He knew all the answers until—he paused for the girl to say, "I do." She said, "I don't," and left.

In Hartford, Connecticut, a woman reported to police that a man had dragged her down two flights of stairs by the hair, choked her, and threatened to kill her. She gave a detailed description of the man.

Just routine, thought the desk sergeant. He said, "Don't worry, lady. We'll arrest him in no time at all." Her eyes widened in surprise. "But I don't want him arrested. Just find him. He promised to marry me."

—WANDA MOORE

The Man America Forgot

by **FRED A. BREWER** and **SIDNEY CARROLL**

Here is the tragic story of "Yellow Jack," a great hero who died a lonesome death

LAST JULY, IN A HOSPITAL at Dunedin, Florida, a man named John R. Kissinger died. It was a lonesome death, for there were few persons present at his passing.

It was also an ironic death, for John R. Kissinger, a man remembered only by a few old-timers, symbolized one of the bright legends of America.

He was "Jack" Kissinger, one of the American soldiers who volunteered for the experiments conducted by Maj. Walter Reed almost 50 years ago in his war against yellow fever.

He was known then as "Yellow Jack"—the hero who let the fever-filled anopheles mosquito bite him. Between the time of Yellow Jack's courageous deed and the day of his death in near-oblivion, there is a story that should be remembered . . .

On an afternoon in December, 1900, Jack Kissinger, 23 years old, naked from the waist up, sat in a screened enclosure in a Havana hospital. Five mosquitoes which had recently gorged themselves on the blood of fever-ridden patients were let into the enclosure with the human guinea pig. After a few moments Kissinger turned to Major Reed, standing outside.

"Sir," he said, "a mosquito just bit me."

Reed noted the time. It was 2:00 P.M., December 5th.

When Yellow Jack lay down with unmistakable signs of the fever in his face, Kissinger the guinea pig had accomplished his mission, and Walter Reed was launched on the road to one of the immortal triumphs of modern medicine. But the history books like to end these stories of noble experiments on a note of victory. They tend to forget the sometimes-tragic aftermath. That is why many of us know the saga of Kissinger the guinea pig, yet do not know what happened to Kissinger the man . . .

THEY EXPECTED YELLOW JACK to die. But he fought on, and miraculously rallied. After a while the doctors pronounced him recovered —"as fully as possible"—and the young soldier was furloughed and finally given a discharge.

Yellow Jack went home to Wabash County, Indiana, where he scuffed around his father's farm for a while. But those Cuban mosquitoes had done things to Kissinger. He didn't have his old strength; he couldn't do heavy farm work. Not wanting to be a burden to his parents, he took his small savings and headed West.

In Seattle, he met Ida Jarvis, fell in love, and was married. Then he got a job in a lumber camp and saved enough money to buy a restaurant. But Jack couldn't carry trays or stand for long behind a counter. His body was yielding to a slow paralysis.

Finally the Kissingers had to sell the restaurant and head back for Indiana. One day while Yellow Jack was taking a walk his legs buckled, and he couldn't stand again. For the next 12 years, the only way he could get around was in a wheel chair or by crawling on hands and knees.

The Kissingers moved to Michigan and bought a farm near a town called Honor. They advertised for a farm hand—in vain. When he realized that trying to find help was futile, Jack put pads on his hands and knees, and attempted to do some of the farm work that way. But husband and wife, alone, couldn't take care of the place, so the Kissingers sold out and went back to Indiana in 1913.

By 1918, Jack was able to get around on crutches. One afternoon the Kissingers visited the home of a young neighborhood couple to see their newborn child. The child was sleeping in a crib. The two couples, in the same room, were chatting. Suddenly the infant turned, the crib tottered. Yellow Jack jumped from his chair, leaped across the room and grabbed the crib to keep it from overturning.

His wife gasped: "You didn't use your crutches!"

Yellow Jack looked at his crutches, leaning against a chair. Then he smiled. "No! And I'll be darned if I'll ever use them again!"

He never did.

Recognition, which he had never asked for, came in later years. In 1926, when Jack was 49, Dr. James E. Peabody and the American Association for Medical Progress raised about $6,000 through donations and presented the Kissingers with a white frame house on the outskirts of Huntington, Indiana—a white frame "dream house" and a cow—and Yellow Jack settled down to the life of a gentleman farmer.

Then, in 1929, came the nation's highest award, the Congressional Medal of Honor, and a monthly pension of $125 from the War Department. Eleven years later the Gold Cross Merit Order of the Cuban Government was bestowed upon Kissinger.

But the enemy within him had

never been completely vanquished. Jack's health had been permanently impaired by the yellow-fever attack. In 1943, the Kissingers had to sell the dream house, and Jack moved into the Indiana Soldiers' Home in Lafayette. Later, Yellow Jack and his wife moved to Florida. There, in a Dunedin hospital, not very far from the place where he had been bitten by the mosquito on that memorable day in 1900, Jack Kissinger died.

What of those years of patient wandering? How is it that one of America's great heroes was virtually forgotten, receiving, until 1929, a government pension of only $12 a month?

There is a story behind that, too . . . One day in Cuba, 47 years ago, Private Jack Kissinger and John J. Moran heard that the Yellow Fever Commission was asking for volunteers to fight the dread disease. Kissinger and Moran went to the Commission's offices and offered themselves for the dangerous test.

A burly sergeant ushered them into Major Reed's office, but first he gave them a few words of advice. "Careful," he warned them, "the old man's a stickler for military courtesy."

The two men stood stiffly at attention before Major Reed's desk.

"Yes?" asked Reed.

"Sir, we want to volunteer for the yellow-fever experiment."

"All right."

Then Reed explained the experiment to them, and added: "You men understand that if you live you'll be paid for your services?"

The two men shifted nervously.

"Sir," Kissinger said, "we don't wish to be paid. We are volunteering for the sake of humanity."

Major Reed searched the young men's faces. Then he stood up, raised his right hand and smartly touched his army cap. "Gentlemen," he said, "I salute you!"

* * *

The Lord Needed Help

Uncle Jeff had bought a badly run-down farm in the poorest part of Kentucky. For three years he toiled almost hopelessly, working long tedious hours, but at last won his reward—a farm that produced the necessities of life.

Then, one Sunday, a visiting parson called on Uncle Jeff. As they trudged through the reclaimed fields, Jeff proudly pointing out how he had transformed the barren land into fertile acres, the parson was deeply impressed.

He turned to the old farmer and said, "You've got a fine farm here, Jeff. It looks to me like you and the Lord are partners."

Old Jeff was silent a moment, gazing out across his grain fields and vegetable gardens. Finally he said, "Yes, sir, that's true all right—me and the Lord are partners. But, Reverend, I just wish you coulda' seen this place when the Lord was runnin' it by Himself."

—Clayton L. Carr

Our human comedy

Laughter is the echo of the lighter moments in the drama of life. So here, gathered for your enjoyment, are a few amusing trifles from the everyday world.

An American correspondent, proud of his first assignment to cover the Russian capital, was about to wire his paper that, during a big Soviet parade, "I stood within a stone's throw of Premier Stalin," when a Russian censor coldly informed him that the story would have to be changed to "I stood near Stalin. I threw no stone."

—*Irish News*

Harold G. Hoffman likes to tell of the time he visited a state institution for mental patients while he was Governor of New Jersey. During his inspection tour, his car failed to pick him up at lunch and Hoffman elected to jump in a bus that was headed in the right direction. As he hopped in, a guard was counting the men in the bus.

"One, two, three . . . " counted the guard, pointing to each passenger, "four, five . . ." and then, spotting Hoffman, asked: "Who are you?"

"I'm Governor Hoffman," was the ready reply.

" . . . Six, seven, eight . . ." continued the guard, unmoved and wise to the hallucinations of those about him.

—Mildred Suttin

Charlie Chaplin, who does many things in both his private and business life to disturb the normal odds, began the procedure early in life. Once, when he was at the peak of his popularity, a "Charlie Chaplin Contest" was held in a theater in the East. The person who made up to look most like Charlie was to receive a silver cup. There were other awards for runners-up. The quixotic Charlie decided to enter the contest himself. He came in second.

—*You Bet Your Life* by Leo Guild

A frantic housewife was ready to go to the hospital for her second baby. Her first son, 11, was to be left behind with his father.

"We must tell Junior," she said to her husband. "You'd better be the one to do it."

The harassed father called his son. "Junior," he stammered, "your mother is going to be away for a few days and—er—" he paused helplessly, then said to his wife, "You'd better tell him, dear. He'll understand better."

Junior looked from one to the other expectantly.

Mother opened her mouth, then

shut it again. “I know,” she said. “Grandfather is the ideal person.” So Grandfather was called.

“Son,” he said, “there has been a big bird flying over this house for days, and every day he gets closer and closer. Tonight he is going to land right on top of this house.”

Junior looked frightened. “Gee, Grandpap, you can't let him do that!” he shouted. “Mother's going to have a baby tonight and it'll probably scare her to death!”

—Carol Hughes

“Son,” said a Texan to his offspring, “I just heard you asking that man what state he was from. Now, my boy, I want you always to remember this: if a man comes from Texas, he'll tell you; and if he isn't from Texas, there's no need to embarrass him.”

—*Joseph Holland*

One of the late Walter Damrosch's favorite stories concerned the vanity of musicians. On a Fourth of July in Milwaukee, where he was to conduct a gala Independence Day concert in the evening, a mid-day parade was in progress. Among the musical units was a loud, if not too melodious, German band.

As they swung out of their side-street gathering point to join the main line of march, their strutting leader, eyes aloft, failed to see an open manhole into which he suddenly disappeared from view.

The group halted with a wild jangle of notes. A cheer went up from the crowd on the sidewalk as the trombonist rushed bravely to the edge of the yawning hole. But in the silence that followed, he was clearly heard to yell into the depths below: “Hey, Herman—who do you want should carry on as leader?”

—Ted Nathan

When Gen. Brehon Somervell, chief of the Army Service Forces, retired after his grueling job of supply, he was a weary figure. Another general inquired of his plans.

“I'm going to take it easy,” replied Somervell. “For six weeks I'm just going to sit on the porch. After that, I'm going to start rocking—slowly!”

—Jeff Netter

A certain Western auto dealer, while sitting around waiting for his allotment of new cars, likes to remember the occasion not so many years ago when he sold two cars to the same man in one day—and made immediate delivery. His customer was an Indian suddenly enriched by oil on his land.

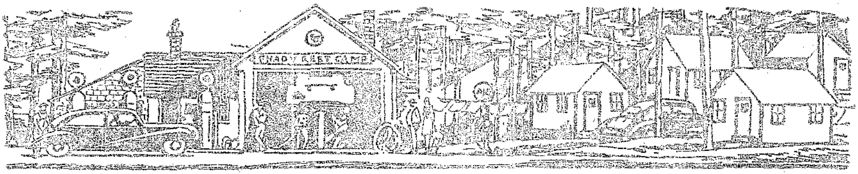
The man bought a high-powered car and fared forth to see the world. In about an hour he came back, bleeding and bruised, ready to buy another car.

“For Heaven's sake, what happened to you?” the dealer asked.

“Down the road a piece,” said the Indian, “fences come fast. Telephone poles come fast. Soon bridge come down the road and I turn to let go by. Need new car.”

—*Wall Street Journal*

HOME, SWEET HOME



IN A TOURIST CAMP

by **DOUGLAS BLAUFARB**

You'll be amazed at the comforts to be found in the new motor courts that dot America's highways from coast to coast

WHEN YOU PACK your bags and pile the kids in the car for that all-out vacation this summer, the chances are that you will spend part of your time and some of your money at a motor court—the new kind of hostelry which the motor age has called up to meet the special requirements of the auto-minded American family.

If you haven't been on the open road recently, or if you haven't yet tried a motor court, some of the things you'll find will make you stop, look and possibly whistle. It may be the futuristic luxury of a place like the Major Courts in Oklahoma City, whose "cabins" are partly walled with glass brick and whose bathrooms glow with lavender fixtures. It may be the swimming pool, outdoor dining terrace and authentic ranch-house decor of Motel El Rancho at Fresno, California; the barbecue pit and children's playground at Snider's Shore Acres, Vermilion, Ohio; or even the 300 jigsaw puzzles supplied to guests for rainy-day amusement by the Wonderview Cottages in Wells, Maine.

At any rate, the motor courts, or tourist courts, or motels—all accepted names—are better prepared than ever before to give the wandering tourist what he wants, plus many things he never even thought of. That's one reason why two out of five traveling Americans—according to the American Automobile Association—have become repeat customers at these tailor-made hostelries, now plentifully scattered from coast to coast.

Today, the best estimates of their number range from 20,000 to 25,000, with accommodations varying from bed-and-bath at 50 cents to room service and fingertip temperature-control at $10 a night. From 3,000 to 5,000 of these wayside inns are definitely better-class, and 1,000 are topnotch, vying with the best hotels in luxury. What they all have in common is the individual private cabin, to which the travel-weary motorist drives directly to unload his goods and chattels in one quick operation.

Anyone who has traveled in the bosom of his family knows what this means. It means not having to trail the bellhop through a lobby, arms loaded with raincoats, torn magazines and paper bags filled with half-gnawed apples. If you're a woman, it means not giving a thought to your wind-blown hair and lipstickless lips—as you inevitably do when entering a swank hotel.

But there's more to the popularity of the motor court than that. Most motels are on the open highway, so there's no heavy local traffic to harry the motorist at the end of a day's driving. Parking and garage accommodations are no problem—they are available for the taking. And if you're interested in an early start, you are free to take off at crack of dawn without having to wait until your car is brought round from the garage.

These factors, plus a moderate price and the comparative absence of tipping, have caused the motor courts to spurt forward amazingly over the last ten years. Before Pearl Harbor, about 225,000,000 registrations were recorded annually by the motels. Even during this period—prior to the wartime boom—accommodations were 70 per cent rented. A few years later the figure had jumped to 265,000,000, and estimates for 1947 approach the 300-million mark.

What this boom in patronage and profits proves more than anything else is the paradoxical truth that when a traveler leaves home for strange parts, he still seeks a homelike atmosphere wherever his fancy takes him.

This truth the motel-owner has grasped very well, and the cabins he offers are as much like home as painstaking care can make them. The care comes out in informal decor, colorful carpets and hangings, cheery lamps and bedspreads. It comes out in little things like roomy closets with plenty of hangers, and bathroom outlets for electric razors. It comes out in over-all cleanliness, of which the better motel-keepers make a fetish, and in the "just-folks" greeting from the owner and his wife.

Several years ago, many motels added kitchen facilities to their cabins, thus putting the final touch on a revolution in travel etiquette. For, while at the hotel it is the man who registers for the family, at the tourist court it is the woman who trots from cabin to cabin, feeling beds, inspecting plumbing and seeing if the stove works.

The pattern is therefore established, and what we can expect soon is an expansion and improvement of the basic arrangement approved by countless tourists. By 1952, there will be 10,000 additional tourist camps, while many of the old ones will be remodeled. New establishments will spring up where no towns exist at present—at safety intersections and clover-leaf crossings on the new superhighways.

They will be large, with an average of 50 rental units as against the present 22. They will provide service stations and coffee shops on the premises. They will be self-contained, with their own electric and water systems, their own fuel supply. In fact, if—as some dreamers suspect—they gather round them highway stores to sell food and other retail items to passing motorists, the whole conglomeration will present something new under the sun. It will be a complete town, stocked with a typical town's offering of goods and services, all created for the benefit of wayward birds of passage, who are here one minute and gone the next in a cloud of exhaust smoke.

THE HONOR OF HAVING dreamed up the tourist court is claimed for several people. In 1913, for instance, six shacks appeared on the outskirts of Douglas, Arizona, offering lodgings to motorists who were then beginning to swarm over the Southwest. Only bunks and cookstoves were offered, yet that was enough to qualify them as motor courts in the eyes of some experts.

Other experts challenge the claim of the Douglas innovator, but the argument is irrelevant. The real beginning of the motor court came in the early 1920s. In those days, almost every municipality provided a free camp-ground to tempt passing drivers who, at the time, weren't being welcomed too warmly by hotels. When, finally, the public camp-ground became overrun with "tin-can" tourists, enterprising local citizens pitched tents to accommodate drivers willing to spend 50 cents for a night's shelter. That was the real birth of the motel.

Later, of course, shacks supplanted the tents, and more elaborate houses then replaced the shacks. By now, they have grown so elaborate that it's commonplace to find a tourist court changing hands for several hundred thousand dollars. One actually sold recently for $1,250,000, which is a far cry from tents and bunkhouses.

Another milestone in this progression from rags to riches was, paradoxically enough, the Depression, which turned tourists to motels for cheaper accommodations. Public acceptance became complete during World War II, when thousands of war workers, soldiers and service-wives took up permanent quarters in motels to be near their places of work, their camps or their soldier-husbands.

Even now, with the war long over, the motor courts are crowded and accommodations are frequently difficult to find. It follows that the wise motorist should canvass the situation in advance—so here are some useful hints for picking the right spot:

There are two kinds of motor court—the resort type and the overnight type. The first is primarily a vacation resort, situated at a scenic or historic spot, where guests stay for days or even weeks. The second is usually on the main highway, and provides lodgings and often food.

The most luxurious courts are those located along the transcontinental highways—U.S. 30, 40, 50, 60 and 66—and along the North-South routes on both coasts—U.S. 1 and 11 in the East, 99 and 101 in the West.

The question of how to find the best court is easily answered. There is, of course, the familiar corner-of-the-eye technique, which means that the motorist pulls up at the first likely looking place. Or beforehand, he can get in touch with a travel agency, an automobile association, or the United Motor Court Association, which will mail an elaborate directory free to anyone who writes the main office in Houston, Texas.

When you have picked a suitable place along your route, make reservations in advance, if possible by mail, and be sure the rates are specified in the reply. If, for one reason or another, you have not made a reservation, it would be wise to stop driving at about 4 o'clock so that you can do your shopping around in daylight.

Once you find satisfactory accommodations, jot down the name for the next time you travel the same route. Also, the proprietor of a satisfactory court is a good source of information about places to sleep at the next stopover. Finally, leave the cabin just as you found it, and don't disturb other guests if you depart early in the morning. Then you can count on a warm welcome when you return.

Observing simple rules will assure you of pleasant stopovers wherever you go in your travels. And occasionally you will be astounded by the things you discover, from vast acreages complete with golf courses and movie theaters to jewel-like gardens, set out with tasteful statuary.

You will find a few courts as large as villages—for example, the Bakersfield Inn at Bakersfield, California, which will soon have 250 cabins for tourists. There are even some motels equipped with landing fields for small planes. Two of these are in Ohio—one on U.S. 25, not far from Lima, and the other at Norwalk, 20 minutes by air from Cleveland.

More likely, however, you will simply be pleased by the homelike comfort of the average court, by the special touches you will come across—perhaps a cool lemonade to welcome you after a hot day's driving, or coffee and doughnuts at 5 A.M. as you gather yourself for an early start.

"Your home away from home" remains the motto of the better tourist-court owner. If you are careful in your choice and make a little effort to find the right place, you will discover that he means exactly what he says.

The Human Thing to Do

I WAS TRAVELING on a bus in which every seat was occupied, when an elderly man and his seeing-eye dog got aboard.

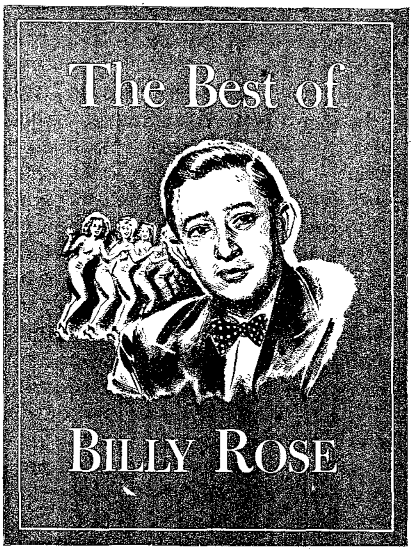
The dog stood for a moment sizing up the situation. Then he walked calmly over to one of the younger passengers, looked him squarely in the eye for a moment, and gave him a slight nudge with his nose. The young man took the hint and rose.

Then the dog herded the blind man into the seat and sat down beside his friend.

The bus, with its load of smiling passengers, moved on.

—CLAUDE V. FASSETT

The Best of BILLY ROSE



Here are some vignettes of the American scene, gleaned from the column of one of today's most imaginative writers

I BELIEVE IN KEEPING old letters. You never know when they may come in handy.

My wife disagrees. Especially around cleaning time. This morning the whir of the vacuum signaled the opening of an offensive.

I was working at my desk, trying to catch an opening sentence, when she barged in. The morning papers were scattered every which way. My frau gathered them up. "A self-respecting herring wouldn't let himself be wrapped in one of these," she said.

She looked down at the toy junk yard that I keep on my desk. "It has mice."

I couldn't see anything wrong. The papers on the left, under the ash tray, are important letters requiring immediate answers. Those papers in the middle, under the magazines I haven't read yet, are letters I should have answered a month ago. The papers on the right, under the box of gumdrops, are letters too old to bother answering at all. No telling what might happen if someone monkeyed with my desk. Something important might get lost—one of the gumdrops, for example.

I went back to digging for an opening sentence. Suddenly I heard a yelp of anguish from an open closet. Eleanor was tossing out scrapbooks, bundles of letters, photo albums.

"You'll get everything all mixed up!" I wailed.

From the top of the heap, I picked up the June, 1934, issue of *Amazing Stories*. "Look what you want to throw out," I said. "I'm planning to read this the first chance I get."

"Out it goes, junior," said my missus firmly.

"And look at this," I persisted. "An autographed picture of Sally Rand."

"Into the flames," said the lady of the house.

I picked up a bundle of letters. "Maybe you're right about this old junk," I smiled. "Why should I keep the letters you wrote me when I first knew you in Cleveland?"

There was a nice moment of silence. Eleanor took the letters, half-read a couple of them, then handed them back. "You mean you've kept these since 1937?"

I nodded.

"You win," she smiled, and walked out of the room.

As I crammed the junk back into

the closet, I heard the vacuum start up in another part of the house. I nibbled on my pencil and began to write: "I believe in keeping old letters. You never know when they may come in handy . . ."

* * *

This is a story with a moral. Liars ought to love it.

Some years ago I was running one of the big, brassy cabarets that Kokomo Joe confuses with New York night life. One of the guys who used to bounce in and out of my office was an old-time press agent named Tim O'Hara.

Every day or so, Tim would try to sell me some wacky publicity stunt. He was always poo-poohing the modern public-relations counselor. He kept reciting the exploits of the old space-pirates who had Anna Held bathe in milk, and smuggled lions into the Astor to ballyhoo a Tarzan picture.

I let this daffy drum-beater ramble, but never bit. Hoaxing an editor is as smart as picking a cop's pocket. You might slip one fakeroo past the city desk, but from then on even your legit stories wind up on page none.

O'Hara used to tell me about his daughter, Katherine. Said she was a great beauty. I dismissed it as another of the old boy's build-ups. One day Katherine came to see me, and she lived up to her old man's advance notices. I changed her first name to Sugar and put her in the chorus. In opera-length hose and spangled fluff, she was that sighful little eyeful they sing about.

The second night, one of the customers got stuck on her. Tim referred to Sugar's beau as "Charley Crew-haircut," but the boy was out of one of those Back Bay families whose ancestors ate at the captain's table on the *Mayflower*. A month later, Tim told me the kids were going to get married as soon as the boy finished Harvard.

One night after the show, some of the boys in the band took a couple of chorus kids up to Harlem. Sugar was one of them. They wound up in one of those joints which stay open later than the license says it should.

About 5 A.M. somebody said something to somebody, and a fight started. The cop on the beat blew a whistle and soon they backed up the wagon and everybody—Sugar included—was taken to the station house. A detective found marihuana on one of the musicians.

It was the kind of story tabloid editors cried for in those days—Chorus Girls! Harlem! Slugfest! Narcotics!

At 6 A.M. my front doorbell rang and I let Tim O'Hara in. "If this gets out," he said, "the boy's folks up in Boston will blow a big whistle on the marriage. Sugar's stuck on that kid, and it mustn't happen."

"Wish I could help you," I said. "I could call some of the city desks, but I don't think it would do any good. This kind of story sells too many papers."

"I'm not asking you to do anything," said O'Hara. "Just let me be your press agent for an hour."

The old boy sat down at my phone. First number he called was Cortland 7-1212. "*Journal?*" he said. "This is Tim O'Hara. I'm doing press for Billy Rose. Got a pip of a story for you. Sugar

O'Hara, one of Billy's chorus girls, just got arrested in a Harlem dive. Big fight, marihuana all over the place. She's engaged to a Boston blueblood. Send a photographer right up. I'll get her to pose for some good leg shots."

He hung up on the *Journal* and winked at me as he started dialing the *Telegram*. And then I got it.

Sugar's father knew no city editor would print that kind of story if it came from an old phony like Tim O'Hara.

* * *

I'D APPRECIATE IT if Mr. Burpee would take me off his list. Every year he sends me a fancy seed catalogue, illustrated with pictures of pumpkins big as Cinderella's coach, lima beans so big that if Glenn Davis saw one he'd scoop it up and run for a touchdown.

Each year I'm seduced. I send for the seeds, put on the Lum 'n' Abner hat and go back to the soil. Every fall, my bookkeeper tells me the radishes cost enough for my wife to wear them as earrings.

Tell you how I got into the farming business. Four or five summers ago, the Department of Agriculture asked all large-scale users of food to grow as much of their own stuff as they could. This included me, on account of because I got a cabaret. I went right to it.

The only skeptic was the farmer who takes care of my place at Mt. Kisco. "I hope you know what you're letting yourself in for," he told me.

The day after we planted the seeds, I got up early and went out to look at my garden. Nothing. Next day, likewise. But when the first bit of green peeked out of the ground, Eleanor had to stop me from pressing it between the pages of my diary. When the first green button appeared on a tomato plant, I began inquiring about the nearest county fair. I could hardly wait for what was going to come up.

What came up was Japanese beetles.

I went after these shiny monsters with everything but an injunction. The beetles lapped it up and looked around for a chaser. Yet in spite of hell and no rain, the stuff began to ripen. I was especially proud of the tomatoes. "So round, so firm, so fully packed," I told the gang at the Stork Club.

One morning, Eleanor told me how to get some hands to pick the crop before it spoiled. "You clutter up the house every week end with your Broadway friends," she said. "Let them work for their keep."

And they did. Every Friday night, after throwing a big meal into them, my missus would ad lib, "I've got a cute idea. Let's get up early tomorrow and pick tomatoes."

Next morning while the sun was still snoring, the guests would be herded into the field. Well-publicized palefaces wound up with blisters as big as the electric lights which spell out their names. Little Willie strutted around giving orders, and all I needed was a blacksnake whip to pass for a watch-charm version of Simon Legree.

That summer, my Victory garden was the conversational tidbit around Lindy's. George Jessel described my truck farm as a place where "the sparrows kneel down to eat the corn." Quentin Reynolds spread it around that I had to lather the field with shaving soap before I could cut the wheat. Ed Wynn came up with the one about some of my potatoes being as big as marbles, others as big as peas—and then there were the little ones.

Actually, we raised enough stuff on 15 acres to keep my night club in fresh vegetables all fall. The combination salad I sold for 90 cents may have cost four bucks to raise, but I figured it was worth it when I thought of the manicured fingernails I had helped ruin.

Since that summer, I haven't had much time for fellows who tell jokes about farmers. I know another theatrical producer who agrees with me. He has a dairy farm not far from my place. I recently dropped in to see him.

"How about a drink?" he suggested.

"Fine with me," I said.

"What'll it be, then?" he asked. "Milk or champagne? They cost me about the same."

* * *

THE OTHER DAY WAS one of those days. What with the phones going, a show rehearsing and people popping in and out of the office, it was like backstage at an Olsen and Johnson musical.

One of my appointments was with an ex-soldier back from the Pacific. Like a thousand other kids, he was anxious to get into show business. I told him I'd get in touch with him if I could use him, and asked him to excuse the short interview because I was rushing through a lot of work. He smiled and walked to the door.

"What are you grinning about?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," he said. "I just happened to think of another fellow who was in a hurry."

The way he said it made me curious. When you're meeting five deadlines a week, you don't let a story walk out of your office.

"Tell me about the other fellow who was in a hurry," I said.

"He was nobody important," said the ex-GI. "He and his father farmed a little piece of land. But except for their name and the patch of ground, they had little in common. The old man believed in taking it easy. The son was the go-getter type.

"One morning, they loaded the cart with vegetables, hitched up the ox and set out for the city. The young fellow figured that if they kept going all day and night, they'd arrive next morning. So he kept prodding the ox with a stick.

" 'Take it easy,' said the old man. 'You'll last longer.'

" 'If we get to market ahead of the others,' said his son, 'we have a better chance of getting good prices.'

"The old man pulled his hat down over his eyes and went to sleep on the seat. Four miles and four hours down the road, they came to a little house. 'Here's your uncle's place,' said the father, waking up. 'Let's stop in and say hello.'

"The young man fidgeted while the two old gentlemen gossiped away an hour.

"On the move again, the father took his turn leading the ox. By and by, they came to a fork in the road. The old man directed the ox to the right. 'The left is the shorter way,' said the boy impatiently.

" 'I know it,' said the old man, 'but this way is prettier.'

" 'Have you no respect for time?' asked the impatient young man.

" 'I respect it very much,' said the old fellow. 'That's why I like to use it for looking at wild flowers.'

"Twilight found them in what looked like one big garden. 'Let's sleep here,' said the old man.

" 'This is the last trip I take with you,' snapped his son. 'You're more interested in flowers than in making money.'

"Before sunrise the young man shook his father awake and they went on. A mile away, they came on a farmer trying to pull his cart out of a ditch. 'Let's give a hand,' said the father.

" 'And lose more time?' exploded the son.

" 'Relax,' said the old man. 'You might be in a ditch sometime yourself.'

"By the time the other cart was back on the road, it was almost 8 o'clock. Suddenly a great flash of lightning split the sky. Then there was thunder. Beyond the hills, the heavens grew dark.

" 'Looks like a big rain in the city,' said the old man.

" 'If we'd been on time, we'd be sold out by now,' grumbled his son.

" 'Take it easy,' said the old gentleman. 'You'll last longer.'

"It wasn't until late afternoon that they got to the top of the hill overlooking the town. They looked down at it for a long time. Finally the young man who had been in such a hurry said, 'I see what you mean, father.'

"They turned their cart around and drove away from what had once been Hiroshima."

Home

"HOME," SHE SAID, "is the laugh of the baby, the song of a mother, the strength of a father, warmth of living hearts, light from happy eyes, kindness, loyalty, comradeship. Home is the first school and the first church for the young. Here they learn what is right, what is good and what is kind. Home is where they go for comfort, when they are hurt or sick, where joy is shared and sorrow eased, where fathers and mothers are respected and loved and where children are wanted. Where money is not as important as loving kindness. Where even the teakettle sings from happiness. That is home—God bless it."

—*The Armstrong Tire News*

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

by **Henry Lee**

Wherever Negro spirituals are sung, you'll hear the haunting music of Harry Burleigh; for half a century he has written and interpreted the bittersweet melodies of his people.

When you sing Negro spirituals, you sing them *gladly*. You sing them not from the heart but from the soul. That is the way Harry Burleigh interprets the bittersweet melodies of his race. And he should know because, for half a century, he has been America's greatest singer and composer of spirituals.

Today, at 80, Burleigh is a short, dapper man with gray hair and white moustache, and appears to be in his 60s. He has comfortably passed his golden anniversary as soloist with his church, one of the fashionable white parishes in New York. He hopes to produce another song arrangement like his masterful one of *Deep River*. No doubt he will, for in the words of one of his spirituals, he "don't feel no-ways tired."

Like his indestructible baritone, Burleigh's songs ignore the years and the fluctuations of the *Hit Parade*. Mocked once because he wanted to sing old songs, he now stands recognized as one of the foremost musical pioneers of his people. Wherever folks heed God and own a piano, you will hear his arrangements of America's well-loved spirituals.

"It's a wonderful thing," Burleigh says happily, "to feel that you amount to *something* in music."

His happiness and enthusiasm are infectious. When he talks about his mother, who spurred him to success, about his close friends of years ago—Victor Herbert, Anton Dvořák, John McCormack—his voice deepens with love. They were "wonderful" people, "happy" people, he recalls.

And when he speaks of his many protégés, Paul Robeson, Marian Anderson, Roland Hayes among them, his voice quickens with enthusiasm. Through the genius of such people, he hopes his race will some day reach the end of the long, dark road of discrimination.

Harry Burleigh has walked that road himself. Hardships blinded his slave grandfather, discrimination frustrated his mother's career. Yet he is not bitter. "We've all gone through those things," he remarks quietly.

As he has done for many years, Burleigh lives alone in a little Bronx apartment, far from the Negro center of Harlem. He draws much inspiration from the Bible and from poetry. With a knowledge of Latin, Italian, French, German and Hebrew, he reads verse by the hour, seeking lyrics for his songs. But the poetry must contain more than pretty sentiment; it must also have the spiritual touch that distinguishes his music.

Among his finest works are those woven around verse: *Ethiopia Saluting the Colors*, from Walt Whitman; *The Young Warrior*, a musical setting for James Weldon Johnson's poem; and *The Soldier*, from Rupert Brooke's sonnet. Besides the 100-odd spirituals he has arranged, he has composed some 250 songs, mostly semi-classical.

"I have not been idle," Burleigh says dryly.

During the day he reads, composes, practices. Usually he goes downtown to see his publishers, G. Ricordi & Company, one of the largest musical publishers in the world. Until last winter, he traveled almost the length of Manhattan Island on Tuesday and Friday nights for choir rehearsals at St. George's Episcopal Church, where he performed with two generations of singers.

His choirmaster, George W. Kemmer, was a boy singer in Grace Church when they first met years ago. On Sundays, Burleigh rehearsed again, then donned chorister's robes and sang at both morning and afternoon services.

Last year, as he gave his solo rendition of *The Palms* for the 52nd consecutive Palm Sunday, many in the congregation wept. In the pews were worshipers who had first heard him when they were small children. Now they had their grandchildren with them.

Five years ago, when Burleigh first mentioned retirement, the church was aghast. But last November he did finally retire. "Do you want me to go till I drop?" Burleigh asked the clergy and choir when they protested. "Think of it! Fifty-three years in one church!"

As he talked to me of his age, he walked briskly through the 5 o'clock rush hour in mid-Manhattan. In his right hand he jauntily swung an umbrella. He was dressed youthfully in light-blue tweeds, blue-and-white striped tie, spats, and a somewhat battered gray felt hat.

"Fifty-three years," he repeated. "That's a mighty long time. I'm getting old."

THE LIFE OF HENRY Thacker Burleigh has been an incredible mixture of luck, pluck, adversity and coincidence. He was born in 1866 into a large Negro family that lived precariously in Erie, Pennsylvania. He grew up within earshot of the lake piers and railroad tracks; the first music he ever heard was the rumble of trains and the songs of stevedores.

His grandfather, Hamilton Waters, had been a slave in Maryland. Discarded when blindness and old age made him useless, he finally settled down in Erie, where he won the job of town crier. Stumbling through the streets he shouted, in his strange, warm voice, the happenings of the outside world.

Burleigh remembers how he led the old man around by the hand, remembers how Waters gave him a heart-warming legacy by singing the old plantation melodies—sad songs, yet sung with a robust faith that blindness and poverty could never subdue.

Somehow the old man scraped up enough money to send Burleigh's mother through teacher's college. But she could never get a job. So from his earliest years, Harry worked.

After school, he helped his mother dust desks in the school where she was janitress. She had hoped and planned to be a teacher in that school, but she didn't give way to bitter defeat. Sundays, with the New Testament in Greek at her elbow, she taught in the largest white Bible class in Erie.

At her prompting, Harry planned for the future. Nights, summers, week ends, he ran errands, hawked newspapers, lit the town's gas lamps, shipped on Great Lakes vessels out of Buffalo, worked as a stenographer. But always he sang—sang at work, at school, in Erie's churches and synagogues.

Only one wealthy woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Russell, held musicales in Erie, and Burleigh, as the ragged Negro son of a part-time Russell housemaid, was not on the invitation list. When Rafael Joseffy sang one evening, Burleigh stood outside in the snow for hours to hear her—and contracted pneumonia. After that, his mother arranged for him to work in the house on those evenings when Mrs. Russell gave her musicales.

Then his mother heard about the National Conservatory of Music in New York, where talented youngsters were given scholarships. She encouraged him to compete, mended his shabby clothes, helped him to borrow money, inspired him to succeed where she had failed.

In New York, Burleigh met his supreme test. He tried for a conservatory scholarship, and failed. Discouraged, he was tempted to sacrifice a serious career and join the chorus of a traveling minstrel show. Then he remembered his mother, and decided to try again.

Harry sought out Mrs. Frances MacDowell, mother of Edward MacDowell, the composer. She was registrar at the Conservatory, and Burleigh showed her a letter from Mrs. Russell in Erie. Then occurred the first critical coincidence in Burleigh's life.

Mrs. MacDowell had been a guest in the Russell home, and remembered the eager little Negro boy who eavesdropped on the musicales. Touched, she arranged another hearing for him. This time he won his scholarship.

Still, there was the problem of food, lodging, shoes. The Conservatory let him sleep in its big, cold building. In return, he helped Mrs. MacDowell with her clerical work, copied musical scores with an engraver's precision, acted as musical librarian. On the side, he copied scores for an opera house in exchange for free tickets.

Often he went hungry. He remembers pressing his nose against restaurant windows as the cook inside turned flapjacks.

"Sometimes," he says, "I would take a toothpick from my pocket, pretend I had just eaten, and walk down the street singing to myself."

During his first summer vacation, Burleigh worked as a wine-boy in the famous Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga, and there he became friendly with the cellist in the hotel orchestra. That was the second happy coincidence in Burleigh's life, for when he returned to school, he found the cellist was on the Conservatory faculty. His name was Victor Herbert. Years later, when Herbert founded the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, he enrolled Burleigh as a charter member of the organization.

The great Dvořák, then composing *The New World Symphony*, was head of the Conservatory, so Burleigh's four years there—studying voice and learning harmony and counterpoint—proved to be busy, happy years.

Dvořák and the Negro boy became warm friends. Quickly the Bohemian genius recognized what most Americans had missed—that Negro spirituals were authentic, important music.

So again and again he encouraged Burleigh to sing the old tunes for him. And when Burleigh helped Dvořák by copying the orchestra parts for the first performance of *The New World*, he found one of the happiest surprises of his life. In the second theme of the first movement of the symphony, he recognized his own arrangement of *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*.

But Burleigh still needed a job desperately. He didn't tell his mother, but he was always hungry, his clothes were ragged. As he had always sung out of faith or artistry, now he decided to sing for his suppers.

In 1894, he tried out for St. George's choir. That took courage, for St. George's was one of the most fashionable churches in the city, and the rector, towering Dr. William Rainsford, demanded musical perfection of his singers. Burleigh was the first Negro ever to apply, but he won the job.

In the words of Dr. Rainsford, "division, consternation, confusion and protest reigned" among the choir when he announced Burleigh's appointment. Then some of the parishioners remonstrated. One told the rector that if the church was to become a minstrel house, he would resign.

"Yes, I have heard that you prefer burlesque," Dr. Rainsford told him crisply. That settled the dispute.

The elder J. P. Morgan, a vestryman, soon began the yearly custom of having Burleigh sing Christmas carols in the old Morgan home on 36th Street. At Morgan's funeral, Burleigh sang *Calvary*, and he sang again with a choir at the funeral of the younger J. P. Morgan. Until Burleigh's retirement, whenever Anne Morgan visited the family church she sought him out to renew an old and warm friendship.

The church job was a turning point in his life. Thereafter he was in demand for concerts and recitals. He obtained another choir position, in Temple Emanu-El, where for 25 years he sang in Hebrew.

More and more, Burleigh's name appeared in musical reviews. He went abroad and appeared before Edward VII of England and other European notables. In this country, he performed for President Theodore Roosevelt.

For years, he modestly deprecated his own songs. Then the success of his first one, *Jean*, encouraged him. He followed it with a greater success, a tribute to his mother called *Little Mother of Mine*.

When John McCormack introduced the song at the old Hippodrome in New York, the theater was so crowded that 1,000 spectators had to sit on the stage. And at the singer's insistence, Burleigh stood beside McCormack to acknowledge the thunderous ovation.

With royalties from *Little Mother of Mine*, Burleigh was able to take his family abroad, enroll his son, Alston, in a European school and devote his own time to language study. The son, a former Army major and now a teacher in Washington, D.C., is also following in his father's footsteps as a musician.

Today, Burleigh enjoys many honors, among them the Spingarn Medal, awarded for outstanding Negro achievement. Finest of all, his name is carved in stone on a buttress in St. George's choir room. There it will remain as long as the church endures.

The cadences of sorrow invariably turn to joy, and the message is ever manifest that eventually deliverance from all that hinders and oppresses the soul will come, and man—every man—will be free . . .

Harry Burleigh wrote these lines 20 years ago, when the plight of his race seemed scarcely to justify such optimism. But song and faith have won out. His own life, a bondage and a deliverance, is triumphant affirmation of his song.

Today, he still sings happily of the great day of emancipation that he feels confident is ever drawing closer.

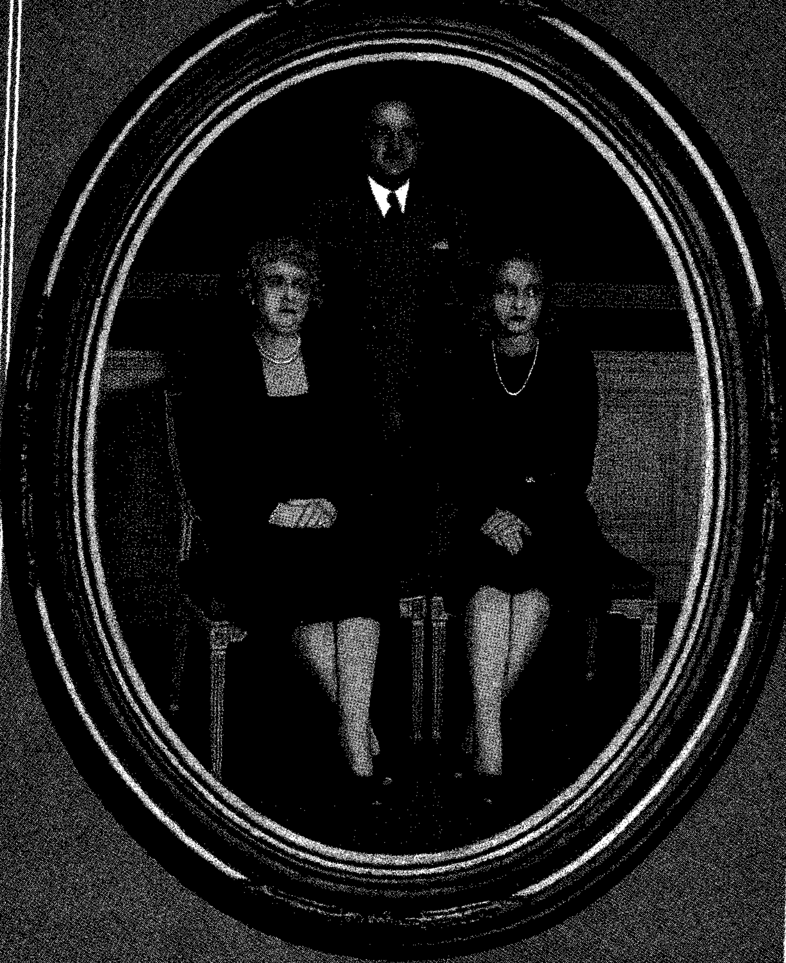
Grounds for Divorce

In a divorce suit won by a Michigan woman, she charged that her husband had given each of her five stepchildren a saxophone.

—Buster Rothman

Another "car-barn Casanova" was discovered when a Baltimore trolley motorwoman sued her motorman husband for divorce after she said she found him at a rendezvous with another motorwoman—in a streetcar.

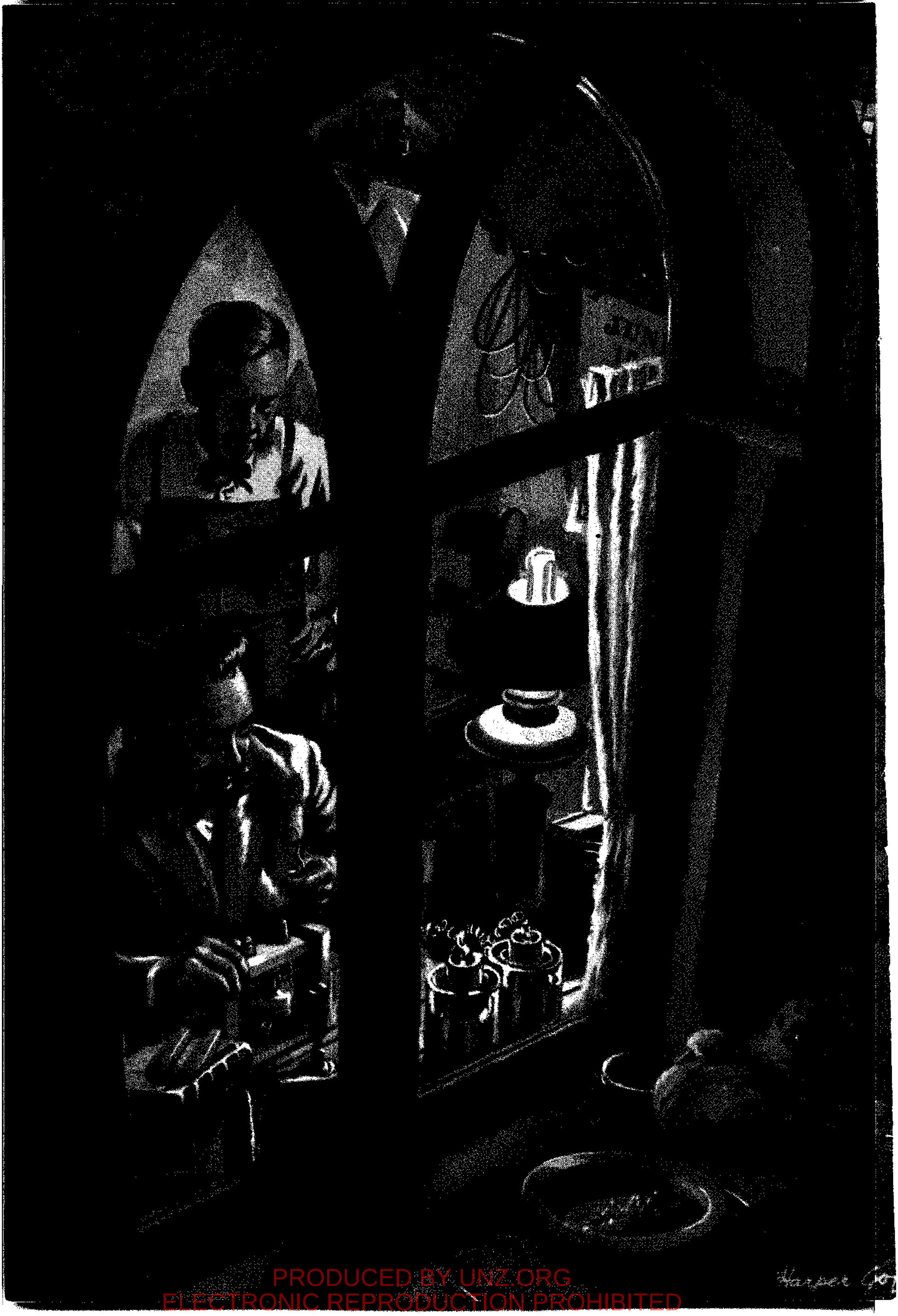
Exploding that myth of the weaker sex, a Lancaster, Pa., helpmate won a divorce on the charge that her husband, a jiu-jitsu expert, got good and mad when she threw him in wrestling bouts.



First Family

But for the fact that they live at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C., this might be any typical American family. The President, Mrs. Truman and their daughter Mary Margaret posed in the White House for this rare color portrait.

KODACHROME BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS


Harper Go

The First Telephone

by **Keith Harris**

Visitors from all over the world swarmed into Philadelphia in June, 1876, to see the marvels of the day at the Centennial Exposition. Many glanced briefly at a queer contraption on a small table, then moved on to more interesting exhibits. Even the exposition catalogue devoted just 18 words to a "contraption" which was to revolutionize world communications—Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone!

There were some, of course, with greater vision. When Sir William Thomson, British scientist, tested Bell's instrument and heard speech transmitted over a wire, he said: "It is the most wonderful thing I have seen." And Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil exclaimed in amazement: "My word! It talks!"

The telephone seemed, indeed, like black magic. But to Bell it represented years of grueling work. Oddly enough, the phone grew out of Bell's lifelong desire to help the deaf. For years he had been teaching them to talk, and his experiments in transmitting sound sprang from his special knowledge of acoustics and the human ear.

Nearly everyone knows by now how an "accident" in Bell's experiments to perfect a harmonic telegraph resulted in sending a *sound-carrying* current over the wire instead of a mere electrical impulse. But the significance of the phenomenon might have been lost had it not been for Bell's interest in deafness. Appropriately, the money for his experiments was provided by the fathers of two of Bell's deaf pupils.

Once the sound-carrying current had been sent over his apparatus, Bell was sure that the human voice, too, could be transmitted. Patiently he and his young assistant, Thomas A. Watson, continued their work, and on March 10, 1876, Watson heard the first complete sentence ever transmitted by telephone: "Mr. Watson, come here; I want you."

Yet recognition was slow in coming. Once, while Bell was in financial straits, one of his backers offered to sell the phone patents to Western Union for $100,000, but the offer was rejected. Today, 100 years after Bell's birth, the telephone—like the airplane—is recognized as an instrument that has helped shrink the globe and bring better understanding among its diverse peoples.

An historic moment in the birth of the telephone: experimenting by lamplight, Bell sits at his work bench in a Boston attic while his assistant, Watson, stands behind him. Painting by Harper Goff.

by JUDGE JULIUS H. MINER

The Tragic Truth About Our JURY SYSTEM

A judge deplores its abuses and offers a five-point program for its reform

SOME DAY YOU MAY face a jury, perhaps accused of a crime you did not commit. Or you may be serving as a juror, sworn to pass on the innocence or guilt of one of your fellow citizens.

In the first case, could you expect a fair and impartial trial? In the second case, would you know how to administer that same fair and impartial justice to the accused?

As a judge of several years' experience in the Chicago Circuit Court of Appeals, my reluctant but honest answer to both these questions is "No!"

For instance, it is on record that a citizen of Bangor, Maine, sat on a jury for days before it was discovered that he was stone deaf. And the judge of an Arkansas municipal court reports that one jury foreman in his court read a verdict thusly: "We, the jury, find *our client*, the defendant, not guilty."

In an important Eastern case, the jury voted six for conviction and six for acquittal. Rather than debate the issue for two or three days, the jurors decided to draw a number between one and 100. The juror whose age came closest to that number would make the decision for all.

Recently I presided over a murder trial in which both prosecution and defense refused to call the only eyewitness to the crime. Both lawyers feared that he might unduly influence the jury. In other words, both sides were unwilling to trust the jury with the truth.

Daniel Webster said: "Justice is the great interest of man on earth." And in pursuing his great interest, man has established the jury system as a special safeguard against injustice. Yet today, trial by jury is a farce . . . a mockery of justice

. . . a thing frequently of "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Why has trial by jury fallen so low? Part of the answer lies in the low caliber of the jurors themselves. The men and women chosen to listen and weigh and consider are generally unqualified for the task. In fact, many prospective jurors would be rejected for ordinary duties by private employers. Why foist them on a court and expect intelligent results?

National and state laws specifically exempt many citizens ideally suited for this work. Doctors, government officials, clergymen, lawyers, schoolteachers, newspapermen and many others are exempt from jury duty. Further, our "indispensable" men who don't relish a few dollars a day for jury service usually present perfectly legitimate reasons for being excused.

Getting an eligible man excused on some pretext has become an invaluable asset of small-time politicians. Judge Robert Stewart Sutliffe, famed jurist of New York City, wrote: "Jurors are a lot of men picked from poll lists who have not enough political pull to get off, or who are out of a job and want to pick up a few dollars a day."

If by chance an intelligent group of men and women are "stuck" with jury duty, even then justice and truth are elusive. Is it reasonable to expect 12 untutored, legally naïve jurors, straight from the kitchen, shop or office, to deal wisely with involved principles and technicalities of the law? It would be just as foolish to summon a judge or lawyer to an airplane factory to decide a problem in aerodynamics.

In one case, after five days of trial of a desperate gunman, the jurors passed a note to my bailiff: "What does the Judge mean when he says 'sustained' and 'overruled'?" Unfortunately, this amazing ignorance of the basic vocabulary of a law court is common.

One judge instructing a jury said: "If you find the defendant did, with malice aforethought, project, propel, and/or otherwise with force or violence, insinuate the aforesaid bullet in, on, against, and within the body of the corpus delicti, then you must bring in a verdict of guilty."

In reply, one of the baffled jurors blurted: "Okay, Judge, but what if we just find that the guy sitting over there shot and killed the other guy who ain't here?"

It is downright scandalous to expose 12 well-meaning but naïve citizens to sharp, high-powered, battle-scarred lawyers who are masters at the art of appealing to human sympathies and prejudices. Under "solemn obligation" to their clients, these shrewd barristers in a criminal case will hammer away at such things as "reasonable doubt," "moral certainty" and "presumption of innocence" until there is unconditional mental surrender by even the hardiest juror.

Not long ago a jury awarded $10,000 to the plaintiff, but the decision was such an obvious miscarriage of justice that the judge set the verdict aside and admonished the jury. When asked how they arrived at such a patently ridiculous decision, one juror replied frankly:

"We couldn't make head or tail of the case, or follow all the messing around the lawyers did. None of us believed the witnesses on either side, anyway, so we just made up our minds to *disregard the evidence on both sides and decide the case on its merits.*"

Court-wise defense lawyers follow a pattern, aimed at confusing the inept jurors by beclouding the real issues. They assail the police as vicious and corrupt; they ridicule the state's attorney as an ambitious tyrant trying to make a record of convictions for political advantage; they imply that if the defendant is found guilty, the judge, an unmitigated sadist, will give the poor, wronged angel the maximum allowable punishment.

Continually I am amazed at how this "underdog" technique works, even if the defendant is guilty beyond all doubt. Finally the attorneys wind up waving the flag, crying that to do otherwise than return this man to his wife and children would be to negate the American guarantee of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Judge Julius H. Miner, the originator and director of the annual Constitution Day Observance, is currently assigned to the criminal branch of the Circuit Court of Cook County, in Chicago. He is a graduate of the Kent College of Law, has a master's degree from Northwestern University Law School, and for ten years has been on the faculty of John Marshall Law School. Admitted to the bar in 1917, he served as Master in Chancery of the Circuit Court for 16 years, ascending the bench in 1940. As judge and lawyer, he has had ample opportunity to study the appalling defects of the American jury system. In this outspoken article, he tells what those defects are and how they can be overcome to make the jury system a true instrument of justice.

A wife, a child, or an aged parent is always an asset to a man charged with anything from picking pockets to murder. Pretty faces, shapely figures, hospital cots and crutches are flaunted.

One lawyer asked the jury to look at the defendant's white-haired mother, sitting up front in the courtroom. This angelic little lady won the day for her son, for no jury would ever believe that she could possibly have given birth to a murderer. "Mother" was later discovered to be a waitress in an underworld night club.

Defense attorneys prefer their clients to be tried during the Christmas season, when the quality of mercy is particularly unstrained. Jurors have a way of passing out Christmas gifts of freedom or light sentences to criminals who at other times would be sent up for years. And if one of the jurors has a birthday during the trial, his fellow-jurors help him to celebrate by going easy on the defendant.

In one trial, an expectant father succeeded in getting a fast acquittal for an obviously guilty man because the other jurors agreed that "it wasn't fair" to keep the anxious father-to-be waiting around while they tried to reach a verdict.

One of my colleagues tells of a jury composed of many nationalities, a most sentimental jury which in an entire term of listening to cases hadn't returned a single verdict of guilty. Finally an Italian appeared before them for trial, accused of grand larceny, and the evidence against him was so conclusive that the jury voted 11 to 1 to send him up.

The lone holdout was a fellow

Italian who spoke up bitterly: "You have been acquitting Irishmen, Germans and Jews right along. Now an Italian comes along and you want to send him away. No!" The 11 abashed jurors hastily rectified their "injustice."

The law that all 12 jurors must reach unanimous decision has produced a bookful of "unusual" pronouncements from all parts of the U. S. In Easton, Pennsylvania, an impatient judge who had been waiting for a verdict warned the jury that if they took much longer he would lock them up overnight. The jurors quickly reached the verdict, but it developed later that two of them, unable to make up their minds, had decided the issue by tossing a coin.

SOME LAWYERS AND EVEN judges contend that the answer to the abuses of jury trial is to eliminate juries altogether. That is out of the question. The system is too deep-rooted in our American philosophy of life and law. It is the greatest guarantee for a fair trial yet conceived, and no one who truly believes in a free society should advocate its abolition or the diminution of its power.

Yet there are certain common-sense changes in the system that would alleviate most of the abuses I have pointed out. Here is a list of minor reforms that I believe would re-implement the jury as an instrument of justice:

1. Abandon the requirement for unanimous agreement of 12 jurors to reach a verdict. A majority of one in our electoral college elects a President: the majority principle determines the outcome of all elections. And yet it requires a unanimous verdict of 12 to convict or acquit a moron or vicious gunman. This rule of unanimity is nothing less than legalized coercion. It condemns an honest difference of opinion; it makes jury service disagreeable; it is an incentive to corrupting jurors.

2. Judges should be empowered to strip courtroom procedure of its confusing side issues, keep the language understandable and restrict lawyers in their befuddling techniques.

3. Judges should further be empowered to assist in and accelerate the selection of jurors, while the practice of lawyers to resolve on the least intelligent, instead of the most intelligent, jurors should be curtailed.

4. Jury duty should be broadened to include many classes of

But They Knew Better

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS reports that in Hamilton, Texas, a district court jury listened to a forgery case and returned this verdict: "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty and assess his punishment at two years."

"Well, gentlemen," said the judge, "you should amend the verdict by adding the words 'in the state penitentiary'."

"We knew that ought to be in there, Judge," one juror said, "but there wasn't anyone who knew how to spell 'penitentiary'."

citizens now excused from serving. Furthermore, the ease with which men escape jury duty should be stopped. Jury service is a sober civic responsibility, and every American citizen should be required to take his turn.

5. Lastly, and most important, all jurors should be required to undergo a short, intensive course in legal terminology, procedure, obligations and duties. This school should be administered by neutral representatives of the bar association, law schools or the courts, and should cover points which have relevancy to a trial. In fact, a brief course in jury service could easily be conducted in our public schools. After all, we train dispensers of liquor behind the bar. Why shouldn't we also train dispensers of justice before the bar?

Chief Justice John Marshall once wrote: "The judicial department comes home in its effects to every man's fireside; it passes on his property, his reputation, his life, his all." The jury is an indispensable part of that judicial department. But unless it functions efficiently, our liberty is insecure and the administration of justice a mockery.

If justice is not to be found in the courts, then the American way of life is in jeopardy. A few minor reforms in our jury system will speedily remove much of the danger, and perform for our citizenry a good that is far in excess of the slight energy required to effect the changes that experience and common sense dictate.

Dog Tired

I WAS DRIVING to a church meeting in another town, when I saw an old farmer, a parishioner of mine, walking down the concrete highway. His black and white hound dog was tagging along dejectedly at his heels.

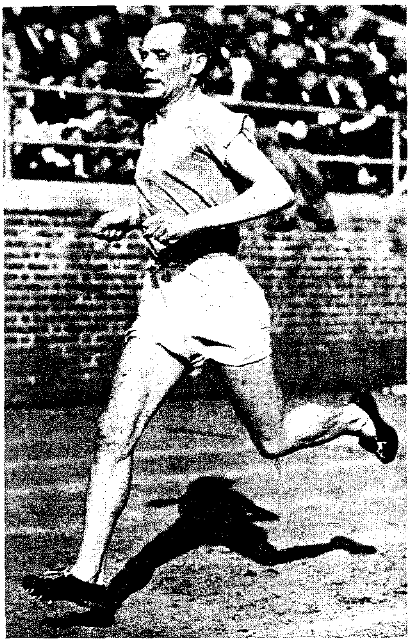
I offered the man a ride, saying his dog could come, too. The farmer climbed in the front seat, and shoved his dog in the rear. The next time we looked at the animal, he was stretched out on the back seat panting, too tired even to wag his tail.

"You must have been walking a long time, from the looks of that poor dog," I said.

The farmer laughed. "It's not the trip that fagged him out. He was scampering back and forth across the road, sticking his nose inside every gate, and wrassling with every stone wall. He had to chase every cat and scare all the old hens he saw. If a dog barked at him, he barked ten times in return. No wonder he's all in."

The old man pushed his hat back on his head. He was silent for a moment, then he said, "You know, Reverend, people are pretty much the same way. If they get worn out on their journey through life, it's usually not the distance they've covered that makes them tired. It's the extra work they make for themselves, minding everybody's business but their own."

—THE REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND



IN 1923, Finland's Paavo Nurmi ran the mile in 4 minutes, 10 2/5 seconds. He was the world's fastest long-distance runner.

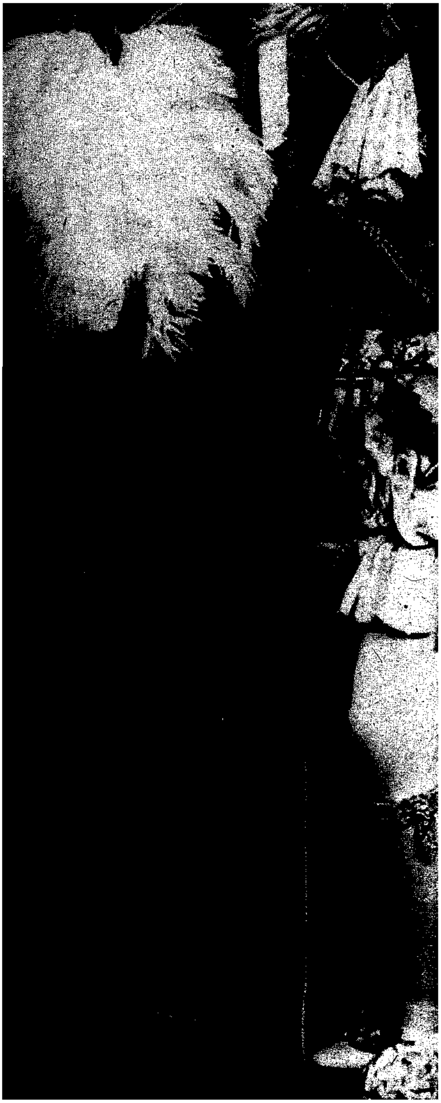
TODAY, Paavo Nurmi owns a haberdashery in Helsinki. His records have been broken, but his name still stands for speed.

JUST YESTERDAY

LIKE THE old family album, the past has a peculiar fascination for most of us. Yet if the game of looking back is exciting on a personal level, it reaches truly dramatic heights in the world of fame. The contrasts between then and now are sharp and clear, but in recalling famous men and women it always seems like only yesterday that we followed their every move with interest and anxiety.

Though famous people must often step aside to make way for youth, the world never really forgets them. Those who make contributions to the spice and variety of life leave indelible impressions on our imaginations, and as long as they live we want to know where they are and what they are doing.

To bring you up-to-date on some of the people who made headlines 10, 20, and 30 years ago, the editors of Coronet spent many months collecting the pictures on these pages. They tell a story as pleasant as meeting long-lost friends.



ALWAYS HANDSOME, the Duke of Windsor is, in 1947, still impressive as a magnetic and distinguished citizen of the world.

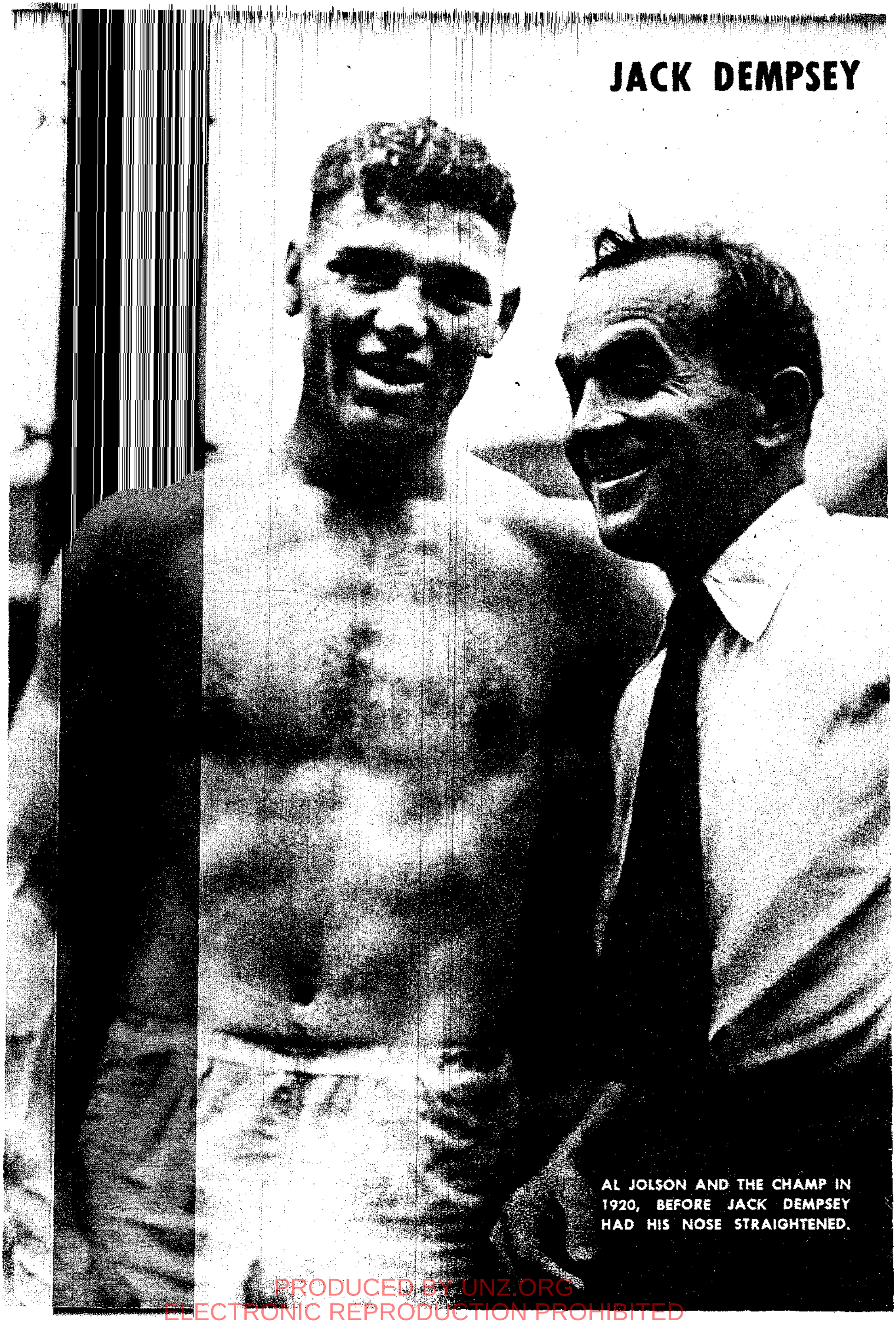
"WE'RE A TEAM," is the Duke's answer to photographers, when they ask him to pose without his charming American Duchess.

THE MOST talked-about love affair of modern times was climaxed on June 3, 1937, when the Duke of Windsor married Wallis Simpson.

That was 10 years ago, but the world still remembers the hectic days before the wedding. Though as Americans we had no real part in the problem of an English King's marriage, we knew the Duke of Windsor well. The handsome former Prince of Wales had literally captured our hearts. And we greeted his ascension to the throne of England with great enthusiasm. But for Parliament and the British people the new King posed a serious problem. He was determined to marry Wallis Simpson, the clever and beautiful American. It was a marriage which English traditions of royalty prohibited, for Mrs. Simpson was a divorcée. The world buzzed with excitement. What would the King do? At long last, on December 12, 1936, he gave us his answer: he had abandoned his throne to marry the woman he loved.

Today, at 53, the Duke of Windsor lives quietly with his Duchess in the colonies and countries away from home. He is doing his best to serve the British Empire, though he gave up its Crown for the unfailing love of a woman.

JACK DEMPSEY



AL JOLSON AND THE CHAMP IN 1920, BEFORE JACK DEMPSEY HAD HIS NOSE STRAIGHTENED.

SECOND ONLY to the incomparable Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, at the height of his fame, was probably the world's best-known athlete.

He first won the world's heavyweight boxing championship on July 4, 1919, when he defeated Jess Willard. Willard was a giant six inches taller and 70 pounds heavier than Dempsey, and the aspiring young champion had to stand on his toes to drive home the powerful punches that splintered Willard's jaw. He had to knock the big man to the canvas seven times to beat him. It was a great and memorable fight, but even more unforgettable was the battle of September 14, 1923, when Dempsey floored Luis Firpo 11 times and was himself hurled from the ring before he delivered his famous knockout punch.

The champion held his title for seven years. But it was only after he was beaten by the popular Gene Tunney that the public really began to take Dempsey to its heart. In defeat he appeared more human. He was no longer invincible. And when he admitted losing his second fight with Tunney, in 1927, because of an error in judgment, the nation loved him. Here was a hero who knew how to lose—and keep smiling.

Now, Jack Dempsey is considered by many to be the all-time king of prize fighters. Despite his 52 years, he still looks like a champion. Wherever he goes, admirers flock around him, anxious to meet *The Champ*. And they know he means it when he says: "The best job I ever had was being champion. The next best is what I have now, being ex-champion." Jack Dempsey has come a long way—no one can speak of him without praise.

TODAY, Jack Dempsey is a prosperous businessman. His restaurant in New York City is a mecca for hero-worshiping fans.

JOHN NANCE GARNER

For 30 years the 15th Congressional District of Texas kept John Nance Garner in Congress. He represented it well and honestly, with a down-home Texas air his constituents found irresistible. When the Democratic Party was swept into Washington by the Roosevelt landslide in 1932, John Garner became Vice-President of the United States and worked loyally for the New Deal. In 1939, though, Mr. Garner struck out for himself. Backed by Texas money, he headed a Garner-for-President campaign. But he had guessed wrong, for a few months later Franklin D. Roosevelt broke national precedent by accepting the nomination for a third term as President. After 40 years "Texas Jack" had reached the end of his long political career.

President of the U. S. Throughout his career, Garner was one of Washington's ablest and most efficient politicians.

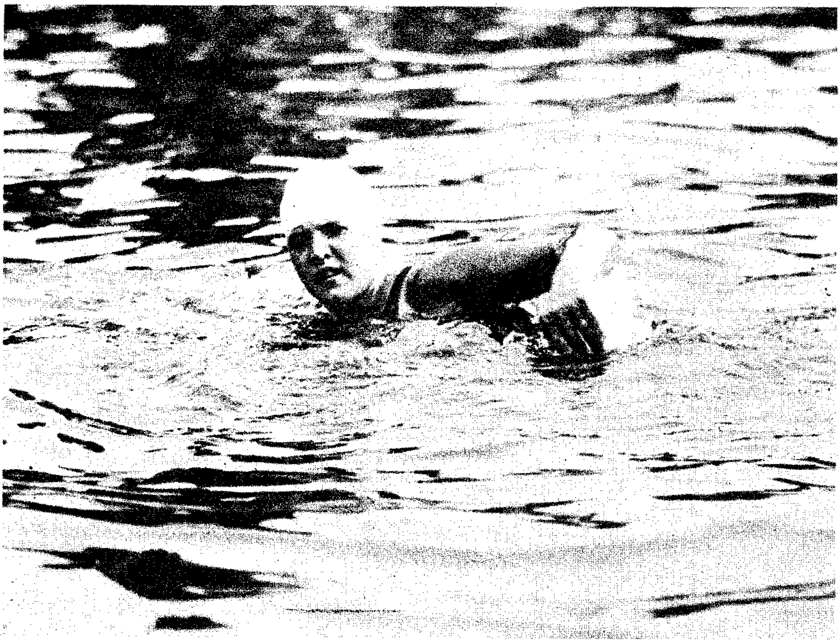
NOW John Garner is 78 years old, but he still works on his Texas farm, where he raises prize bantams and pecan nuts.

MARY PICKFORD MARRIED the late Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in 1920, to the delight of movie audiences. This picture was made as they left for their honeymoon in Europe, where they were mobbed by adoring fans and feted by the aristocracy.

MRS. CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS since 1937, Mary Pickford is pictured here with her husband on a recent trip to New York City.

MARY PICKFORD

WHEN THE MOVIES were young, "Little Mary" Pickford—a sweet young lady with a mass of golden curls—spun a web of charm that few actresses have equalled. Those who saw her in such pictures as *Daddy Long Legs* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* could never resist her sincerity and beauty. She was, indeed, America's Sweetheart. It is a long time since Mary Pickford bewitched audiences, but, as a producer of motion pictures, she is still active in the industry her talent helped to build.



SWIM IT OR SINK was the way Gertrude Ederle felt toward the English Channel. In 1925, she missed her goal by about six miles. Here she is getting ready to try again in 1926, when she became the first woman to accomplish the remarkable feat.

GERTRUDE EDERLE

IN 1926, WHEN Gertrude Ederle returned to the United States, the nation went wild with joy. At 19, the quiet, athletic-looking girl was an international heroine; for a few weeks earlier, on August 6, she swam from France, across the English Channel, to England. It was a distance of some 20 miles through treacherous seas, but Gertrude had determined to swim it, and the fame that followed was as nothing compared to the fact that she had achieved the burning ambition of her young life.

RETIRED from competitive swimming, Miss Ederle is currently working in New York as a technician for an airline company.

DISCHARGED from the Army Air Forces in 1945, 31-year-old Jackie Coogan (above) planned a new career as an entertainer.

SIX MONTHS AGO, Coogan was married for the third time. Here he is with his wife, Ann McCormack, after their wedding.

JACKIE COOGAN was a magic name about 25 years ago. Little boys wore Jackie Coogan haircuts and Jackie Coogan suits. Men and women waited anxiously to see the movies in which Jackie Coogan appeared. His soft-brown, appealing, wide-open eyes were almost a national topic of conversation. He was like something from another world. And when people saw him in person for the first time, they were apt to turn in surprise and say: "Why he's just a boy—a little boy . . . " It was almost unimaginable that so young a child could act as superbly and with such sure enchantment as Jackie Coogan did. His first motion picture role, as the waif who shared Charlie Chaplin's adventures and troubles in *The Kid*, will never be forgotten.

But Jackie Coogan was not really magical or from another world, and, like most child stars, when he grew up he drifted away from the movies. Now Jackie Coogan is back in the entertainment world again. He is building a new career as a night-club comedian, and planning to make more moving pictures. In the recent war, he acquitted himself with distinction, but as he himself says, so did several million other men whose names did not happen to be Jackie Coogan.

MR. AND MRS. COOLIDGE retired to their New England home in 1929, after Herbert Hoover succeeded Coolidge as President. Mrs. Coolidge had never advised her husband on official matters but was always ready with complete understanding.

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

No more ambitious than any of her Massachusetts neighbors, Grace Goodhue Coolidge accepted fame quite calmly when her husband, Calvin Coolidge, became President of the United States in 1923. Some Washington ladies sniffed a little at the thought of this plain New England woman ruling diplomatic society, but Mrs. Coolidge, with unaffected charm and a buoyant personality, soon overcame their fears. She has lived alone in Northampton, Mass., since 1933, when her husband died.

NEARING 70, Grace Coolidge is still energetic. This picture of her at a big-league baseball game was made last year.

Warm Up to Your Job

by **EDWIN DIEHL**

Why waste time getting into the mood for the day's work? A direct attack is the best way to achieve top efficiency

THE ADVERTISING executive took his seat on the 8:15 commuter's special, opened a brief case and began briskly to examine a sheaf of papers. His seat companion, putting the traditional crease in his morning newspaper, spoke up: "You must be doing a whale of a business. Every morning you stick your nose into that brief case."

The executive smiled. "It's a trick I learned in college. I call it my warming-up period. You know how a baseball pitcher warms up before stepping to the mound? Well, that's just what I do each morning on the train—get warmed up for my job."

The principle stated by the advertising man is one which, in reverse, is the greatest time-waster in modern living. If people did not lose so much valuable time in getting started—in getting into the "mood" for tackling their household or business chores—they would get a good deal more done in a good deal less time.

The human body, like an automobile, operates at greater efficiency after it has been going a while. But the average person fails to realize this vital fact. He flirts with the task at hand, skirmishes instead of attacking, keeps looking for some divine inspiration to push him on. Under the pretext of "getting into the mood," he actually avoids contact with the job. He dissipates energy in inventing excuses for delaying action, rather than investing that energy in a cold-plunge into the task *before* he is at his desk or machine.

Radio entertainers who play to live audiences as well as to an invisible one would never consider skipping a warm-up period before air time. Comedians joke and cajole their studio audiences into a receptive mood, although the real purpose is to warm up the comedians themselves. One entertainer has a standard quip which he offers just before the red light flashes. He tells the studio visitors: "You have exactly 30 seconds in which to get nervous." It tends to settle the audience, but more important, it has precisely the same effect on the star himself.

A New York designer of women's clothes is a commuter with a passion for gardening. To get away from the office early enough to have time for her gardening, she must operate at top efficiency from the moment she reaches her desk at 9 A.M. So every morning she spends the 45-minute train ride "sparking" herself for the job ahead. She jots down ideas, schedules interviews and phone calls, sketches a new design on a pad she always carries in her bag. When she drops her hat on her desk, she is ready to plunge into her work. By 3:30 P.M. she is finished for the day, and ready to head home to her flowers and vegetables.

THERE CAN BE LITTLE argument about the inestimable value of warming up to the job. The major issue is how to apply the principle to your particular situation. It is all very well to cite the pianist who limbers his fingers with a Chopin prelude before a concert, or to talk about theater and radio stars, sports figures and other professionals—but how about you?

The most important step toward learning to spark yourself into action is the mere recognition of the principle. You must have the will and the desire to get yourself going. The rest is easy. For example, consider the housewife who successfully weathers the hurricane of bundling the kids off to school and seeing her husband away to work. Then she sits down to ponder which cleaning problem she will tackle first. Had she reached a decision while making breakfast, the job would have been speeded immeasurably.

There is something interesting about every job, no matter how routine it may seem. Find the spark of interest, fan it with your enthusiasm until its flame warms you to the task.

If you are an executive, you might try taking home an unfinished, puzzling letter. Shove those notes in your pocket, and tomorrow morning on your way to work take them out for study. By the time you reach the office you are primed to dictate. Fifteen minutes later—at a time when ordinarily you haven't finished saying hello to the staff—you are well into that batch of neglected correspondence. All told, you have probably saved a full hour.

The salesman, with appointments that begin first thing in the morning, has no choice—he's got to be "hot." Make a point of sliding into an engaging mood by talking to anybody—the elevator man in your apartment house, fellow commuters, the taxi driver, the waitress who serves you at breakfast. Get interested in somebody—anybody. Then, by the time you reach your first prospect, the cobwebs will have been blown away.

Each man and woman must fit the warm-up principle to individual circumstances. The bookkeeper may say, "How can I get warmed up to my job?" Perhaps a famous mystery-story writer can supply the answer. He underwent years of torture in beginning his day's stint until he decided always to stop writing at an exciting point in his story. Thenceforth, he was as eager to get on with his work the next morning as the reader would be at the same point.

Why, then, can't the bookkeeper try leaving some unfinished columns of figures on his desk? Thus, the open books offer an immediate challenge each morning. By the time the first column has been computed, his eye is focused and he is mentally alert for the next one.

The incentive plan offers another warm-up method. Issue yourself a promissory note for some special event, entertainment or gift, payable on completion of your scheduled work. This is an effective way of developing the proper mental approach, so that you always get going faster. By dangling something you want in front of yourself, you'll find yourself warming up automatically each morning in anticipation of the work to be done.

Most of us waste a lot of pre-job time in worrying. Hence, an excellent aid to warming up is the exercise of concentration—gluing the mind to the task at hand. You can generate more heat and enthusiasm over a project in this way than in any other. It is the nearest approach to inspiration.

Magic formulas went out with Merlin. You will have to concoct your own. But it can be done easily enough. Once you accept the premise and become accustomed to the mechanics of warming up, the process will become second nature. Then you will enjoy the pleasure and stimulation that come from starting each day on exactly the right note.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

Sex in Our Changing World: A condensation of the fascinating and important new book by John McPartland. Every parent, every young man and woman, should read this penetrating analysis of the effects of wars, depressions and business on our family life and our personal sexual standards.

How to Remember Names: Nothing is so embarrassing as forgetting people's names when you meet them the second time. To help you avoid this, Coronet offers this easy-to-use plan.

America's Natural Wonders: Stand in awe on the brink of the Grand Canyon; watch Old Faithful erupt into life; admire the majesty of Pike's Peak. Ten gorgeous full-color photographs so real you'll forget your surroundings as you travel in spirit to America's wonder spots.

For Business Girls Only: Some girls get along with their bosses; others haven't the knack. As a timely tip to the girl who earns her living, here are some helpful suggestions on office behavior.

There's Music in the Air: How does music affect *you?* See yourself as others do in this fascinating, 11-page picture story of a little-known phase of music . . . and see all the many other intriguing articles and pictures in the August issue of Coronet, on sale everywhere July 25.

THE DOCTOR WHO TREATED A TELEPHONE LINE

by **ANN FIELDS**

When his little Tennessee village faced a crisis, a resourceful physician saved the day by taking over a public utility

IN THE SPRING OF 1936, a country doctor in the village of Rutledge, Tennessee, found himself facing a grave emergency. Over the village a silence hung; the privately owned telephone exchange had burned during the night and Dr. L. C. Bryan was cut off from his patients.

Next day the owners of the exchange went into bankruptcy and closed up shop, leaving Bryan in a near panic. Remote Rutledge, locked in a mountain pocket, boasted 500 residents—and had only three doctors. What was more, Bryan's territory covered the whole of Grainger County, with 14,000 people depending upon him and six or seven other physicians to keep them healthy.

Bryan could only think of isolated mountain cabins, shanty homes out in tobacco fields, rutted muddy roads—and no phones with which desperate families could summon him. Inside those homes a child might lie near death, a mother might be giving birth to a baby, alone.

A haunting worry of what might be happening to his remote patients sent the little doctor scurrying up and down main street, trying to raise money to restore the lines. But businessmen he talked to were not interested. One merchant summed up their viewpoint: "Nobody ever made money on that telephone service."

The little country doctor said quietly, "Gentlemen, I can't afford to be indifferent. My business is life and death."

As Bryan left the meeting, he knew something had to be done—but what? In order to make a phone call he would now have to drive 26 miles to Jefferson City and back. To visit all his ailing patients each day was impossible. Disheartened, he went to the Bell Company in Jefferson City and pleaded with them to take over the lines. But this was a Depression year: Bell was retrenching, not expanding.

That night, the doctor walked from door to door, canvassing the village's former telephone clients, asking if they would take a phone at a slightly increased price, provided he could raise the money to revive the service. They pledged. Then he went to the former owners of the exchange to buy bankrupt rights. The price was $600, entitling him to little more than a few rotting poles, some rusted lines. Despondently he signed a note and entered upon his desperate venture.

But Bryan's problems had just begun. First, he had no switchboard. So he drove up into the mountains to Calderwood, where he had heard the Aluminum Company had an old switchboard. This he bought for $100 and hauled it back home in his car. Then he put on overalls, slung an ax over his shoulder and headed for the woods.

While neighbors smiled, the little country doctor cut his own poles, began stringing his own wires. Finally he hired a youthful helper and the two of them strung ten miles of wire, enough to start service. Again phones began to jingle, and the hosannahs of happy citizens could be heard for miles.

In Dr. Bryan's shabby little office, his secretary, Mrs. Kathleen Corum, operated the switchboard, received patients, kept books for both the doctor and the new phone company. At lunch time the doctor took over the board and while plugging in phones gave medical advice left and right.

"I liked to run the board," he recalls shyly. "I found it fascinating and enjoyed relieving the operator for short rest periods."

But the financial strain became great, for "Doc" soon had to hire relief operators for night duty. It was then that he began to dream about an automatic board. Working harder at his practice than ever, he turned profits of the company into new equipment as needed, and put the rest into a savings fund for a dial system.

Today his office is an amazing place. At the top of a worn stairway in the bank building, you enter a bare and shabby waiting room. Mrs. Corum sits behind a wooden barrier, receiving patients and collecting phone rents.

The office itself is a dingy cubbyhole. There is a desk, one chair, a portable radio which never stops playing, and an alcove in the rear with the usual white-painted examining table. The brisk little doctor comes out to greet each patient, knows them all by first name.

Dr. Bryan has no hospital, no ambulance. He handles most of his deliveries in the homes—never less than seven a month. At night, when Rutledge is asleep, the little doctor is often hurrying to some mountain home. And often it is the little doctor who stands quietly by as clods of earth are piled on a homemade pine-board coffin.

DR. BRYAN OPENED HIS office 20 years ago and has never had a vacation since. But he accepts his day-and-night toil as part of the physician's oath he took. His sole relaxation is a game of croquet with his family on Sunday afternoon—"if there is no emergency."

Forever concerned about the poverty of the people in his region, the doctor says sadly: "Some homes are so poor they have no soap, towels, or even a wash basin. But they're good people, and their children—if kept healthy—may be our future leaders."

Conscientious to a rare degree, he thinks nothing is finished if anything remains undone. When he is defeated it is only after a struggle to exhaustion. He once spent 72 hours with a patient, never left the house, slept by leaning against the bed. Self-effacing, gentle, he nevertheless knows how to mix strength with his gentleness.

When his telephone company was finally organized and functioning, he still wasn't satisfied. The former owners had paid no taxes and had set rates as they wished. Dr. Bryan went to the public utilities commission and applied for a franchise.

"I wanted to be a public utility," he says quietly. "Now my worst enemy can have a phone if he wants, and if I don't give everybody the service he's entitled to the state will close me up."

The proudest day of his life came when, after ten years, he had enough money to install a dial system. Twice the equipment was wrecked in shipment and had to go back to the Ohio factory for repair. Finally it was installed in June last year, and now Rutledge boasts "probably the finest telephone service in the world independently owned."

The determined little doctor has 235 dial phones, an automatic system that requires no operators, and as good telephonic service to the outside world as New York City. The new equipment cost $12,000, but he isn't worried.

"She's paying off now," he says happily, "and my old age looks secure. I figure if there's any money in this business, I'm entitled to it." Most Rutledge citizens agree. The little doctor led them out of rural isolation and they're willing to leave the company in his hands.

There is probably no happier man anywhere than Dr. L. C. Bryan, 47-year-old country doctor. He just keeps working and living, quite content with the little backwoods niche he has cut for himself.

One typical Rutledge citizen says of the little doctor: "We've taken him too much for granted, I guess. His kindness, his care and his vision have done an awful lot for us. Perhaps few folks ever realize just how much, because we've known him all our lives. But there would be a heap of mourning around here if anything happened to Doc. No ordinary doctor could ever replace him."

Sign Language

Louisville Traffic Sign:
Slow down before you become a statistic. —David Gordon

Sign on a highway in Lynbrook, Long Island:
If you lived here, you'd be home by now. —Grace Robertson

Sign in a Yonkers, N.Y., store window:
Wanted a salesgirl; must be respectable, till after Christmas.
—W. Ware Lynch

Gallery of Photographs

Contributors to this issue:

Luis Lemus (*Title Page*)

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Bruno Stefani

Phyllis Eiger

Leo Lieb

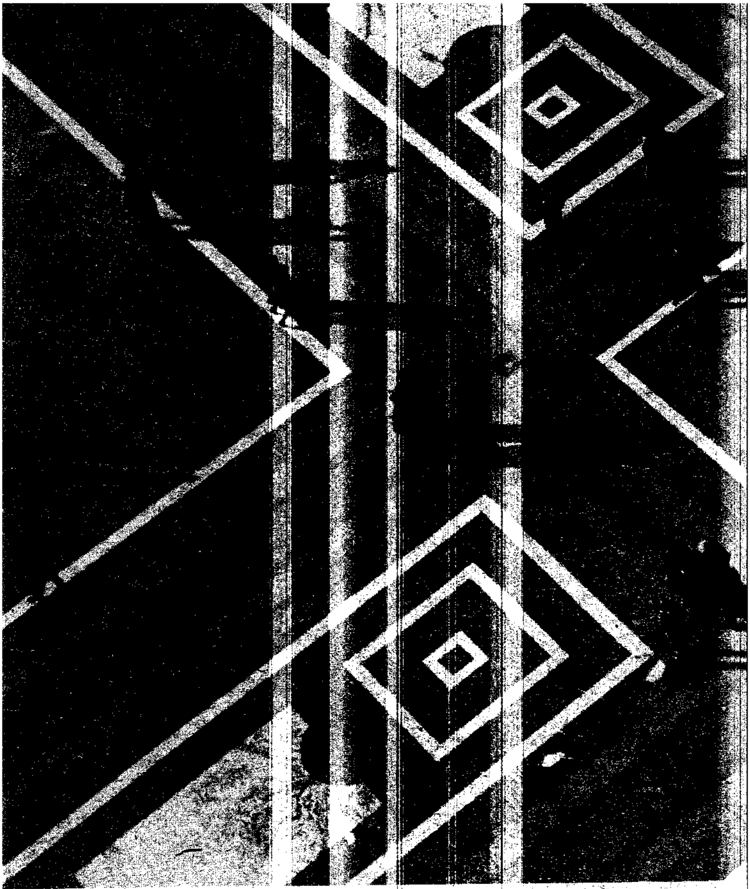
Benj. D. Tibbs

Georges Viollon

G. L. Osmanson

Beach Cop Morton Strauss; New York, N. Y.

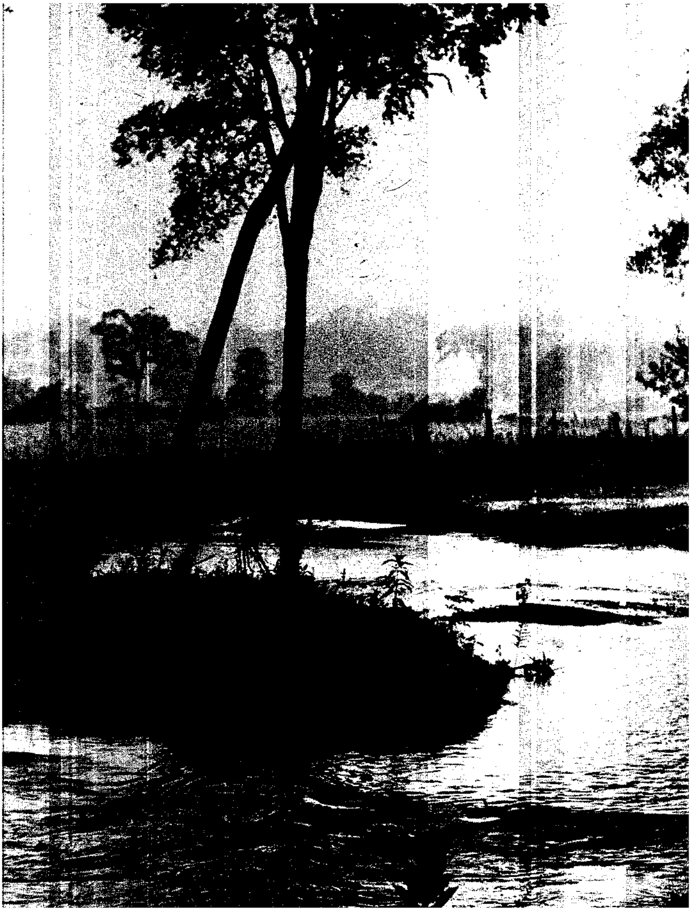
Z is for Zebra



Time of Day

Bruno Stef

N. Y. Dog's Life



Georges Viollon; Paris, France **Morning Mail**

by **NORMAN CARLISLE**

Tornadoes Are *Terrific!*

Capricious and unpredictable, nature's whirling monsters play some hair-raising pranks while spreading destruction

On a September afternoon in 1912, the U. H. Wendell family of Syracuse was going calmly about its affairs when a tornado struck the house with breathtaking swiftness. The whirling monster snatched the home from its foundations, flipped it upside down, then set it back in place, roof downward. The stunned Wendell family, not much the worse for wear, found themselves sitting on the ceiling.

The strange experience of the Wendells is only one of the countless thousands of equally curious happenings which have befallen victims of nature's most violent and capricious storm, the tornado. Every year, anywhere from 100 to 145 tornadoes do an appalling amount of damage in the U.S.

In a 27-year-period the tornado has piled up a property-loss record of approximately $330,000,000 and a death toll of 6,600 men, women and children.

Sometimes tornadoes team up to carry out their work of destruction. In October, 1938, three tornadoes roared into Charleston, South Carolina. Neatly they divided up the town, one tornado tackling the main part while two attacked the outskirts. They killed 31 people and did $2,500,000 damage in a few minutes of frenzied activity.

What is believed to be the all-time record for tornado destruction dates back to a terrible day in February, 1884, when some 60 tornadoes made a mass attack from

Illinois to the Gulf of Mexico. Before the day was over they had destroyed 10,000 homes and killed 800 people.

What is a tornado? The weather man will tell you that a tornado is caused by a state of "unstable equilibrium" in the atmosphere. By that, he means that a body of hot, moist air is overrun with cold air. The warm air, being lighter, starts to rise and the cold air falls. When this happens the air begins to whirl, because it is a law of physics that a vortex results when gases start moving up and down.

From a distance the tornado has been described as rope-like—or as resembling a huge elephant trunk. It has even been mistaken for train smoke. Its sound is a good deal more frightening than its appearance, and is likened to the thundering of locomotives crossing an iron bridge. An excellent eyewitness account is that of Will Keller, Kansas farmer, who lived through a frightening experience on a June afternoon in 1928:

"As we hurried to the cyclone cellar, I turned for a last look. The lower end of the funnel-shaped cloud, which had been sweeping the ground, began to rise and I knew we were comparatively safe until it dipped again. In a few seconds the great shaggy end was directly overhead. There was a strong gassy odor, and I could scarcely breathe.

"Looking up, I saw right into the heart of the tornado. The circular opening in the funnel, hollow except for what looked like a detached cloud moving up and down, was 50 to 100 feet in diameter and extended upward for at least half a mile. The whole was made brilliantly visible by lightning which zigzagged from side to side. Around the lower rim of the great vortex, small tornadoes were constantly forming and breaking away. They looked like tails as they writhed about and made hissing and screaming sounds.

"The tornado dipped again after passing my place and demolished a neighboring house and barn. Then, as I watched, it zigzagged away across the country."

PEOPLE CAUGHT IN tornadoes have had hair-raising adventures, yet oddly enough, many have lived to tell the tale. In Newburg, Alabama, in 1920, J. P. Sanderson saw a tornado coming and ordered his family to lie on the floor. His small son didn't obey quickly enough and Sanderson stood horrified as the youngster disappeared through an open window.

Almost before the grief-stricken father could cry out, the boy reappeared and was gently deposited on the floor—uninjured. The tornado that had taken him out of the house had brought him back.

At Fergus Falls, Minnesota, in 1919, two men were in the railroad station when they heard the thunderous bellow of a tornado and saw the deadly funnel approaching. They leaped toward an iron safe and firmly gripped the handle. A moment later there was a tremendous blast of sound. Then the two men stared at each other in thankful amazement. The station had been blown away, leaving them hanging onto the safe.

While a tornado was roaring through Anoka, Minnesota, in 1939, A. J. Manley and his wife were watching from a second-story window. Suddenly the twister veered toward their home with a tremendous ripping sound. A moment later Manley and his wife, quite unhurt, stepped out the window—onto solid earth! The second floor had been ripped off and deposited neatly on the ground.

In Princeton, Indiana, during the tri-state tornado of 1925, four miners were driving along a highway when the twister struck. It picked all four out of the car, set them down gently by the roadside, and then demolished the machine.

Tornado victims are often carried high into the air. There was, for instance, a Miss Moorehouse who was walking along the street in Kirksville, Missouri, in 1899, when a tornado struck. Before the woman knew what was happening, she found herself lifted skywards.

"I was conscious all the time I was flying through the air," she said. "I was lifted up and whirled around and around, at one time far above the church steeple. As I was soaring through the air, I saw a white horse rotating about me. By the way it kicked and struggled I knew it was still alive. I prayed that the horse might not come in contact with me, and it didn't."

The adventure was soon ended when Miss Moorehouse was deposited, quite unharmed, on the village common a quarter of a mile from where she had been picked up.

The pranks of the tornado have given it a reputation for bizarre playfulness. In a home torn to pieces by a western tornado, there was one room from which a wall was blown away and every stick of furniture swept out. Yet hanging to a nail on the opposite wall was a sunbonnet, untouched by the fury of destruction.

In a Kansas tornado, a desk was picked up, carried 400 feet and set in a field, an open bottle of ink unspilled. In Illinois, a man's wig was snatched from his head and planted squarely on the head of another man six blocks away. A West Virginia tornado picked up 40 baskets of apples in an orchard, deposited them in a pile in the kitchen of a near-by house. A Minnesota twister snatched a woman's purse from her hand. She found it a few feet away with money and papers intact, but her compact and other metal objects were gone.

A TORNADO DOESN'T always wreak destruction by simply blowing something around. It has a trick of letting houses destroy themselves. Suppose the pressure inside the vortex of a tornado is nine pounds to the square inch. The tornado sweeps over a house in which the pressure is approximately 15 pounds, normal atmospheric pressure. What happens? The house simply blows up because pressure *inside* is six pounds greater than the pressure *outside*.

The tornado's ability to lift tremendous weights is demonstrated by its antics with railroad trains. In the Fergus Falls tornado, the "Oriental Limited" was in the direct path of the storm. Trainmen saw it racing down the tracks toward them. To the astonishment and fright of the passengers, it picked up five steel coaches, held them suspended for a moment, then dropped them back on the tracks with a jarring crash. Two box cars standing end to end on a siding were blown down the tracks—in opposite directions.

The force of a tornado is almost inconceivable. In Illinois, a metal tire was once ripped from a wagon wheel, then straightened out and hurled like a lance through a barn. In the St. Louis tornado of 1896, a one-inch pine plank was driven through an iron plate of the Eads Bridge. After another Illinois tornado, a two-by-eight-inch plank was found driven through the trunk of an eight-inch tree.

The tornado is pretty much an American phenomenon, rarely heard of in other parts of the world. Nevada is the only state that is never known to have had a tornado, while Kansas and Iowa, with a yearly average of 15 tornadoes apiece, are plagued the most.

The U. S. Weather Bureau long ago found it impractical to attempt to forecast a tornado, for it is the most unpredictable of all storms. However, observers have learned a lot about this terrifying devastator. The tornado's favorite months seem to be May and June, and its favorite time of day is generally between 2 and 6 in the afternoon. Rarely does its base exceed a few hundred yards, and anything a few feet from the direct path of the storm may escape injury.

The tornado generally moves in an easterly or northeasterly direction. Strangely enough, the storm moves at a leisurely speed, seldom more than 50 miles an hour. So if you happen to be driving in the country and see a tornado approaching, you should have plenty of time to get out of its way.

There's only one good thing to say about a tornado—it doesn't last long. And sometimes its prankish fury brings about its own destruction. That's what happened to the classic twister near Elmwood, Nebraska, 28 years ago. It began as an ordinary tornado, traveling along at 40 miles an hour. After performing a few playful pranks along the highway, such as crushing a car like an egg shell, it veered toward Elmwood. Then something curious began to happen.

The rope-like base started to curl and in a matter of seconds had tied itself into a knot, which traveled up toward the widening part of the funnel and disappeared into the cloud. When the knot reached the top, the whole tornado seemed to disintegrate into a swirling flurry of dust and debris. After that, it wasn't a tornado any more!

Good Salesmanship

A SHOPKEEPER HAD for some time displayed in his window a card inscribed "Fishing Tickle."

A customer drew the proprietor's attention to the spelling. "Hasn't anyone told you of it before?" he asked.

"Hundreds," replied the dealer. "But whenever they drop in to tell me they always spend something." —*Grit*

You bet your Life

by **LEO GUILD**

Statistics can prove the most fantastic things! If you don't believe it, read these intriguing bits of information

IF YOU BELIEVE in the superiority of the female and care to support your claim with an argument you will welcome this information: the United States Bureau of Standards finds that a woman's average reaction behind the wheel of an automobile is 9 to 10 times quicker than a man's. Incredible but true!

THE CHANCES OF your marrying a girl with whom you went to school are only 1 in 70.

YOUR CHANCES OF getting the right directions when you ask for them are only 3 to 1 in your favor . . . The odds against your talking a cop out of a ticket are 12 to 1 against you. . . . The chances of people leaving after the first good-bye are 40 to 1 in your favor. . . . The chances of getting good news in a telegram outweigh the chances of bad news by 2½ to 1. . . . The chances of your staying in the same city or town all your life are 3 to 2 you won't.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN Prefer Blondes Department! A New York Escort Service reports that calls from lovely ladies for blond youths exceed those for brunettes by 2 to 1. You might be "lucky—2 to 1."

WHAT ARE THE odds that you can disappear and never be found if you are fed up with it all? According to a national detective agency, they're about 1,000 to 1 against you. For every single wife who strays from the household, more than a thousand husbands disappear. However, it's 2 to 1 easier to find the man.

IT'S 3 TO 1 that if you get a wrong number on the telephone it is *your* fault.

THE ODDS ARE almost 900 to 1 that you will not stay on a job for 10 or more years and about 1,500 to 1 against your ever becoming boss. The chances are just about 100 to 1 against your marrying someone you meet at your place of business and at least 2 to 1 you are not qualified for the job you now hold.

If you're over 25 and don't own your own business, the chances run 300 to 1 against your ever owning it. The odds are 2½ to 1 you will make a larger salary some time in the future, and 17 to 1 against your job being unhealthy for you.

If you are a man, I can give almost 80 to 1 against your adopting

Excerpted from the book of the same name published at $2 by the Marcel Rodd Co., 7623 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.; copyright 1946 by the Marcel Rodd Co.

the same business or profession your father did, and if you work from 9 to 5 the chances of your making errors are greatest between the hours of 4 and 5.

A MINISTER OF many years' experience concludes that in most marriages the woman is the aggressor; i.e., *she* does the courting and gets the man to the altar. He breaks it down this way:

Five per cent are the result of mutual courtship.

In 20 per cent of the cases, the man marries the woman.

In the other 75 per cent, the woman marries the man.

THERE IS ONE place in the U.S. where your chances of being safe against crime are so good that they are not computable. Keene, Texas, a village with a population of 600, has never had a felony committed within its borders since it was founded 50 years ago.

WHO DO YOU think has more plastic surgery done each year in the Hollywood movie colony—the men or the women? It's 3 to 1 the men do.

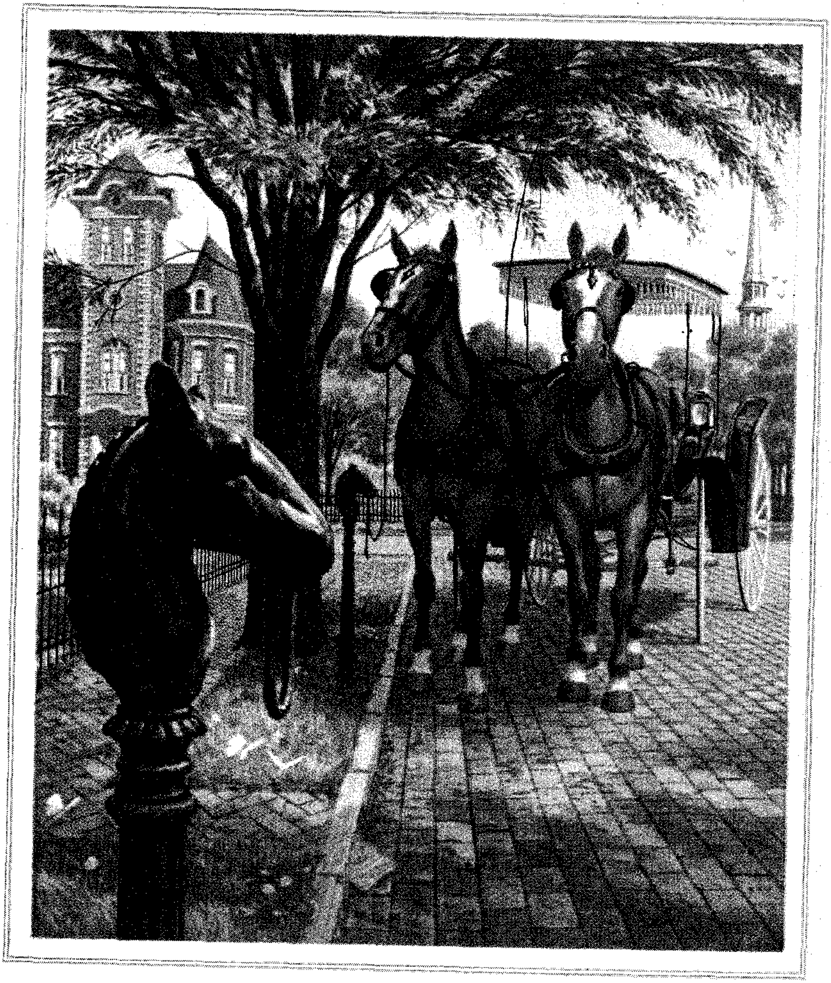
IF YOU'RE MARRIED, it's 2,600 to 1 you did not elope and 2,300 to 1 you met your wife through an introduction. (Conversely, pardon me, it's 1 to 2,300 your wife was a pick-up.) The odds are 1½ to 1 in your favor if you can dance (whatever your sex). Three to 1 that, if you're a girl, you will have a better chance to marry by leaving the town you now live in. But 7,200 to 1 you will never win any kind of beauty contest. If a girl, the chances are 2 to 1 you will permit a kiss at the door after your first date (and, if a man, 1,000 to 1 you'll want one). The odds are exactly even that your engagement will last a year, 17,000 to 1 that you will not marry a relative, 17 to 1 that your engagement ring will cost less than $50.

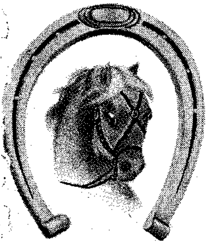
ACCORDING TO Frederic J. Haskin, the question-and-answer man, the chances are good that some time during the day you will use at least one of the 20 words considered to be the most beautiful in the English language.

In order that you may recognize them and pause reverently the next time you utter them, here they are: *melody*, *splendor*, *adoration*, *eloquence*, *virtue*, *innocence*, *modesty*, *faith*, *joy*, *honor*, *nobility*, *sympathy*, *heaven*, *love*, *divine*, *hope*, *harmony*, *happiness*, *purity* and *liberty*.

FIGURES TELL the most fantastic stories. For instance, did you know you wouldn't be as cold on a Friday as you would be on a Sunday even if the Weather Bureau reported the same temperature for both days? When office-building heating has been going strong during the week the heated buildings often raise the city street temperature as much as 4 degrees during cold weather.

A PEEK INTO the home reveals that the first argument of a married couple is usually caused by money. The chances are 7 to 1 currency will cause the first discord. After money come flirting, work, in-laws, drinking, temperament, children, sex.



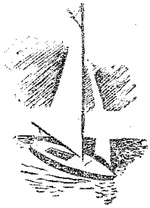


The Old Hitching Post

Picturesque reminder of an era when the automobile was unknown or lightly dismissed as a passing fancy, the old hitching post has largely disappeared from the American scene. But here and there you still find one, contributing a nostalgic touch to bustling city or quiet country town.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR SCENES IN AMERICAN LIFE. PAINTING BY PAUL WEHR.

My Pint-sized Columbus



by **Edwin Affron**

LIKE RIPPLES started by a stone cast in the water, a small boy's imagination spreads in ever-widening circles until the whole world is his to explore.

Take my son Johnny, for instance. He's only six. The other day Johnny was late for dinner—so late that his mother's mood changed from impatience to anger and then to anxiety.

"He went down to the pond to sail his boat," she told me with a worried frown. "I think you'd better look for him. Something might have happened . . ."

"Don't worry," I replied, trying to sound unconcerned as I started out the door. "You know that Johnny has no conception of time—especially in summer."

I hadn't gone more than a hundred yards when I caught sight of him down the road, kicking up dust as he aimed a careful toe at every pebble in his path. Under one arm he held the little sailboat his grandmother had sent for his birthday.

"Step on it, Johnny, if you want any dinner!" I called to him.

Startled, he looked up and waved, then started to run. As he reached me his eyes were shining, his cheeks flushed.

"Gee, dad," he cried, "you'll never guess where I've been!"

Without giving me a chance to ask, he rushed on: "Australia, that's where! And I ran into a terrible storm, and got shipwrecked, and there were sharks and whales and everything, but I wasn't scared a bit. And then a great big airplane picked me up and brought me home."

I didn't laugh as he finished his fantastic story. I was recalling the fabulous journeys I had taken when I was Johnny's age—the marvelous places I had seen and the wonderful dreams I had dreamed on just such summer days long ago. And I found myself remembering a stanza of Rupert Sargent Holland's poem, *When I Grow Up:*

When I grow up I mean to go
Where all the biggest rivers flow,
And take a ship and sail around
The Seven Seas until I've found
Robinson Crusoe's famous isle,
And there I'll land and stay awhile,
And see how it would feel to be
Lord of an island in the sea.

And I found myself secretly wishing I was six years old again—with nothing to restrain me from voyaging to the ends of the earth.

←

A boy's dream boat sails off to the Seven Seas. Kodachrome by David Dean.

A remarkable new hormone is bringing an old and widespread disease under control

At Last—

RELIEF FOR ULCER VICTIMS

by WILLIAM F. MCDERMOTT

THERE WAS A BAFFLING look about the 59-year-old printer as he entered one of Chicago's largest hospitals early in 1946. His pace was slow, his shoulders bent, his face furrowed from years of pain, yet his eyes held a glint of courage, even hope.

Back in 1899, when he was 12 years old, his trouble had been diagnosed as stomach ulcers. Despite the usual treatments, attacks grew more numerous as the years passed. Nevertheless the youth learned to be a skilled artisan and established a home and family.

Each time he heard of a new remedy or cure for stomach ulcers he tried it, but nothing proved effective. Yet he refused to give up, and now in 1946, his expectancy was still strong as he entered the hospital to try something new—an extract derived from hogs.

For months, medical researchers had been visiting Chicago's stockyards, gathering intestines from swine carcasses as they came "off the line." Portions of these they cut off, turned inside out and deposited in vats of diluted hydrochloric acid. After 30 minutes they wrung them out, bottled the resultant "soup" and took it to the laboratory, where it was named enterogastrone.

To refine this substance for human use—preceded by extensive experimentation on dogs—was a long and complicated task. But when the goal was finally reached, chronic sufferers from all types of stomach and intestinal ulcers were treated. Soon the researchers realized that they had achieved a resounding victory in medical science—the extraction of a new hormone for ulcer treatment, possibly destined to rival insulin in epoch-making importance.

The 59-year-old printer, with a record of years of affliction, was among those selected to test the hormone's benefits. One injection was given him each day, except Sunday, for nearly a year. The first few days he stayed in the hospital—after that he was allowed to return to his job, visiting the hospital daily for treatment and examination.

Within two weeks he was more free of pain than he had been for almost half a century. Eventually the symptoms of ulcers disappeared. And today he appears to be completely healed.

What does this mean to you and me? Well, if we are over 30 years of age, it means a lot, since 1,500,000 Americans past 30 develop peptic ulcers every ten years. Some 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 men and women suffer from the disease today, although in some cases the affliction may be so mild the victims are not aware of it, knowing only recurring periods of slight distress. Since 1900, ulcers have moved up to tenth place among the chronic diseases causing death.

Altogether, 58 persons seriously afflicted with ulcers have been treated with the new hormone. Some have gone more than two years without a recurrence, although they have received no "shots" in that time. While authorities point out that it is too early to claim permanent cures, the treatment at least has achieved remarkable success in delaying recurrence of ulcers. Time and research alone will establish whether a permanent cure for an age-old affliction has been found.

Among those who feel they have been reborn to health is a 58-year-old laborer whose ailment was diagnosed 14 years ago as a duodenal ulcer. From then until 1944, he suffered intense pain, yet four days after enterogastrone injections were started he found relief. Daily treatments were continued for six months, then halted, yet in the 28 months that have since elapsed he has had no attacks at all!

A 53-year-old housewife, suffering from ulcers since 1920, gained relief in ten days, and has had no attacks for two years. A corporation attorney, afflicted for 29 years, was freed of pain in three weeks. A 49-year-old business executive, whose intense distress had lasted for 20 years, felt like a new person after a week's injections of enterogastrone. Yet with ordinary treatment, ulcers recur within two years in about 60 per cent of all cases.

CREDIT FOR WHAT IT IS hoped may be an outstanding medical discovery is given to a team of Chicago scientists and researchers headed by Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, noted physiologist. Research was begun and enterogastrone developed at Northwestern University Medical School, where Dr. Ivy headed the Department of Physiology for 20 years before going to the University of Illinois last September. He has been aided by Dr. Harry Greengard and Dr. Arthur J. Atkinson of the Northwestern Medical faculty, and Dr. Morton I. Grossman, formerly of Northwestern but now assistant professor of physiology at Illinois.

Dr. Ivy has been on the trail of the elusive ulcer for 20 years. In 1926, he demonstrated that a hormonal factor capable of depressing the excessive stomach activities which contribute to the formation of ulcers is developed in the upper intestines. He reasoned that this same substance, introduced artificially into the stomach, might act as a repressor there as well as in the intestines. Hence the scientist and his staff proceeded to experiment with the intestines of animals, particularly hogs.

Although Chicago was the center of the world's greatest hog market, Dr. Ivy soon discovered that "competitors" were at the stockyards ahead of him—not buying intestines for science but as jackets for sausages! After pleading the importance of his cause, he won from the packers all the raw material that he needed.

Between 1930 and 1936, exhaustive research went forward, employing the services of up to 100 people at times. Dr. Ivy worked seven days a week in his laboratory, leading his "research battalion" through endless trial-and-error labors. Finally, by taking a section of hog intestine and turning it inside out, then treating it with weak hydrochloric acid, the scientists uncovered the mysterious hormone and managed to purify it.

From then on, further research was required to improve enterogastrone for human use. For several years, therefore, exhaustive experiments were carried out with 43 dogs, severely afflicted with ulcers experimentally induced.

Only one failure—but a lucky one at that!—marked the research. Ten dogs which had been undergoing treatment for a year were taken off the dosages. The purpose was to discover whether the new medicine would have a remedial effect on ulcers a second time, or whether the disease would develop an immunity against treatment. But the dogs proved stubborn at this point. Vainly the scientists waited for the ulcers to reappear. As Dr. Ivy later said:

"We found it impossible to carry out the study as planned. Unexpectedly, the animals failed to develop ulcers following the cessation of treatment, revealing that the 'protection' afforded by enterogastrone endured long after daily injections, given for a year, had been stopped.

"One of the dogs is still in excellent health six years after the treatment, devoid of ulcer indications. The others died from one to four years after treatment ceased, eight from miscellaneous causes. The autopsy showed them to be *entirely cured of ulcers*. Only one dog had a recurrence and he died of a perforated ulcer 28 months after treatment had ceased."

All this time the relentless task of purifying the hormone for human use was being carried forward. Dr. Grossman, volunteering as the first "guinea pig," showed that man could "take it." Then began the selection of patients.

Only those men and women who had suffered from ulcers five years or more and who could give accurate data about the frequency, nature and severity of attacks were chosen. X rays showed that 51 of the 58 patients had duodenal ulcers, four had post-operative or jejunal lesions, two suffered from gastric as well as duodenal ulcers, and one had a gastric ulcer.

Dr. Ivy reveals that many patients reported relief a few days after injections were begun; most were free of distress after two weeks; and in the remaining few cases complete relief was had within two months. In two to five months, improvements were revealed by X-ray examinations, but treatments continued from six months to a year.

Some patients were able to return to normal diets for the first time in years. In fact, as soon as relief was obtained, a liberal diet of three meals a day was allowed, excluding only known types of irritating food and drink. And most patients continued their regular schedules of work and social activities.

There is a mystery about the hormone that even Dr. Ivy can't explain, yet it yields the most beneficial effect of all—the protection against ulcer activity for months, even years, after treatment has ended. However, whether this effect is truly permanent, only more time and further experimentation will tell. But at this stage of research, there is substantial reason to believe that healing has been effected.

While the discovery of enterogastrone bids fair to be one of the major medical achievements of this generation, it must be emphasized that the substance is not yet available for public use, and will not be for months to come. Although seven drug houses are now manufacturing enterogastrone for experimental purposes, it must be further purified and standardized, as well as approved by the Council of the American Medical Association and the U.S. Pure Food and Drug Administration.

For centuries humanity has been struggling to find a cure for this universal disease, particularly among nervous and high-strung peoples. Alleviatives have been developed by medical science, and surgery has done a major job in retarding and curing certain types of ulcers. But the ideal, of course, is a medicinal approach which will decrease the incidence of ulcers and increase the resistance of intestinal organs to their attacks.

Enterogastrone may be the sought-for substance, although three to five years must still elapse before all the evidence is in and the final verdict can be given. Meantime the indications are excellent that, at last, an adequate weapon against one of mankind's worst pain-inflictors and death-dealers has been found.

A Law of Nature Upheld

It's a law of nature that the fittest survive. The strongest trees grow where storms rage hardest. The finest game—the biggest deer and bear, and living things—grow where handicaps are heavy. Catch them, put them in a zoo, take away the need to search for food, put a fence around them to safeguard them against their natural enemies, and watch them "go soft." Watch them lose the alertness and the strength which enabled them to live free in their natural surroundings. Give them everything but freedom. Take that away and soon they become wholly dependent, lacking even the incentive to be free again. That, it seems, is another law of nature.

—*Trained Men*

by GEORGE W. KISKER

Temperature Charts:

A Cure for CHILDLESS MARRIAGE

In a simple clinical thermometer may lie the solution to a problem that has deprived many homes of real happiness

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN lead frustrated and blighted lives because they want children — and can't have them. Now medical science holds out new hope of a solution to this age-old problem. Fortunately, the solution does not involve fashionable doctors who charge high fees for treatments with complicated electrical apparatus. Instead, many women who really *want* children can fulfill their desire by merely consulting the ordinary clinical thermometer tucked away in the medicine cabinet!

The secret of this easy and inexpensive way to overcome childlessness is the "temperature chart." Medical scientists have discovered that for many women having children is pretty much a matter of understanding the mystery of body temperature. And the temperature chart helps to solve that mystery. All that is needed is to take the temperature every day for two or three months. At the end of that time most women begin to learn some amazing things about themselves.

Any woman can follow the method. It is merely a matter of taking the temperature for five minutes every morning before getting out of bed and before eating or drinking or smoking a cigarette. The temperature is jotted down in a notebook or, better still, plotted on a graph. If this is done for a few months, it will be seen that the temperature each month follows a characteristic pattern. And that pattern can represent the difference between having and not having children!

Childlessness is an ancient complaint, and through the years a great deal of misinformation has grown up about it. One of the worst bits of nonsense is the idea that all women who do not have children are "sterile." This was the accepted belief for many years, even among the medical profession. But today we know that there is a vitally important difference between sterility and "lowered fertility."

Sterility is a condition in which it is *impossible* to have children; lowered fertility is a condition in which is is *difficult* to have children. Few women are sterile but many are victims of lowered fertility. It took years to understand the full importance of this distinction. But when it was understood, the entire medical attitude towards childless marriages was revised.

It is now clear that women vary in fertility just as they vary in weight, hair color and temperament. The temperature chart was designed to help women whose lowered fertility has made it difficult for them to have children.

Mrs. J. W. is one of those women. "We were married for five years and had just about given up hope," she said. "But then my doctor told me about the temperature charts. I kept the records myself. Three months later I knew that I was going to have a baby. It just didn't seem possible. But there he is." Mrs. J. W. pointed proudly to her young son, sitting on the porch oiling his roller skates. She is only one of thousands of women who owe their children—and their happiness—to a Dutch physician who many years ago first called attention to the variations in women's body temperatures.

These variations occurred about the same time every month and it was soon discovered that they were related to the menstrual cycle. The exact nature of the relationship was not known, but it was noted that a woman's body temperature was lower during the first weeks of the month than during the last weeks. Some time about the middle of the month there was a sharp *increase.*

More recent research has revealed that these temperature changes are intimately related to changes in glandular activity. In a normal woman with a 28-day menstrual cycle, the time is divided into two main parts. The first 14 days are known as the "estrus phase" and it is during this time that the female egg—or ovum—is developed in the ovaries. Approximately 14 days before the next menstrual period, the ovum breaks out of the ovarian follicle. The process is called "ovulation." During this time, if there has not been a pregnancy the body prepares itself for the next cycle.

Dr. George W. Kisker is a graduate of Ohio State University and a former member of its department of psychology. He also served for a time on the staff of the Columbus (Ohio) State Hospital. In 1942 he was commissioned in the Army as a military psychologist, serving in the U. S., France and Germany. Dr. Kisker has written many scientific and technical papers for medical and psychological journals, and since 1944 he has contributed articles on scientific subjects to leading national magazines.

WHAT HAS THE temperature chart and having children got to do with all this? A great deal, says Dr. Boris Rubinstein, formerly of the Western Reserve University School of Medicine in Cleveland. Dr. Rubinstein did pioneer work on temperature changes and charts. He has pointed out that the low temperature during the first part of the month indicates development of the ovum. The sudden rise in temperature during the middle of the month tells the *exact* time when the ovum is released from the ovary. The best chance for pregnancy is at that time. A day earlier or a day later may be too late, since the ovum is susceptible to fertility for a very brief period, usually no longer than 12 to 24 hours.

Most medical men agree that the ovum is released when the temperature is at its *lowest* point—just before the sharp rise takes place. But since it is impossible to tell what is going to be the lowest point, it is necessary to wait for the rapid rise. When the rise takes place, it is safe to assume that the ideal time for conception has arrived.

This fact is important in "planned parenthood." For couples eager to have children, and for those who wish to "space" their children, the temperature chart is a valuable guide. After charting the temperature for two or three months and noting the sudden rises in body temperature, it may become possible to predict just when the rise will take place. If the menstrual cycle is regular and dependable, the change will occur at the same time every month. But if the cycle is unpredictable, there is no way of knowing when the temperature will shift except by keeping a daily record.

No matter what the cycle is—from 21 to 35 days—the temperature shift will *always* be 14 days before the next menstrual period. And the chances of pregnancy are greater on that day than on any other day of the month. For many women it is the *only* day that they can hope to become pregnant.

As one prominent doctor said, "It is difficult to convince a wife who has gone without children for years that so simple a method can be helpful. But my files are filled with cases where nothing more was needed than to know the exact time of ovulation."

While he was talking the doctor pulled out several folders. "Here is one case," he said. "Married nine years. Had all kinds of treatments. She even went to a psychoanalyst. But five months after she started keeping a record of her temperature she was pregnant."

The doctor opened another folder. "Here is a young woman who tried to have children for several years. She didn't have any success so she decided to try the temperature-chart method. After six months the charts told us why she could *never* have children.

"The fact was that her temperature did not rise in the middle of the month. There was absolutely no change. It could only mean one thing. Her body did not develop an ovum. When this happens, children are out of the question."

Surprisingly, there can be a perfectly normal menstrual cycle without ovulation. It took doctors a long time to believe that such a thing could be possible. But there is no longer any question about it. It can happen. And it does happen.

Where ovulation takes place, it may be accompanied by abdominal pain or slight hemorrhage. Some women have become so expert in interpreting these signs that they can predict their temperature rise within a few hours. Most women, however, must wait until the change actually appears on the chart.

But ovulation is not the only thing that will cause a rise in body temperature. Colds and indigestion will also affect the chart. And beer or cocktails the night before will make the temperature jump as much as a full degree in the morning. Therefore a note to explain such sudden changes should always be included on the chart.

IN KEEPING A CHART, the patient soon learns that the actual temperature is not important. The important thing is the *relative* temperature. Normal body temperature is considered to be 98.6 degrees. At the time of the temperature shift it may go to 100 or higher.

Some women are frightened when they first start keeping a record. They find that their "normal" temperature isn't 98.6, but a little higher or lower. This should not cause alarm, for medical science has learned that the normal temperature for one person is not necessarily normal for someone else. If the daily temperature falls somewhere between 97 and 100 degrees, there is usually nothing to worry about.

The temperature chart is helpful in overcoming childlessness, but it is important to remember that it overcomes only *one* type of lowered fertility. Having children is not always a matter of knowing the time of ovulation. There are frequently other difficulties. Infection—both venereal and non-venereal—may cause childlessness. Or the cause may be in the diet. Or, as in many cases, it may be purely psychological. In such cases it is not enough to know when the body temperature shifts. The other conditions must be discovered and treated.

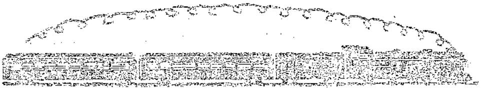
For this reason temperature charts should *not* be looked upon as a substitute for the more familiar methods of examination and treatment. Diet control, metabolism tests, sperm counts and tubal insufflation have not been displaced. Temperature charts are simply something added to what is already known.

The doctor's bag of scientific tricks is usually closed to the average man and woman. It isn't often that secrets are revealed. But the temperature-chart method of overcoming childlessness is simple to understand and readily available for use. It will be more than welcome in many homes, where would-be parents have yearned in vain for the joy and happiness that are brought by children.

Where Credit Is Due

Over the entrance to the French College of Physicians may be seen these words cut in stone:

I DRESSED HIS WOUNDS
GOD HEALED HIM



Something New in Railroad Magnates

by J. D. RATCLIFF

Robert R. Young, champion of the train-riding public, throws tradition out the window in his fight for better service

THE DICTIONARY DEFINES a stormy petrel as a small bird that flies around excitedly before a storm. Robert R. Young is a small man—five feet, six inches tall, 135 pounds—who creates his own storms, then flies into them.

He is one of the country's top rail executives—holding control of the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Nickel Plate and the Pere Marquette. This should make him a club member in good standing with other railroad men. Actually, mention of Young's name is likely to make competitors angrily sputter such words as maverick, shoestring speculator, upstart. With the train-riding public, however, Robert Young has become a national hero.

When he sees something he dislikes about train service, he doesn't murmur gentle protests to other rail executives. He buys full-page ads and tells the world. Thus, he saw no reason why 500,000 transcontinental passengers should be inconvenienced each year by changing trains at Chicago. So he bought newspaper space and screamed:

A HOG CAN CROSS THE COUNTRY WITHOUT CHANGING TRAINS — BUT *you* CAN'T!

Railroad men had contended there wasn't enough traffic to justify coast-to-coast trains. But a few weeks after Young's ads, such trains were in service—and sold out months in advance.

His eyes next turned to St. Louis, where through-passengers also had to change trains. Young let out another blast: LET'S GET THAT MULE OFF THE TRACKS! The mule got off, and a month later the St. Louis layover was abolished.

Young has been a shrill exponent for better passenger equipment. Noting that the average age of all Pullmans is 22 years, he asks: WHY MUST SLEEPING-CAR PASSENGERS PUT UP WITH ROLLING TENEMENTS?

Behind such crusades, there is more than a desire to make headlines, more than a desire to push other rail executives close to apoplexy. In normal pre-war years, only half as many people were riding trains as rode them in 1911. The others had been lost to busses, planes, cars. Young is out to win them back by providing a new concept of inexpensive travel comfort.

His C & O streamliners, in service this summer, are eye-openers. They provide playrooms for children, news tickers, "vista dome" observation cars and car-to-car phones by which a passenger can make dining-car reservations. The dining cars themselves will be converted into movie theaters at night —an idea the C & O is already trying out.

The man who is doing these things is young as railroad men go —50. Instead of following tradition and working his way up from the bottom, Young started at the top— and has stayed there.

He entered the railroad business in spectacular fashion in 1937 by grabbing control of the tottering Van Sweringen empire. The two Van Sweringen brothers of Cleveland bought control of a tenth of the nation's railroads in the roaring '20s and tossed them all into one corporate basket — the Alleghany Corporation. When depression struck, Alleghany took a nosedive, ending up $77,000,000 in debt.

No one wanted this sick dog— except Young, who saw a bright future for rail properties. He scraped together $254,000. From friends, he got enough to raise this ante to $4,000,000, with which he bought control of Alleghany, thereby gaining rule over properties worth *two billion*. This spectacular coup was one of the greatest financial plays of all time; but holding on to the giant was something else again.

Realizing—too late—that they had erred in letting the property go at an absurdly low price, bankers set out to recapture Alleghany. The financial battle of the century began, and lasted for five years. To prepare for it, Young went to Florida for two months. Tanned and fit, he waded into the fray.

Bankers usually settle such disputes in a quiet board room, but such tactics didn't suit Young. He hired the toughest lawyers he could find—"Wild Bill" Donovan's firm —and started throwing blows in the form of lawsuits and razzle-dazzle proxy fights. Whenever he felt he wasn't getting his due, be bought newspaper space to tell his story.

Battered, bruised and punch-drunk, his banker opponents were carried from the ring. The House of Morgan, whose domination of rail finances had gone unquestioned for 70 years, had lost its greatest battle —and lost to an obscure Texan still in his early 40s!

At this point, Wall Street put Young down as a flashy, hard-hitting speculator, but in the decade that followed, this estimate was revised. Young retired Alleghany bonds, once thought worthless, at 100 cents on the dollar. He trimmed down mountains of debt and vastly improved rail service. More important to the train-riding public, he set out to establish a new standard in travel comfort.

THE MAN WHO HAS accomplished these things was born in the cow town of Canadian, Texas, in 1897. His banker and rancher family sent him to Culver Military Academy, then to the University of Virginia. His second year in college, Young acquired a wife, Anita O'Keeffe, sister of painter Georgia O'Keeffe, and quit the campus to go to work with DuPont.

In 1920 the couple moved to New York. Young had $15,000, of which he lost $10,000 in the stock market; he blew the rest on a food-dehydrating process. In 1922 he joined the financial department of General Motors, became a shrewd stock analyst, predicted early in 1929 that the market would soon crash. Following his own advice he sold out at peak prices, cleaning up a tidy fortune with which to start his own brokerage house.

Young has little in common with the popular picture of a Texan. Instead of being big, hearty, bluff, he is small, quiet, shy. He has prematurely white hair, blue eyes, a ruddy complexion. Business is his only dissipation.

On the surface at least, Young appears to be a series of contradictions. He fights the House of Morgan's grip on rail properties—yet his C & O is one of Morgan's biggest depositors. He is the champion of the common man in the day coach, yet he maintains luxurious homes at Palm Beach and Newport. He boasts about his cowhand friends, but it is the Windsors who come to dinner.

By tradition, the Big Businessman is tied to a desk, surrounded by anxious aides, scurrying secretaries. Young hates offices: he says people in offices become entangled in detail. So he runs his giant empire—which includes hotels, film companies and office buildings, as well as railroads—from Newport in the summer, from Palm Beach in the winter; telephones keep him in touch with headquarters in Cleveland and New York.

A typical Young day starts at 7:30 A.M. with a swim in the surf. Then he dresses in wrinkled slacks and shirt, has breakfast and is at work by 9 o'clock—reading reports, dreaming up new mergers, ordering new equipment. In the afternoon he plays golf.

In the railroad world, Young has kicked over virtually every taboo that ever existed. Not long ago, he took a long look at the Association of American Railroads—holy of holies in railroading. He didn't like what he saw and calmly withdrew, setting up his own Federation for Railway Progress, in which labor, management and stockholders all have a voice.

Several years back, he was particularly riled when railroad men tried to block air-conditioning for trains, on the ground that it was an unnecessary expense. "Where," he demanded "would the motor industry be today if Ford and the others had considered the self-starter an unnecessary expense?"

Young is particularly vocal about the antiquated railroad rolling stock now in service. He would like to see all roads entirely re-equipped. Recently he gave emphasis to his words by signing what is believed to be history's largest order for passenger cars. By next year every car on his road will have been replaced with a new one.

Young's sharp eyes miss few tricks. Anything that annoys a passenger annoys him. Tipping, he feels, is a particular evil. His solution: do away with tipping.

As an experiment, he raised salaries of Pere Marquette dining car help, and made it a firing offense for a waiter to accept a tip. The public applauded. Now he plans to spread the rule to his other properties—including all help, even station porters.

He has declared war on other nuisances—ticket buying, for example. To eliminate waiting in line, the passenger reserves space by phone, then pays the conductor when he boards the train. Young also inaugurated a credit-card system, under which the traveler presents a card to the conductor, gets a bill each month.

FOR THE FUTURE, Young has a new concept of railroad stations. Today, they are dingy buildings in the center of towns—dating back to horse-and-buggy days. Young visualizes attractive stations on the outskirts of towns, where travelers can park their cars and pick them up on returning. Such an innovation would speed up travel, eliminate dangerous crossings and eradicate the slum areas that always cluster about railroad tracks.

Busses and planes have robbed trains of lucrative passenger traffic, one reason being that the 30-billion-dollar railroad industry does less advertising than a single large motor-car maker. So Young has innumerable promotion stunts up his sleeve. One is to give children in the territory served by his roads an overnight ride—to acquaint them with rail travel.

A few months ago, as a starter, he took a group of Detroit children on a five-day sight-seeing trip to Washington. There was a nominal charge—$10—but Young would like to see even this eliminated. Other railroad men may throw up hands in horror, but Young is convinced that such trips would pay dividends by creating a new pool of potential customers.

He also visualizes "shopper's specials"—trains which would pick up passengers in the morning, park on city sidings to provide a headquarters for shoppers during the day, and then get them home in time for dinner.

But Young realizes that doing such things on his roads will avail him little—unless other roads follow suit. Hence his campaign for better transportation on a nation-wide basis. To a great extent he feels that older men—with eyes on the past rather than on the future—block such progress.

On his own roads, Young is solving this problem by means of a generous retirement plan. In his GHQ in New York's Chrysler Building, the oldest employee is 36. More and more, young men who proved their worth by winning commissions in the armed forces are showing up in key positions in Young's properties.

His campaigns and crusades have made hosts of enemies in the railroad world. If there had been any flaw in Young's armor, these potent foes would have disposed of him long ago. He owns no stock in equipment companies which might do business with his roads. Wealthy in his own name, his salary from C & O as board chairman is only $7,500 a year. Formerly the job paid $75,000.

This scrupulousness, at times, takes odd slants. C & O trains for years used the slogan: "Sleep like a kitten." Young ordered that it be dropped. He had just spent a sleepless night aboard one of his own trains as it twisted through the hills of West Virginia.

Young has captured the public imagination as has no other railroad man in recent years. He gets up to 6,000 letters a month, 99 per cent of them back-patters. This has more than passing significance. To gain control of a rail property by "cornering" the stock is beyond the capacities of most present-day fortunes. But Young has the happy knack of cornering public sentiment and bringing small stockholders to his side.

He now holds 400,000 shares of New York Central common, representing nearly six per cent of outstanding stocks. Young thinks enough of the company's small stockholders will rally around to give him effective control of this, the nation's second largest railroad.

Meanwhile he has covetous eyes on the Missouri Pacific, which is now in the process of reorganization. Should he succeed in getting control of this road, plus trackage rights from Denver to the West Coast, Young will be the first man in railroad history to control a transcontinental system.

Will he stop there? No one knows. But at least the American traveler is going to hear more good news from the railroad man who has twisted Commodore Vanderbilt's classic phrase so that it now reads: "The public *not* be damned!"

Milady and the Law

In Macon, Georgia, it is illegal for a man to put his arm around a woman without a legitimate reason.

In Nappanee, Indiana, it is unlawful to hang feminine underthings on the washline.

In Carrizozo, New Mexico, it is unlawful for any man or woman to go about the streets unshaven.

In Whitesville, Delaware, it is considered disorderly conduct for a woman to propose marriage during Leap Year.

In Halethorpe, Maryland, kissing for more than one second is against the law.

In Monroe, Utah, light must be seen between all couples who are dancing.

In Evanston, Illinois, it is unlawful for a woman to change clothes in an automobile without drawing the curtains, except in case of fire.

In Zion, Illinois, the sale of lipstick, cigarettes and high-heeled shoes is illegal. Dances or exhibition of gayety on the streets is likewise against the law.

In Lebanon, Tennessee, the husband has no right to kick his wife out of bed, even though her feet are cold. On the other hand, a wife has the right to kick her spouse out of bed at any time she chooses—without reason. —P. H. D. Sheridan

FUN WITH THE STARS

LOUELLA O. PARSONS,
GUEST EDITOR

This month's guest editor, Louella O. Parsons, has hitched your Game Book to the stars. An old hand at dishing out Hollywood news and gossip in her daily column for the Hearst papers and on her American Broadcasting Company radio program, "The Gay Illiterate" proves her versatility by serving up a tasty concoction of the movie colony's favorite games and quizzes for Coronet readers.

Introducing the Celebrities

I recently attended a party of radio and motion picture celebrities where, much to my surprise, the hostess actually went around introducing people to themselves! Just how many times she did this, I have been unable to figure out. So I am passing the information on to you, hoping you will come to my help. Just check the people in the following list who were introduced to themselves. (For correct answers, see page 121.)

1. Archibald Alexander Leach was introduced to Cary Grant.
2. Ina Fagan was introduced to Ina Claire.
3. Edgar Bergen was introduced to Edgar Kennedy.
4. Virginia K. McMath was introduced to Ginger Rogers.
5. Dane Clark was introduced to Clark Gable.
6. Shirley Ross was introduced to Shirley Temple.
7. Joe Yule, Jr., was introduced to Mickey Rooney.
8. Mrs. Fredric March was introduced to Rise Stevens.
9. Frank Wupperman was introduced to Frank Morgan.
10. Margarita Cansino was introduced to Rita Hayworth.
11. Keenan Wynn was introduced to Ed Wynn.
12. Phyllis Isley was introduced to Jennifer Jones.
13. Raymond Massey was introduced to Gene Raymond.
14. Leonard Slye was introduced to Roy Rogers.
15. Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt was introduced to Faye Emerson.

Here's an Ameriquiz

Here is an appropriate little quiz for this month because it has to do with things American. Try your luck with these six brain teasers and see how many of them you can answer. If you get more than four correct you should be very proud of yourself. (Answers on page 121.)

1. Calvin Coolidge, Teddy Roosevelt, Andrew Johnson, Martin Van Buren, Chester A. Arthur and Millard Fillmore were all enjoying the privileges of a club membership. When FDR entered Heaven, he applied for membership but was refused. Why?

2. Johnny drew a rectangle on the blackboard and promptly erased a square piece out of the upper right hand corner. "That's a state," he said, and he was right. What state is it?

3. The class started the________verse of *The Star Spangled Banner* as follows: "O, thus be it ever, that freedom shall stand between our loved homes . . . and the war's desolation!" What verse were they singing and what three mistakes in wording did they make?

4. Peter said the phrase "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" appears in our Constitution and Joe said it appears in the Declaration of Independence. Which is correct?

5. Assuming the following Cabinet members entered the White House in order of their rank—Secretaries of War, the Treasury, State, Labor, the Navy, the Interior and Agriculture — who went first and who followed whom?

6. Mr. Dumplittle had just completed a selling trip for his firm. He visited Memphis, Lansing, Nashville, Toledo, Milwaukee, Butte, Denver, Cheyenne, Los Angeles, Chicago, Atlanta and Austin. How many state capitals did he visit, and what are they?

Opera Star Lauritz Melchior's Favorite Ice-Breaker

When you're trading tricks, pull this one out of your bag of magic. Tell your friend to put a coin under a piece of paper while you look the other way. Then bet that you can tell him which side of the coin is up, heads or tails, without removing the paper. There's no guesswork involved. Can you do it? If not, turn to page 121 for the solution.

What is so unusual about this paragraph?

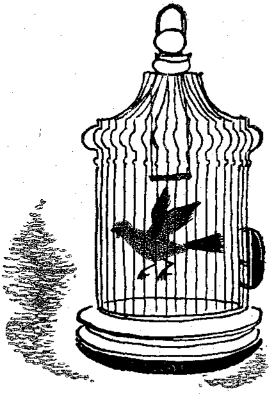
How quickly can you find out what is so unusual about this paragraph? It looks so ordinary that you would think nothing was wrong with it at all and, in fact, nothing is. But it *is* unusual. Why? If you study it and think about it you may find out, but I am not going to assist you in any way . . . you must do it without coaching. No doubt, if you work at it for long it will dawn on you . . . who knows? Go to work now and try your skill. Par is about half an hour. (For solution turn to P. 121.)

DOWN THE ALPHABET

This game, a popular one in the movie colony, has to do with pairs of words that are commonly associated with each other and tied up with the alphabet. Name any letter and have each player in turn mention two commonly associated words, the first word to begin with the letter of the alphabet as it comes to him and the second word to begin with the selected letter. Suppose B is the letter named. Then the first pair might be At Bat, the second pair Better Business, the third pair Candy Box, the fourth pair Dead Broke, and so on down through the alphabet, omitting X and Z. If any player hesitates more than a minute, he is automatically out of the game.

Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage

I bought a beautiful canary and put him in a new wire cage. Then I started to worry about the following little problem which I cannot solve: the bird weighs two ounces and the cage weighs two pounds. When the bird rests on the bottom of the cage, bird and cage should weigh 34 ounces. But what happens when the bird flies around inside the cage? Does his weight vanish? If I weighed both bird and cage under this condition would they weigh only two pounds? Certainly the bird is still *inside* the cage and ought to add to its weight . . . but somehow it doesn't seem logical. Can anyone help me? (See solution on page 121.)



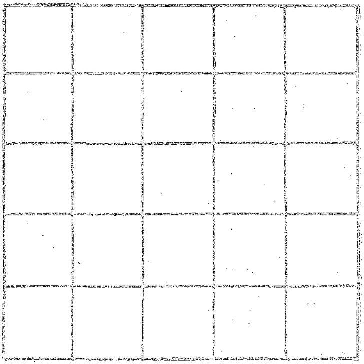
The Gettysburg Address

Let's see how well you remember the famous Gettysburg Address by taking the following quiz. There are only six questions—but most people can't answer more than two correctly! Can you make a better score? (Answers on page 121.)

1. How many years ago, what happened?
2. What is the proposition to which the new nation is dedicated?
3. Why did Lincoln come to Gettysburg?
4. What won't the world long remember?
5. What is it that the world can never forget?
6. Name the three important things that were highly resolved.

Boxword Game

Here is one of the most entertaining games I know, one that's made a hit at many a Hollywood party. Give your guests pencils and paper and tell each player to make a box of 25 squares, as shown here. Now you start the game by naming a letter which each player must write in one of the squares in the box. The next player now names another letter which everyone has to fill in his box square. As each player in turn names a letter, the 25 squares will be filled after 25 letters have been named. The winner of this game will be the one who has the greatest number of words reading both vertically and horizontally in his box square. This game may also be played for high score. Five-letter words count 10 points, four-letter words count 5, three-letter words count 2, and two-letter words count 1 point.



Answers

Introducing the Celebrities

The people introduced to themselves are 1, 2, 4, 7, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15.

Here's an Ameriquiz

1. FDR was never a vice-president. All the others were vice-presidents as well as presidents.
2. Utah.
3. The fourth verse. "O, thus be it ever, *when freemen* shall stand between *their* loved homes . . . and the war's desolation!"
4. The Declaration of Independence—Joe is correct.
5. Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, Navy, Interior, Agriculture and Labor.
6. Six. The state capitals are Lansing, Nashville, Denver, Cheyenne, Atlanta and Austin.

Lauritz Melchior's Ice-Breaker

Rub a pencil over the paper, revealing the design on the coin.

What Is So Unusual About This Paragraph?

The letter "e" is absent from every word, including the words in the heading.

Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage

In a wire cage, the bird will exert no force on the bottom when he flies around, and his weight will, therefore, be eliminated. If the cage were an airtight box, his weight would not be eliminated because the air pressure created by his flapping wings would weigh on the bottom of the box, since the air cannot get out.

The Gettysburg Address

1. Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation.
2. The proposition that all men are created equal.
3. To dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives.
4. What we say here.
5. What they did here.
6. That these dead shall not have died in vain.
   That the nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom.
   And that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

What Would *You* Have Done?

by Louis Wolfe

How fast can you think in a pinch? Do you get flustered and confused when the going gets rough, or are you the quiet, steady type who uses his wits and resourcefulness to get out of trouble? The following are four real-life situations which might have ended in disaster if the individuals involved had not thought clearly and acted quickly. Read each problem carefully and decide what you would have done in the same critical situation. Then read how the problem was actually solved. If your solution in each case is similar to the real one, you can give yourself an A in resourcefulness.

Niagara Falls Disaster

An empty scow, manned by four deck hands, was being towed across the treacherous rapids of the Niagara River about a mile above the great Falls. Suddenly, without warning, the tow rope snapped and the scow drifted down the river toward the brink of disaster. One deck hand, certain that the situation was utterly hopeless, knelt and prayed, while two others had to be restrained from jumping overboard and trying to swim across the raging torrent to safety.

The fourth deck hand, a cool, steady lad, kept his head and thought, "It's too late to get help from shore, we're about 1,000 feet from the Falls right now. I just can't stand here and wait, I've got to do something . . . and quickly!" Suddenly he got an idea and dashed madly below deck to put his ingenious plan into action. What did that deck hand plan to do?

If you were in his place, *what would you have done?*

Solution: Since help from shore was out of the question and to jump into the raging torrent meant certain death, the deck hand did the only thing possible. He dashed below and, as fast as possible, opened all the seacocks. The swirling waters rushed in and soon the scow, still afloat, rested on the bottom of the shallow Niagara River. Later the four men were taken off the scow by the tug and brought safely to shore.

Lumberjack Murder Mystery

Three months after his disappearance, the body of a lumberjack was found in the woods. Although it was quite evident that he had been murdered, no clues were found.

The special investigator assigned to the case was certain that one of the 90 lumberjacks employed at the near-by camp was the murderer. But which one . . . ?

He thoroughly cross-examined every man as to his whereabouts and actions on the day the victim vanished. After several days of questioning, all the men were cleared except three suspects, each of whom had a prison record.

Each of the three was then put through another more grueling examination. The investigator learned that the first suspect could remember only a few things that had occurred, but became hopelessly confused and, at times, even contradicted himself. The second could recall nothing at all. The third remembered everything he had done and where he had been on the fatal day from the time he awoke to the time he went to bed.

If you had been the special investigator, how would you have solved that crime? *What would you have done?*

Solution: The lumberjack who remembered everything he did on that day of the murder three months before was flatly accused of the crime and later confessed. The investigator knew that no one could possibly remember everything so far back unless he deliberately went out of his way to do so for some ulterior purpose. Try it yourself. Can you remember exactly what you did every minute of any day three months ago?

Trial for Witchcraft

Time: 1700.

Scene: Courtroom in Massachusetts Colony.

A fine, kindly, respectable old lady who had lived in a secluded village for several decades was accused of witchcraft by a ten-year-old girl and was being tried in the county courthouse.

The judge, jury and spectators were convinced that the defendant was guilty. And why not? Every time the old lady came near the child, the little one became hysterical and screamed that she was being tormented.

The defending lawyer knew that the girl was lying and putting on an act, but unless he could prove it, the innocent woman would undoubtedly be convicted and burned as a witch.

If you were that lawyer, *what would you have done* to prove that the child was lying?

Solution: First the lawyer had the child blindfolded. Then he asked several other ladies, as well as the defendant, to walk near, around and even brush up against the girl, who was completely unaware of the purpose of the test. When the woman accused of being a witch stood right beside and even touched her, the child never even whimpered. This indisputably proved to the judge, jury and spectators that the girl was lying and the woman innocent.

Danger on the Ocean Floor

A deep-sea diver was rushed to the scene offshore where a submarine had been sunk. He was ordered below to see if any of the crew were still alive. Although the weather was stormy and the sea very choppy, he unhesitatingly checked his communications and air lines and descended to the ocean floor. There he found the sub with her stern almost completely covered with silt and mud.

The ocean bottom was so soft that every time he took a step he sank up to his knees. With great difficulty he finally reached the stern and listened for signs of life. Meanwhile, as he stood in one position, a horrible thing happened. Unknowingly, he slowly sank deeper and deeper until the muck had reached his chest. When he finally became aware of his dangerous predicament and tried to move he found it impossible.

Then, to make matters worse, he discovered that the turbulent, seething water had fouled his communications line. He was trapped and faced a horrible death.

Solution: The deep-sea diver managed to get out of that predicament by first closing the exhaust valve. That made the suit blow up like a balloon, giving him sufficient buoyancy to lift himself out of the slimy grave of silt. Then he moved his body in a circular motion, round and round. Just as he was emerging from the hole, he quickly opened the exhaust valve so he would not shoot up to the surface too rapidly.

A Buffalo Stampede

A small band of hardy pioneers consisting of four men, three women and two children were crossing the vast, flat prairie land bound for California.

At the head of the courageous little party rode Captain Mark and his men, who kept a sharp lookout for Indians, while the women and children followed closely behind in a prairie schooner loaded down with furniture, provisions and miscellaneous supplies. Two cows trudged lazily behind.

Suddenly one of the women pointed toward the horizon and called, "Captain Mark, is that a storm cloud coming this way?" Pulling up his horse, Captain Mark peered into the distance and replied, "Can't tell yet, but it's mighty big."

"And it's a'comin' fast as the wind," added one of the scouts.

"Now I see it," shouted Captain Mark. "It's a herd of buffalo . . . must be a million of 'em stampedin' this way."

The pounding hoofs of the approaching beasts sounded like the ominous roar of thunder. The frightened children huddled close to their mothers.

"We'll all be killed!" screamed a panicky mother.

"Let's run!" yelled another.

"Too late," snapped Captain Mark. "No matter which way we run, in five or ten minutes they'll be tramplin' us into dust."

"But Captain Mark," the mothers pleaded, "we must do something."

If you were Captain Mark, *what would you have done* to save that hardy band of pioneers?

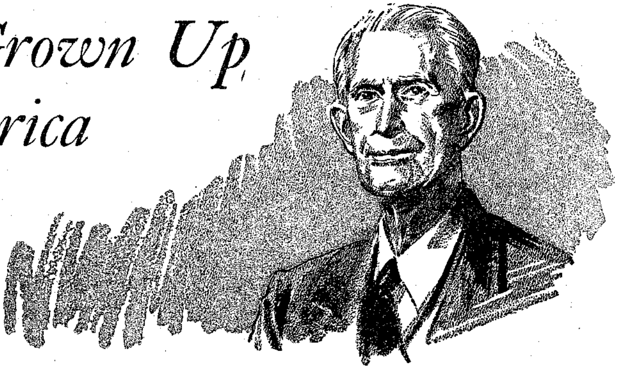
Solution: Captain Mark ordered the women to swing the wagon around as quickly as possible, so that the back end faced the approaching buffaloes, and then throw out every piece of furniture. Next, he told his men to tie the horses and cows to the heaviest pieces, to form a barricade between them and the onrushing beasts.

After everything movable had been tied down and made firm, the men hopped into the wagon and got their pistols and rifles ready for action while the women and children stood by prepared to reload the weapons as fast as they could. When the buffaloes approached to within 30 or 40 yards, the men blasted away at them.

The first animals killed collapsed headlong in a heap before the barricade. As the others were hit they stumbled to the ground and built up a large wedge that separated the herd into two parts . . . one veering off to the left of the wagon and the other to the right, thus saving the lives of the little group of pioneers.

by **F. G. ENDELMAN**

I Have Grown Up with America



At 84, a happy man reviews a lifetime in which each day revealed new wonders

MY WIFE REMINDS me that I have a birthday today and adds that I don't look it. According to the record in the old family Bible, I am 84 years old. But measured by experience, joy of living, appreciation of friendships and family happiness, I have really lived 840 years.

When I was born in 1863, there were more candles burned than kerosene; more men than women teachers in public schools; more homes with family prayers; more meals prefaced by fathers or mothers saying grace. And the Civil War was at its height.

Small grain was being harvested by cradle; the reaper, the Marsh harvester, the self-binder and the combine were eventualities of the future. Now I have lived long enough to see the cradle vanish, the Marsh harvester abandoned, the thresher operated by horse-power forgotten, and men on the strawstack behind the old threshers emancipated.

Today I am older than the electric light, the telephone, the radio, the Diesel engine, the air brake, the safety coupler, the automobile, the airplane, the Linotype and the Teletype.

My hair was beginning to turn gray before the Wright Brothers flew at Kitty Hawk, or Henry Ford built his horseless carriage. I had been a voter for years before the caterpillar tractor appeared, before the modern machine gun came into being.

I have seen the coming and going of the old wood-burning locomotive, the link-and-pin coupler, the hand brake and the wooden passenger coach. I have seen the tremendous speed of 40 miles an hour give way to supersonic speeds. I have lived to know the atomic bomb, radar, the rocket plane and the helicopter.

When I was a boy on a Nebraska farm I milked the cows, churned the milk into butter. Today, creameries supply the butter. I fed the fire that smoked ham and bacon in the smokehouse, studied my lessons by the light of homemade candles. Mother knitted our socks by the same light, made the clothes for the entire family without a sewing machine.

Grain formerly sacked for the market in horse-drawn wagons is now hauled at 40 miles an hour in trucks propelled by gasoline, to modern elevators operated by electricity. Spring wagons, buggies and phaetons are things of the past. Pioneers in covered wagons that once followed the Oregon Trail westward could now travel the same route in fast cars on smooth paved highways.

I have seen vast prairies once inhabited by Indians, wolves and prairie chickens become a garden spot to feed the world through two World Wars. I have seen the movies revolutionized by sound.

And I have seen, too, the deaf hearing, the blind given sight, the helpless given strength, and the hopeless given hope.

Yes, I have seen many things since I was born in 1863—which was not very long ago, as the world reckons time today.

Yet I would not live my life over again. I envy no man his material possessions, I cherish my friends, and if I have an enemy he has my best wishes. If there is a man in America who has had, and now has, a happier home life than I, he is lucky beyond all measure.

I have no fortune, it is true; I pay no income tax; my wife and I are alone after 52 years of married life, for we have had no children to bless our home.

Yet, retire at 84? Foolish question: not so long as I still can grind away at this battered old typewriter and write what I please about men and things.

Crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after me because I am 84? Not by a long shot! Much as I have seen, long as I have lived, what I have seen isn't a marker to what is yet to come, and I am hopeful of living long enough to see some of it.

Especially do I hope to live long enough to see the Democratic Party get back to the Democracy of Thomas Jefferson and the Republican Party get back to the Republicanism of Abraham Lincoln.

Quick Progress

A NAVY LIEUTENANT at a South Sea Island station undertook to give an old native a lesson in basic English. He pointed to a marine and said, "man." The native dutifully repeated, "man."

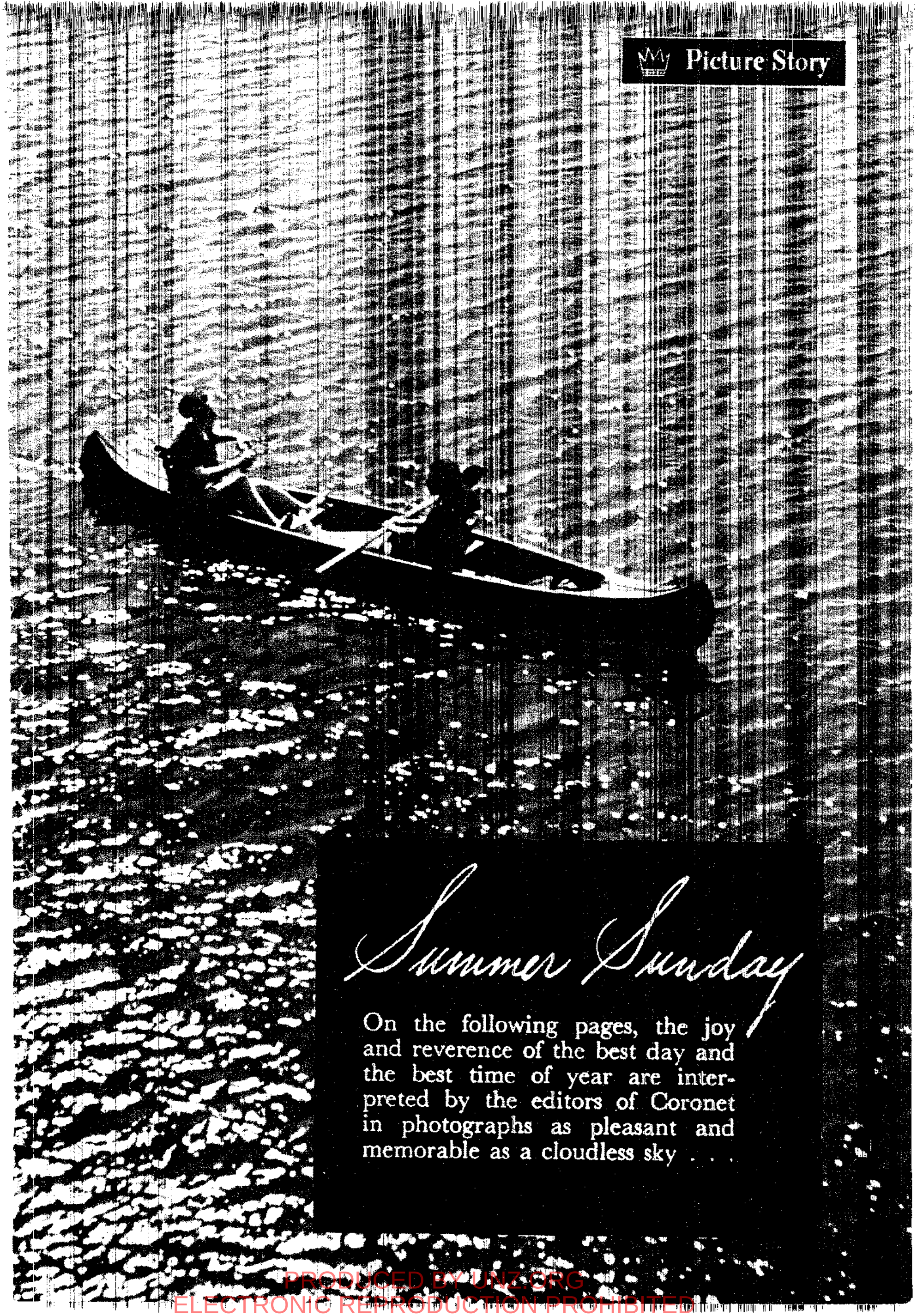
That gave the volunteer teacher a genuine thrill. He went on and pointed to a palm. "Tree," he announced. The native echoed, "tree." That certainly was progress.

Just then a plane roared overhead. The lieutenant thought he would give the native the first chance this time. "What?" he asked, pointing upward.

The native looked up and squinted at the object, then said, "I'm not sure. It looks like a PB2Y, but it might be a B-24."

—JOHN I. KIZER

Picture Story



Summer Sunday

On the following pages, the joy and reverence of the best day and the best time of year are interpreted by the editors of Coronet in photographs as pleasant and memorable as a cloudless sky . . .

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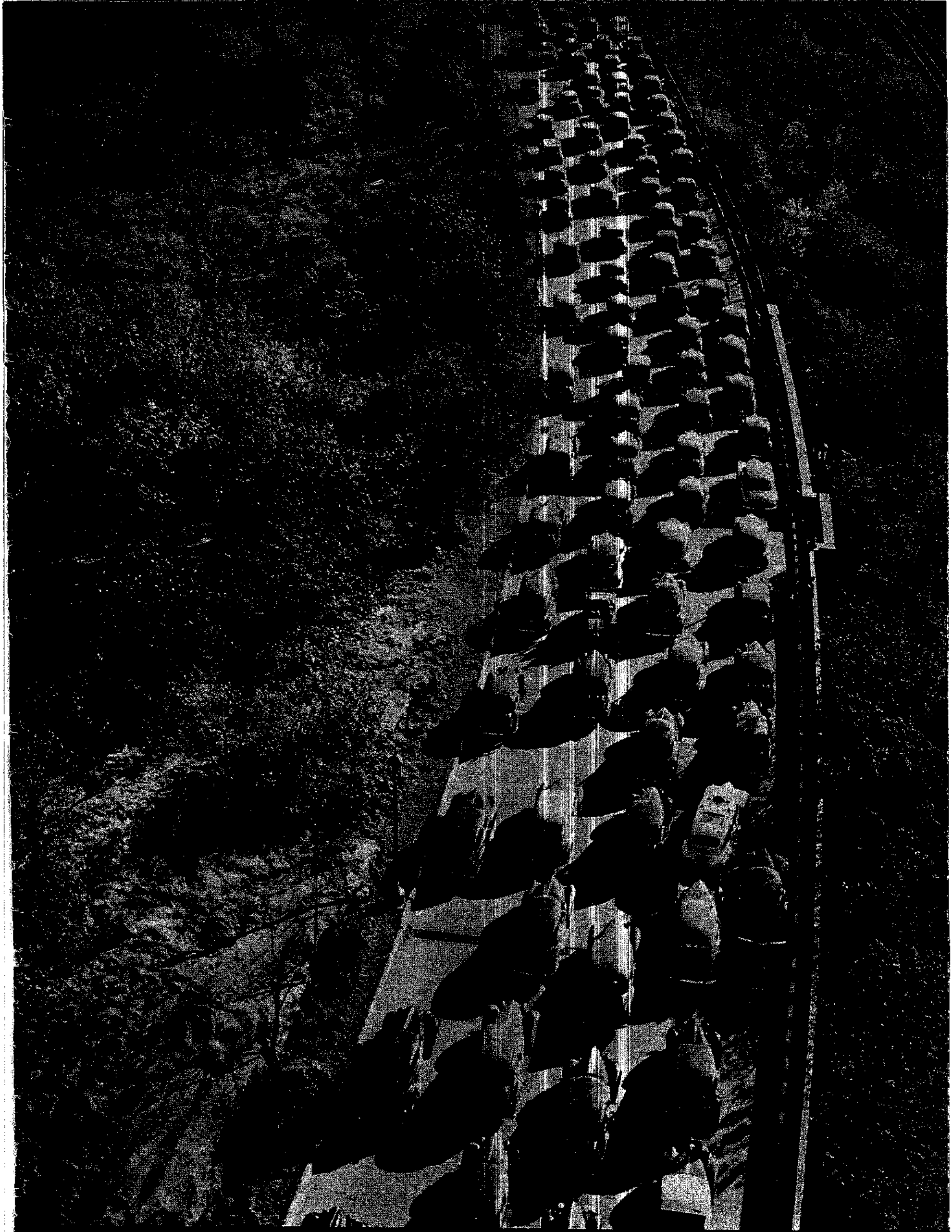
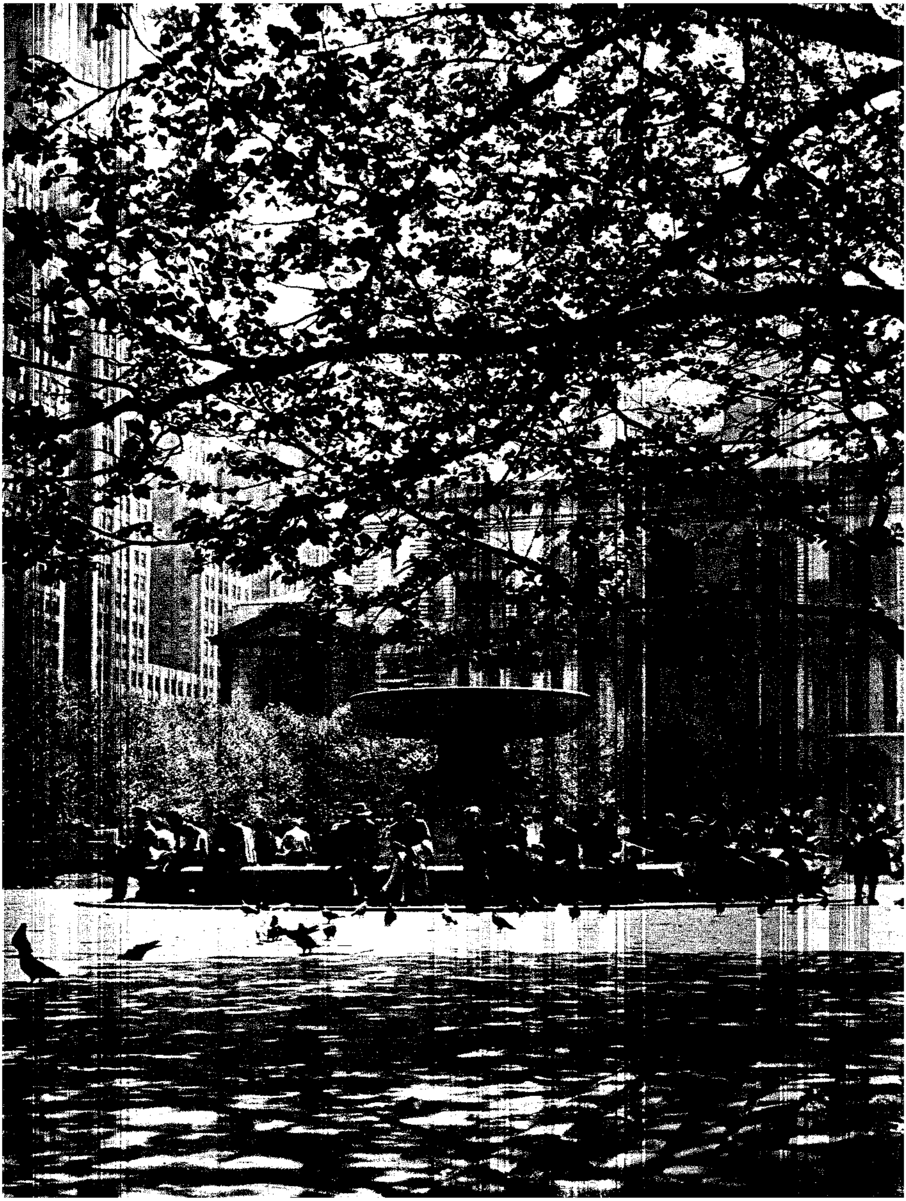
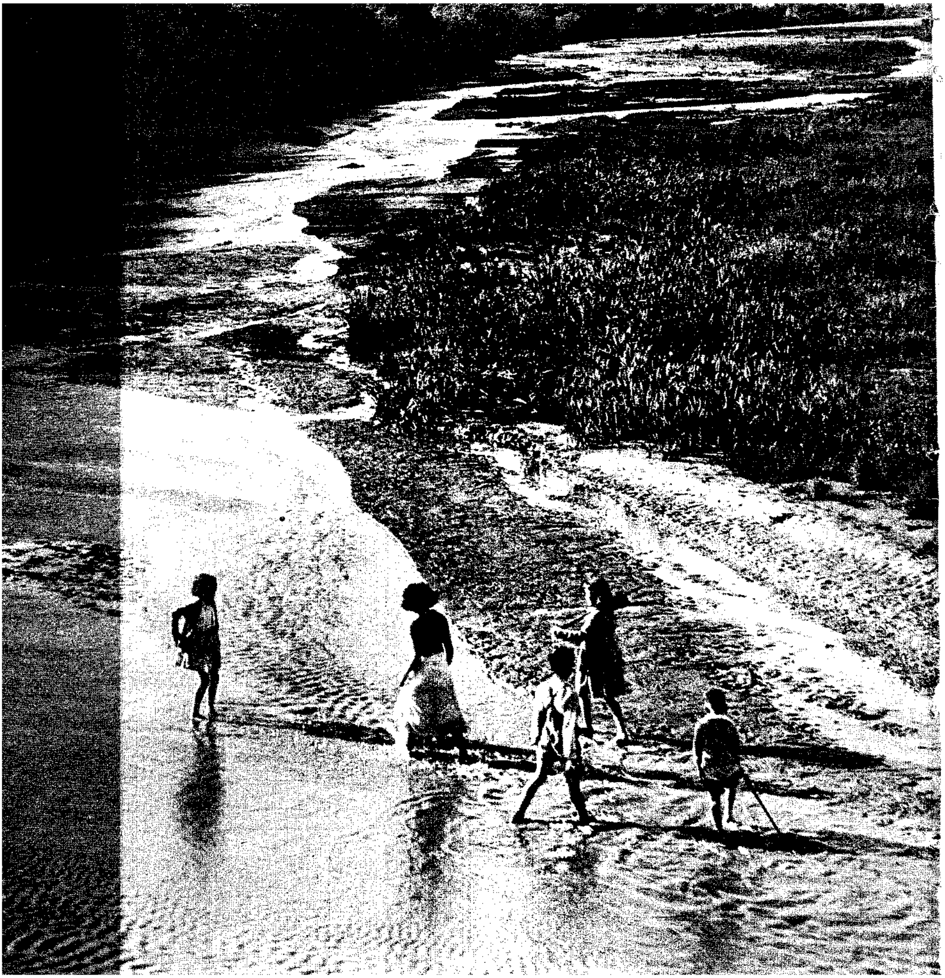
ens of thousands
ball game . . .

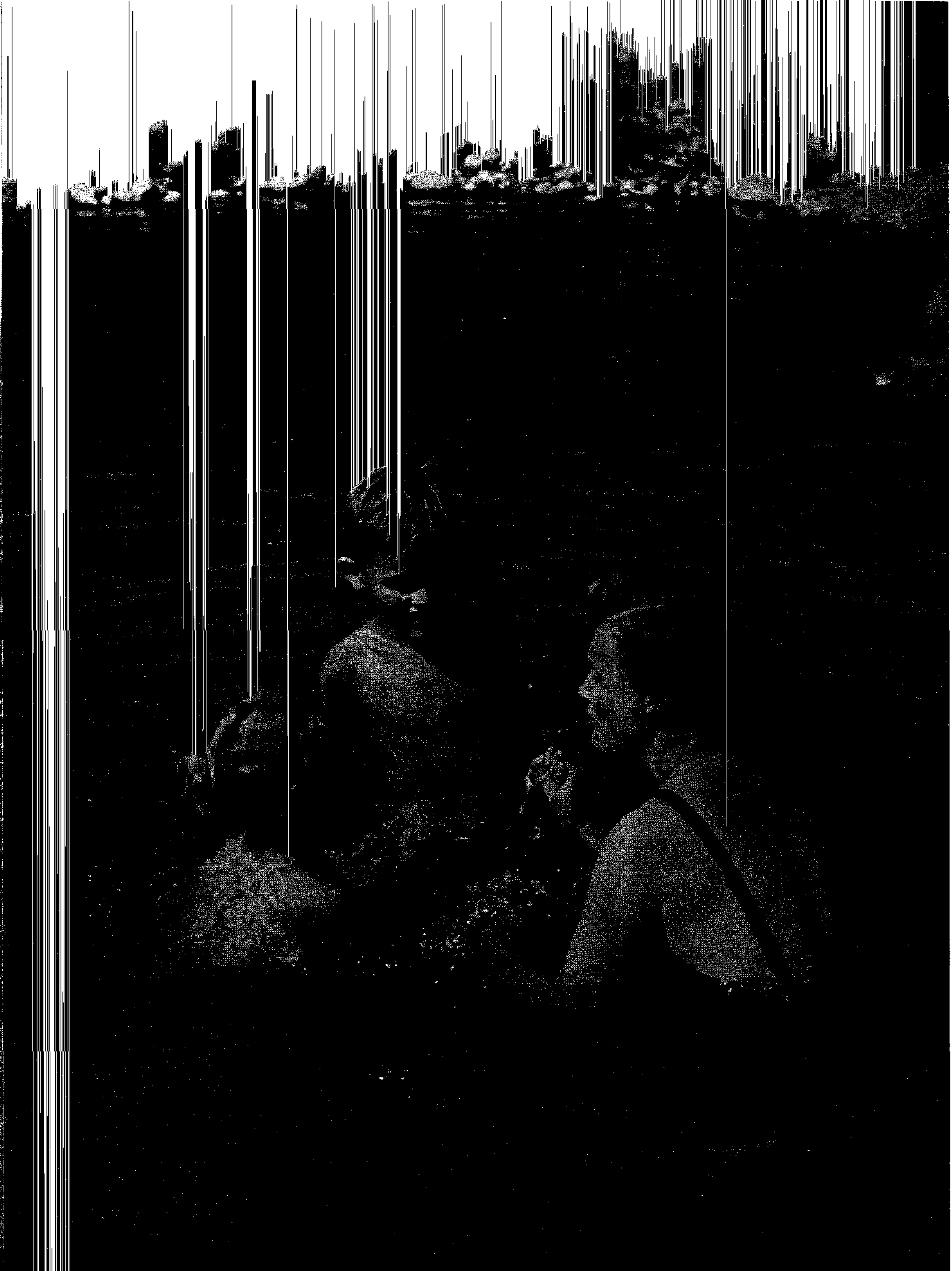
iet visits, brim-



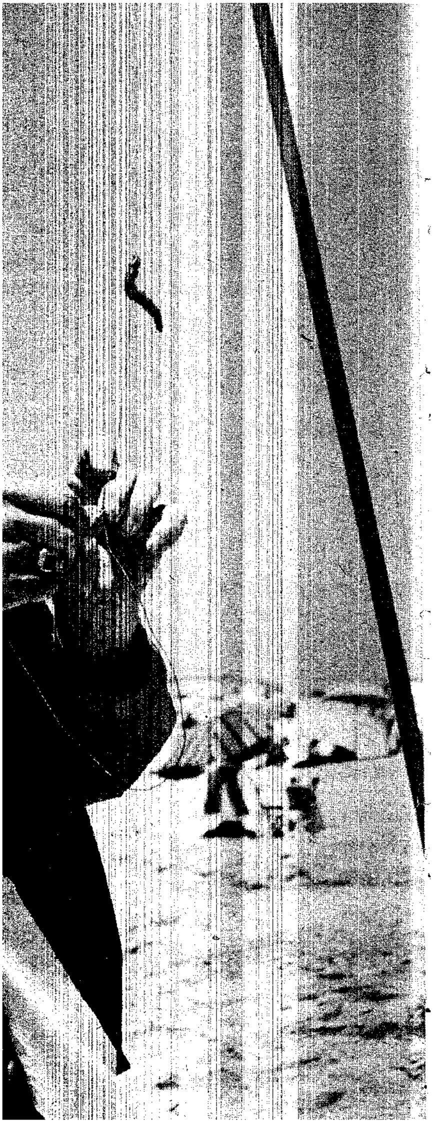
. . . and all across the land, it is a signal for exodus. On Summer Sundays every road and highway is filled with Americans streaming toward relaxation somewhere beyond their city walls.

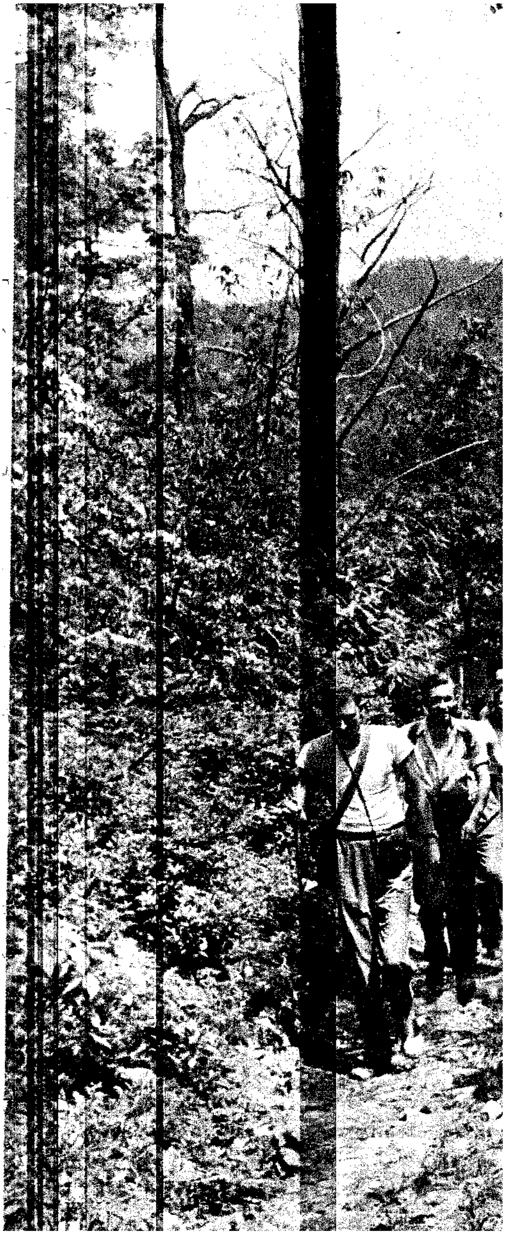


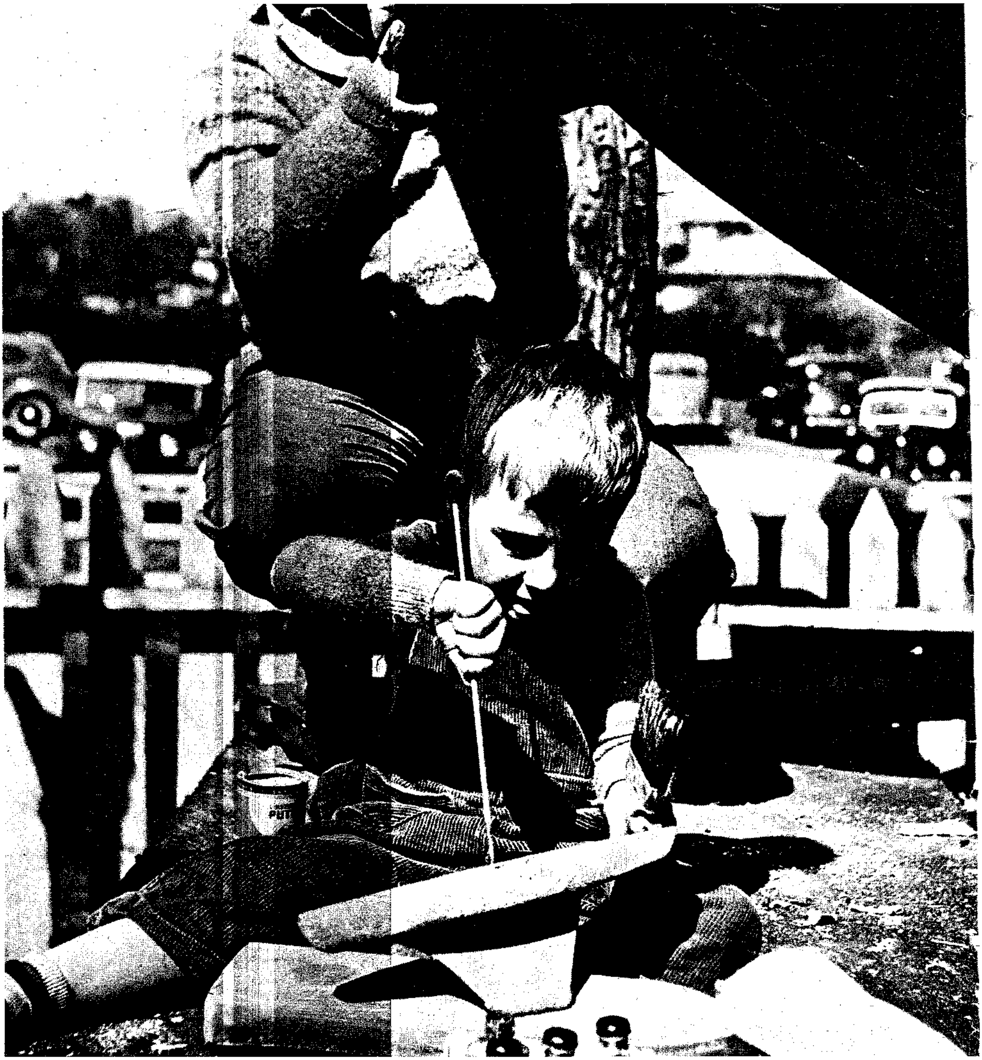




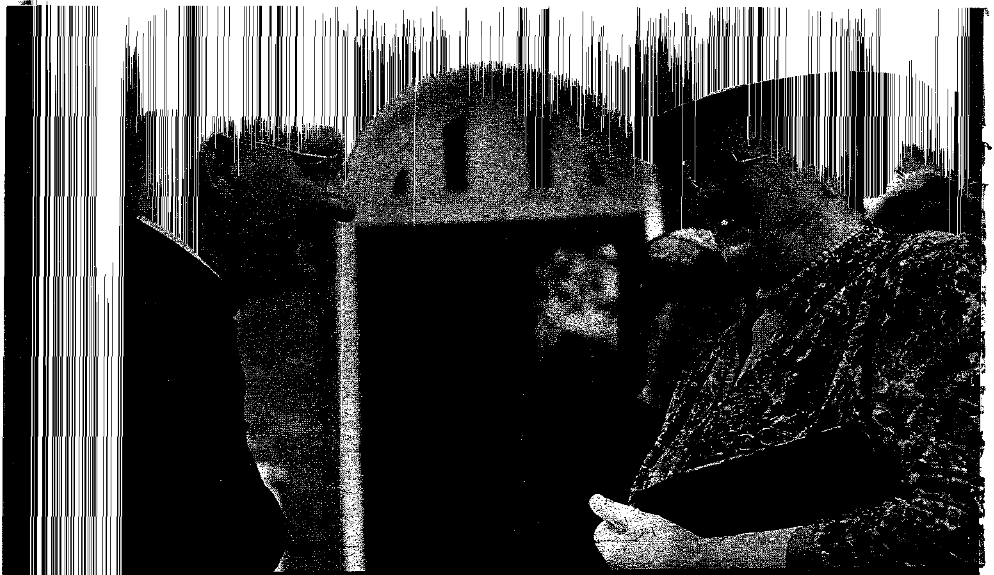
. . . when a quiet pool becomes a circle of companionship, and care is a ripple fading away.





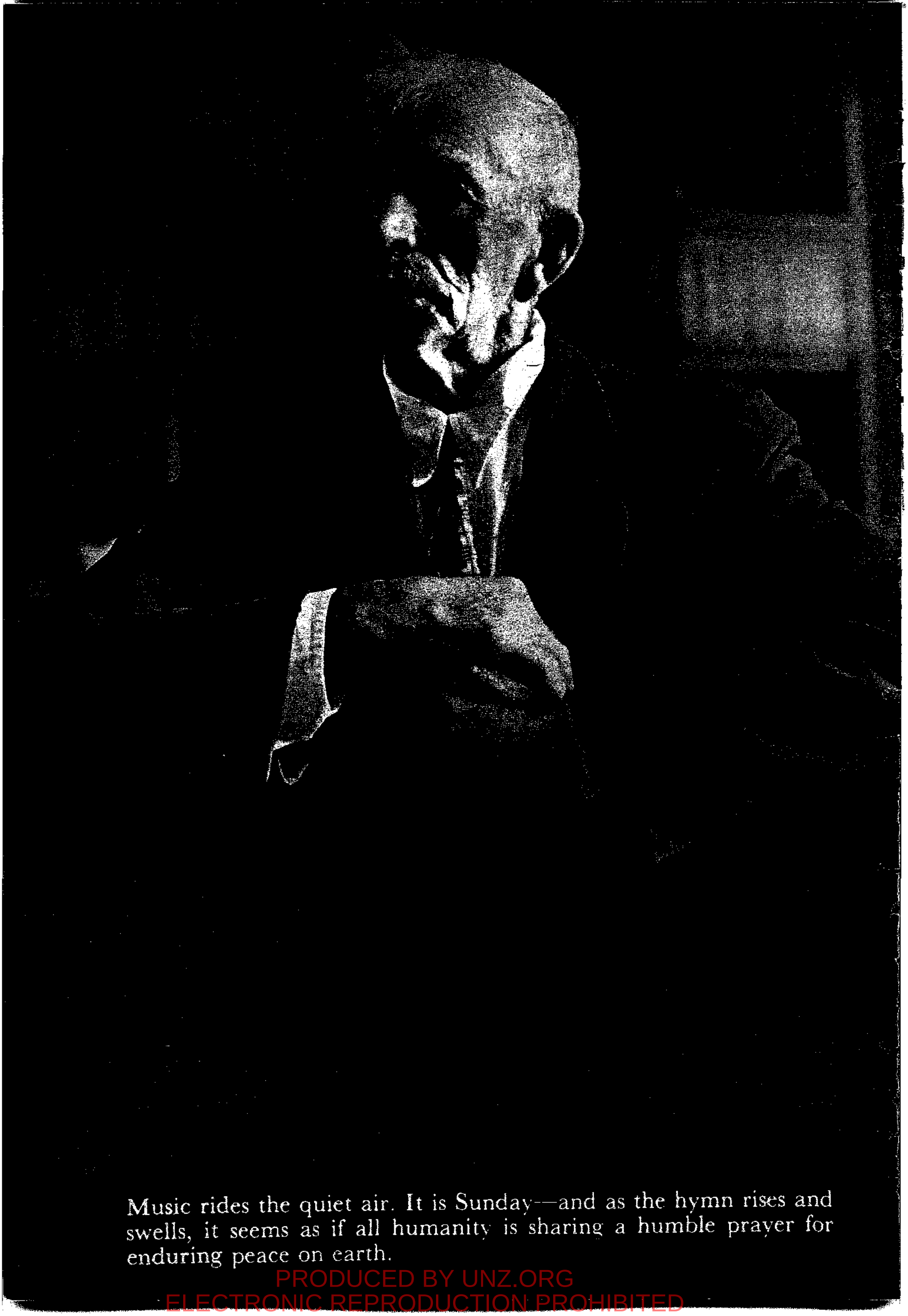

PUT

vhen we can sit together in the kind of unhurried enjoyment
eems, in a moment, to fulfill all of life's best dreams . . .



But personal pleasure is only a small part of Sunday. Underlying its worldly joys is the religious holiday. For Christians, Sunday is the day of God and His churches.

It is the Sabbath Day—a day made holy by the faith of a people . . .



Music rides the quiet air. It is Sunday—and as the hymn rises and swells, it seems as if all humanity is sharing a humble prayer for enduring peace on earth.

by EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

The TUG-of-WAR for Europe's Brains

Read a noted foreign correspondent's views on the future of America and the world

FOR THE FIRST TIME in history the United States is committed to a world policy. At last—and unwillingly—we have recognized that we have interests everywhere which we cannot ignore. As a first step, President Truman has decided to strengthen our defenses in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Along with many other citizens, I have sought further enlightenment on this radically new departure in our national life. In the course of my search I called on three influential figures and asked their opinions. First, a high Washington official:

"Some people are amazed," he said, "that President Truman should have chosen to begin resisting Russian expansion in remote Greece and Turkey. But if you look at the map, you will see that Turkey is one of the few countries from which the Soviet Union could, if necessary, be attacked.

"Of course, nobody in our Administration is planning war against Russia. But the fact still remains that the best defensive is an offensive. In supporting Greece and Turkey, the U. S. is really aiming at something far more important, namely the defense of Europe.

"As matters now stand, we could hardly prevent the Red Army from occupying Europe as far as Gibraltar. But we believe that by a countermove from Greece and Turkey we could compel the Russians to withdraw. In fact, even a threat from Turkey will make Moscow think twice before trying to spread westward."

Second, here is the opinion of a well-known publisher:

"I don't understand the alarm in Washington. Why worry about the Russians in Europe? The Soviets did not defeat Hitler by superiority of equipment and firepower (not to mention the atomic bomb). They won by huge numbers of men, incredible distances, a brutal climate—and sheer courage.

"Future wars are going to be even more technical. And what about Russia's technical abilities? Why, the other day an American came back from inspecting their industrial plants. He said he had never seen anything so primitive, not even in Latin America. After 30 years of trying, they still can't make a decent motorcar.

"Don't talk to me about atomic bombs and transoceanic rockets! I say the Russians are not and never will be any danger to a large efficient nation like the United States. So if they want to move into Europe, why not let them?"

Third, here is the opinion of a distinguished scientist:

"To let the Russians occupy the rest of Europe would perhaps be a fatal calamity for the U.S. Europe is not primarily material resources. *Europe is primarily a special kind of people.* In this sense, Americans are Europeans.

"Did you ever wonder why the Machine Age started in Europe? And why the Atomic Age started in Chicago and not in Moscow? Nobody knows the exact answer, but the fact stands that science and machinery are at home among just one sort of people—Europeans and their overseas descendants.

"But this state of things won't last forever. The Soviets are spending fabulous sums and making frantic efforts to mechanize their country. But it is a slow business. Russians still don't understand machines instinctively. Until they learn, the weak link in Soviet power will be the lack of competent scientists and technicians.

"Now the greatest available group of these specialists *is in non-Russian Europe.* When our armies got loose in Germany, what did they grab first—the factories, the ports, the Nazi criminals? No, they grabbed some of the best German scientists. And the Russians grabbed the rest. Whether these German captives of the Soviet will prove able and willing to speedily produce long-range rockets with atomic warheads remains to be seen. But one thing is certain—the day that Russia can command all of Europe's scientific talent and technical know-how will mark the beginning of America's downfall."

THIS LAST VIEWPOINT is new, different—and startling. Obviously it has not yet made much headway among the American people or their leaders. Yet the danger outlined is so grave that, if verified, it deserves to stand foremost in our political considerations.

Can it be verified? The answer depends upon our ability to divide scientific capacity and training into three groups—American, European and Soviet—and measure them.

Is such measurement possible? Not precisely. Even before the war, comparable statistics for the three areas were lacking. Types of university, technical school, laboratory and shop were different. So were scientific achievements. So were conditions of achievement.

Some American scientists, for instance, look upon the Soviet Union as a paradise for scientists. Nowhere on earth, they insist, are men of learning given such consideration and material compensation. Which is true—but not the whole story.

Other U.S. scientists, who worked on the atomic bomb and suffered under rigid military rules of secrecy, are convinced that the lack of personal freedom in Russia is hindering scientific achievement.

Only the future will tell which opinion is right. Meanwhile, two signposts cannot be overlooked. First, successful manufacture of the atomic bomb; second, the distribution of Nobel Prizes for outstanding discoveries in physics, chemistry and medicine.

Two countries, America and Germany, raced for possession of the atomic weapon. America won. It took six years, $2,000,000,000 and 6,000 to 10,000 trained scientists and engineers to turn the trick. Among the scientific workers, 3,500 were topflight, while 2,000 were Ph.D's. Doesn't this prove American pre-eminence?

Not at all! Among the chief scientists who made the bomb, a surprising number were trained abroad. Albert Einstein started life as a German; Von Neumann, a Hungarian by birth, received his scientific training in Germany; Enrico Fermi is an Italian; Niels Bohr is a Dane, Szilard and Wignor are Hungarians. American scientists have told me that without this foreign help the atomic project might have failed.

Hence our experience with the bomb would seem to show not only the high quality of American technique but the high quality of European science. And when we look at Nobel Prize winners (including but one Russian) this impression is confirmed:

	U.S.A.	Europe
Chemistry	4	37
Physics	8	39
Medicine and Physiology	6	37

Based on this table, it can be argued that European superiority is limited to pure (or basic) science, while in applied science the U. S. leads the world. War potential, it may be claimed, is more a matter of intelligent application than of basic discovery. Yet, when the Americans arrived in Germany they were struck by the immense number of important discoveries recently made there.

Especially in the all-important military field of long-range rockets, the Germans were far ahead of the world!

ONE WAY OF COMPARING Russia and the U. S. lies in the fields of higher learning. The U.S.S.R. has about 800 institutions capable of turning out high-class scientists and technicians. Some 560,000 students were registered at the last census, while 6,000 libraries specialize in technical studies. Between 1929 and 1941, Soviet schools turned out 320,000 qualified engineers, 60,000 more than the U. S. boasted in 1941.

In contrast to this impressive picture, foreigners are not much impressed with Soviet science, still less with Soviet technique. Soviet machinery lacks subtlety and finish. The Soviets make few if any machine tools.

What of European higher learning? Before the war, Europe had some 140 universities and 21 technical colleges. Today, the student body probably totals 600,000.

Thus, on paper, the U. S. looks far better equipped, since we have close to 1,700 colleges and universities with not less than 2,000,000 students (including ex-GI's). But this rosy picture is misleading. Once the GI's have made up lost time, the number of students will decrease.

Moreover, by European standards, American freshmen and sophomores are doing not university but high-school work. This would cut the comparable number of U.S. students to about 1,000,000.

Another American handicap is the fact that while Russia, Britain, Canada and even China increased the number of their scientific students during the war, the U. S. ruthlessly mobilized its scientific and technical forces. As a result, there are certain fields in which America has fewer trained scientists than Germany had before the war. And the deficiency cannot possibly be made up before 1955.

Finally, the American government has only recently begun to give scientific education the support that European governments give as a matter of course. In Europe, gifted pupils are signaled out early and helped to distinguished careers by public funds. It will take some time before present American plans can begin to catch up.

Nevertheless, it is likely that in any struggle with the U. S., Russia's science and technique would be definitely outclassed unless the Soviets could draw upon the immense scientific capacities of non-Soviet Europe. Obviously no mere raid into Europe by the Red armies would give the Soviets access to these capacities. Unless brought into the Soviet orbit by conviction, Europe's scientists would no more work for Stalin than for Hitler. But even a raid or brief occupation would inevitably deprive the U. S. of the immense help it might otherwise obtain from a Europe that remained free.

The supreme danger to America would be the amalgamation of most of Europe with the Soviets by consent—in other words, the multiplication of Communistic or pro-Soviet governments. If—starting in France and Italy—such regimes were to spread through Europe, it is safe to say that *within a measurably brief time, the U. S.—even with Britain's help—would find itself as far outclassed in scientific warfare as in numbers and natural resources!*

Clearly, then, a primary aim of American foreign policy should be, if possible, to organize resistance to any occupation of Europe by the Soviets; and certainly to prevent Europe's despairing millions from voluntarily drifting into the Soviet sphere. Not—let us repeat—because of numbers or material assets. But because of the specialized brains that would be swept along with the tide and help to render it irresistible.

The Changing Times

The good ole days were those when there were two cars in every garage. Now, it's two families.

—*Viking Vacuum*

Here are the facts, stripped of popular misconceptions, about your crowning glory

What You Should Know About Your Hair

by **John E. Gibson**

WE'RE BORN WITH hair and we die with it, yet in between the two extremities of life we know little about the head covering with which nature has endowed us. Back in the horse-and-buggy days, such ignorance was pardonable, for fallacies and misconceptions about hair sprouted like down from a baby's cheek. But today, with the aid of science, we should hold onto our collective hat and learn the facts about what grows under it.

Your hair begins to grow about six months before you are born, and stops growing with your last heart beat. The popular myth that hair continues to grow after death springs from the fact that an apparent fresh growth of stubble may occasionally be observed on the face of a corpse. The explanation is simple. After death the tissues shrink, causing the hair to protrude.

Another popular belief—that exposure to sunlight benefits the hair—has been disproved by tests at the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis. In the spring of the year, body and scalp hairs of a selected group were subjected to microscopic examination. After the group had spent a sunny summer on the beach the hairs were again examined. Sunlight had had no effect, so far as texture or number of hairs was concerned.

Still another fallacy is that shaving will cause hair to grow faster and coarser. In laboratory experiments at the same university, with representative groups of men and women as subjects, some 25,000 facial hairs were put under the microscope. Over a nine-month period, the series of measurements disclosed that cutting or shaving had no effect whatever on hair growth.

Your hair derives its color from a pigment called melanin, which the body forms and deposits inside the hair bulb. Ordinary graying of the hair takes place as we grow older and less melanin is produced by the body. Individual hairs don't lose their color, but as they die and fall out they are replaced by new hair containing less pigment.

When hair turns gray prematurely, it is usually due to one of three causes: (1) the body's inherited inability to produce a lifetime supply of hair pigment; (2) severe disturbances of the nervous system, including extreme worry and anxiety; (3) wasting diseases such as typhoid and malaria.

Unfortunately, no way has been found to restore the body's ability to furnish adequate pigment. Vitamin therapy and other forms of medication have proven ineffective.

SOMETIMES HAIR behaves in a fantastic fashion. Dr. Lee McCarthy, in his book, *Diagnosis and Treatment of Disease of the Hair*, cites the case of a young boy given to violent spasms of temper; his hair turned from red to blonde yellow two or three days after a temper fit, and then returned to its natural red color a few days later. Examination revealed the hair was filled with air bubbles which, Dr. McCarthy believes, were responsible for the alternate changes in color.

John E. Gibson is a former bookkeeper who turned to writing after he had been fired five times for his "inconsistencies in addition." He first became a newspaper reporter and feature writer, then a free-lance contributor to national magazines. Because of the housing shortage, he lives on the Los Angeles River in what he describes as "a palatial duplex constructed out of five piano boxes."

Famed in song and story are cases of hair turning white overnight following emotional shock. Until recently, medical men regarded the occurrence as a physical impossibility. But the phenomenon has now been scientifically accredited. After studying case histories, authorities such as Mayo Clinic's Dr. Hamilton Montgomery agree that while the rapid formation of tiny air bubbles in the hair appears to be a responsible factor, a complete explanation must await further research.

Usually when we speak of a person's hair "standing on end," we use the phrase merely as a figure of speech. But actually our hair does stand on end when we are badly scared or suddenly chilled. A tiny muscle is attached to each hair shaft. Fear or cold makes the muscles contract, causing the hair to rise.

The strength of hair is phenomenal, a single strand from the average head being capable of supporting a quarter-pound weight. When you consider that the average scalp contains well over 100,000 hairs, a simple calculation shows the staggering tonnage a single shock of hair could support—if it had to.

Hair is elastic too. The average strand can be stretched up to one-fifth its length, and will retract like a rubber band. Studies have revealed that when it is moist, human hair can be subjected to a 70-per cent stretch without breaking. And when immersed in steam or boiling water, it can be doubled in length.

Your hair grows in follicles—tiny tubular shafts which dot the scalp, each penetrating about half an inch. At the base of each is a small projection of tissue with blood vessels, called the papilla, through which the hair draws nourishment. Your hair will continue to grow as long as the follicle remains undamaged and nothing interferes with the papilla's blood supply.

Hair grows fastest just after it emerges from the scalp. The average new strand lengthens at the rate of three-quarters of an inch a month, then slows down. After a lifetime of six months to four years, a hair dies and falls out—but a new one sprouts immediately from the same follicle. When a hair is pulled out by the roots, a new strand will grow in the same place, but it will take from six to twelve weeks to reach the surface.

Hair lengthens when the weather is damp, shortens when it is dry. So sensitive is it to moisture that human strands are used in the manufacture of hygrometers—instruments which record humidity. Each instrument employs a single hair, which is stretched to a pointer on the dial so that expansion or contraction is registered. Manufacturers have found blond hairs best for the purpose since they show the quickest reaction to moisture.

If you are thinking of dyeing your hair, you had best think twice. Though vegetable dyes are least harmful, dermatologists have found that *all* dyes cause the hair to deteriorate, lose natural luster and acquire a tendency to brittleness.

Singeing is another practice which authorities deplore. Clinical studies show that this process is of no benefit (except to your barber), and actually is injurious, since it dries up the hair shaft and makes the strands prone to splitting.

Top achievement in hair science is the discovery of the cause of ordinary baldness. Exhaustive research conducted by Dr. Frederick Hoelzel at the University of Illinois Medical School has provided a logical, self-evident explanation. Dr. Hoelzel and his colleagues dissected the skulls and brains of 80 cadavers. In cases of baldness they invariably found that excessive calcification (growth of bone structure) had cut off the blood supply to the scalp. Openings in the skull through which blood vessels passed were partially or completely blocked.

In every case the degree of baldness corresponded to the degree of calcification. In summing up his findings, Dr. Hoelzel pointed out that since calcification is generally greater in males than in females, it explains why men are more subject to baldness than women.

In addition to common baldness, there are other types too numerous to classify. Some are caused by scalp infection, others by wasting diseases, blows on the head, extreme shock and prolonged worry. In recapitulating the many causes of "uncommon" baldness, authorities agree that any body condition which materially affects the quality or quantity of blood supplied to the hair roots can cause hair loss.

Although there is a popular belief that frequent wearing of a hat causes baldness, dermatologists have found otherwise. In fact, Dr. McCarthy asserts that going bareheaded often does harm by causing the hair to become so dry and brittle that it breaks off.

Although the cause of baldness has been discovered, the cure for it has not. Preventive treatment, such as scalp stimulation, may sometimes delay the inevitable, but no remedy applied from within or without can really be effective if the physiological ingredients for growing hair are absent.

If your hair begins to fall out after a serious illness, don't worry. In most cases the hair is restored when the body's condition returns to normal. Dermatologists cite this type of baldness as responsible for the "miracle cures" attributed to various treatments. Typical instance: hair loss due to malaria often does not occur until several months after the illness. The worried victim then takes treatment for baldness. A few weeks later, when the hair resumes its natural growth, the treatment is regarded as responsible—and thus another testimonial is born.

To most men, the all-important question is: how can I keep my hair as long as possible? Authorities on the subject recommend a four-point program which, though it will not prevent baldness, is guaranteed to delay the process: (1) brush your hair frequently and thoroughly; (2) massage the scalp often; (3) wash the head often enough to insure a clean scalp; (4) try to avoid emotional disturbances.

Brushing and massage are extremely important as they provide scalp stimulation, which helps to insure an adequate blood supply for the hair roots. Brushing, which cannot be overdone, also serves to release natural oils, enhancing the hair's luster and guarding against brittleness. Washing should never be neglected, as a clean head minimizes possibility of infection.

As for emotional disturbances, that's a problem that differs with every individual. Whether you can keep your worries, anxieties and frustrations under control is your own responsibility. But from the dermatologist's point of view, "If you keep your head, you'll keep your hair longer."

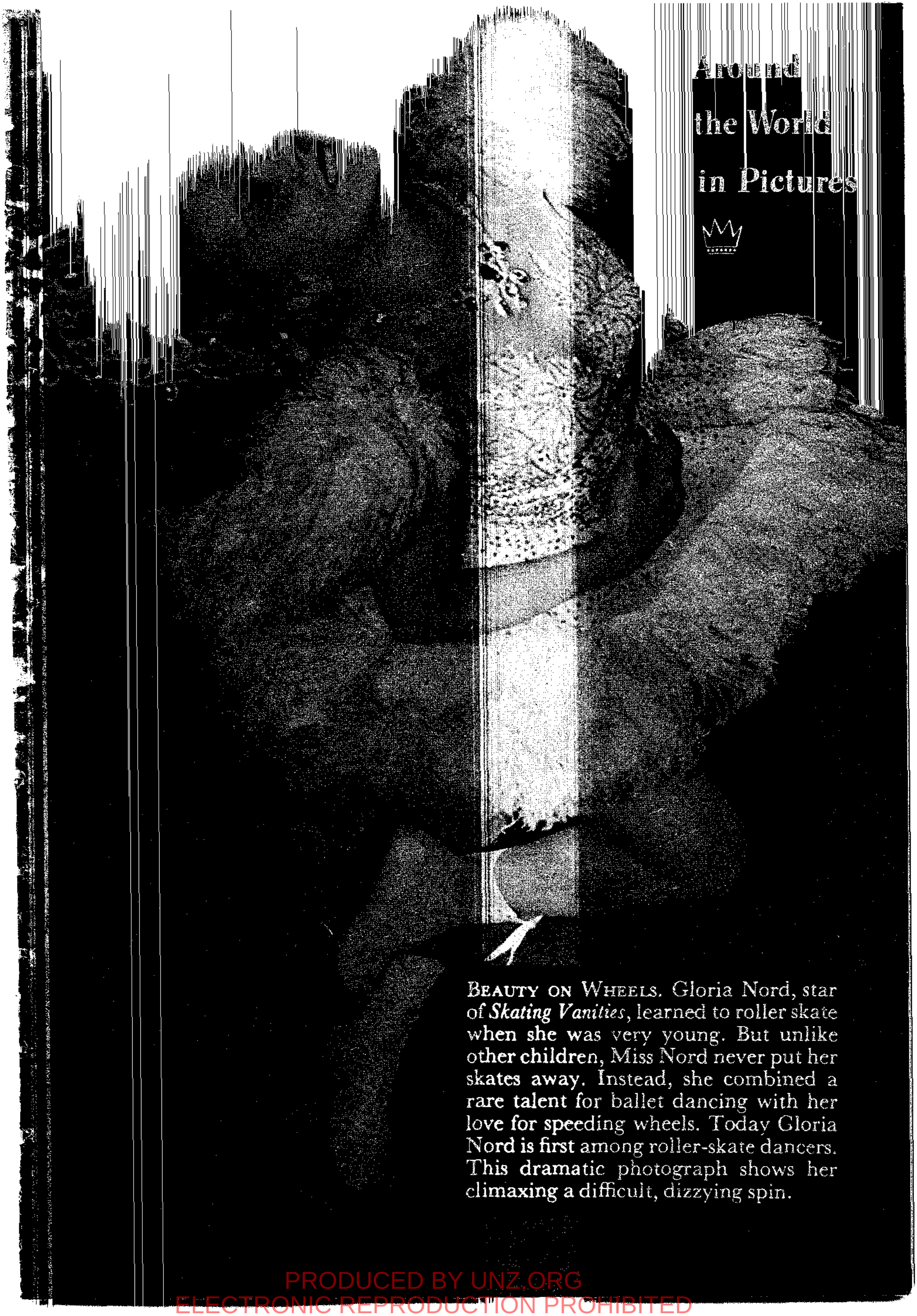
Wise and Otherwise

A new trap electrocutes the mouse, bounces the body aside, and remains baited for the next victim. Watch the stock market and you'll get the idea.—*Grit* . . . Her head is just as vacant as the breakfast room in a hotel at Niagara Falls.—JEAN KERRS . . . The only way to be sure of retaining a man's friendship is not to put it to the test.—DUNCAN CALDWELL

There is probably no more miserable person in the world than a woman who has no troubles to speak of.—GRACE M. POSTON . . . Just about the time you think you can make ends meet, somebody moves the ends.—*Mutual Moments*, OMAHA, NEB.

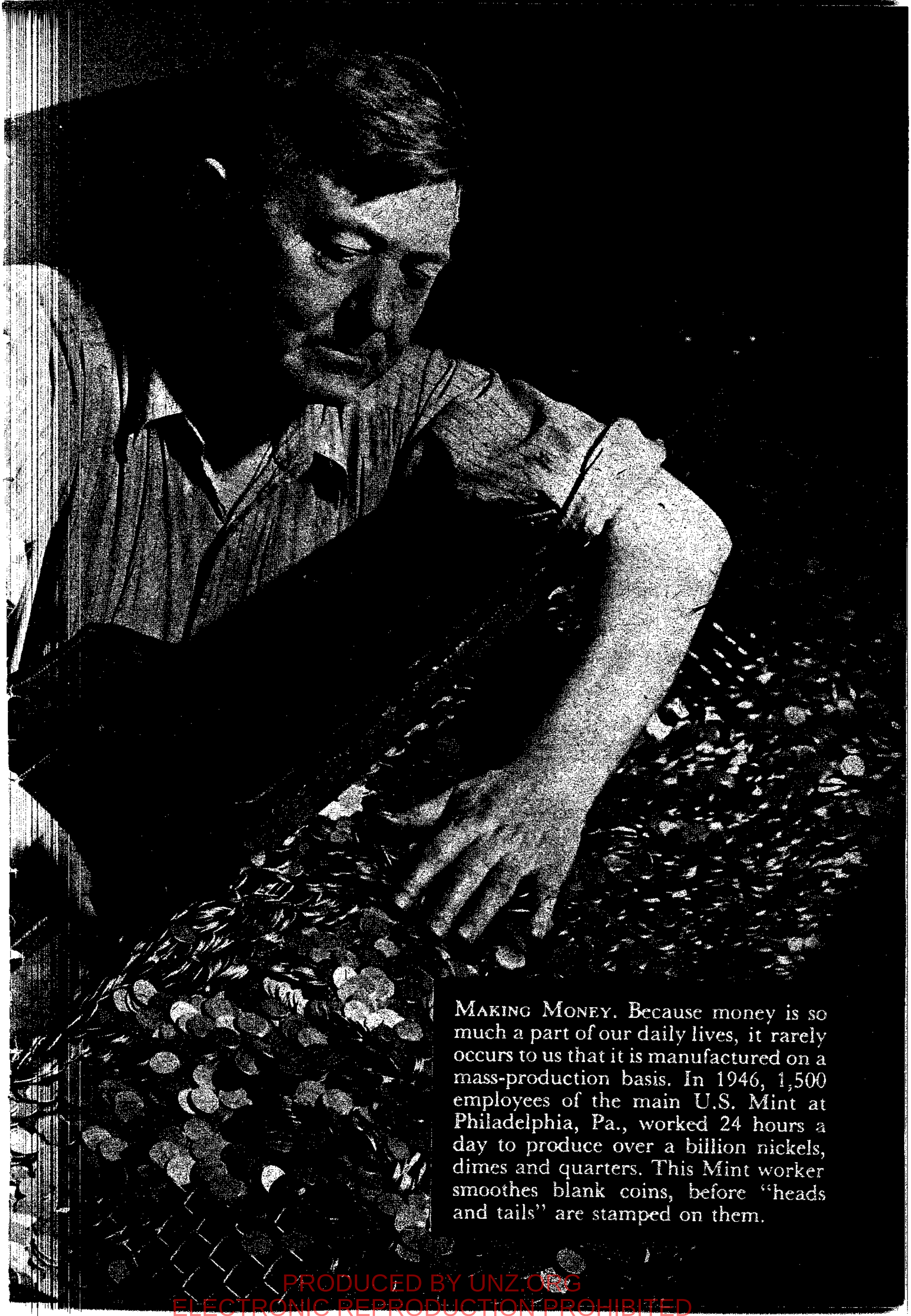
She said she felt like a young colt, but she looked more like an old .45.—*Naval Air Station Beam* . . . Money doesn't always bring happiness. A man with $10,000,000 is no happier than a man with $9,000,000.—*The Pointer* . . . What this old world needs is a transparent eight ball for those who want to look ahead.—*Michigan State Spartan*

Around the World in Pictures

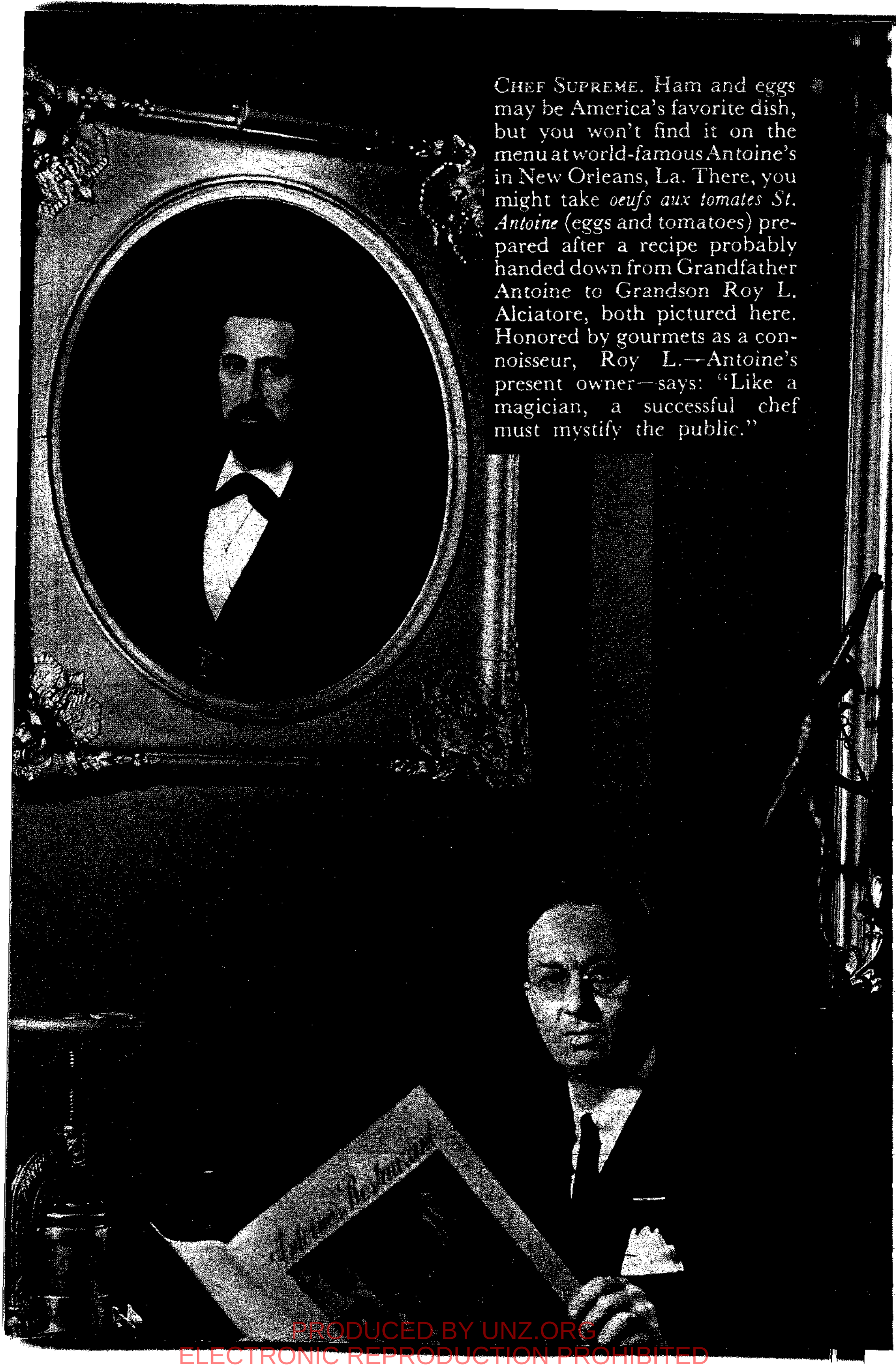


Beauty on Wheels. Gloria Nord, star of *Skating Vanities*, learned to roller skate when she was very young. But unlike other children, Miss Nord never put her skates away. Instead, she combined a rare talent for ballet dancing with her love for speeding wheels. Today Gloria Nord is first among roller-skate dancers. This dramatic photograph shows her climaxing a difficult, dizzying spin.

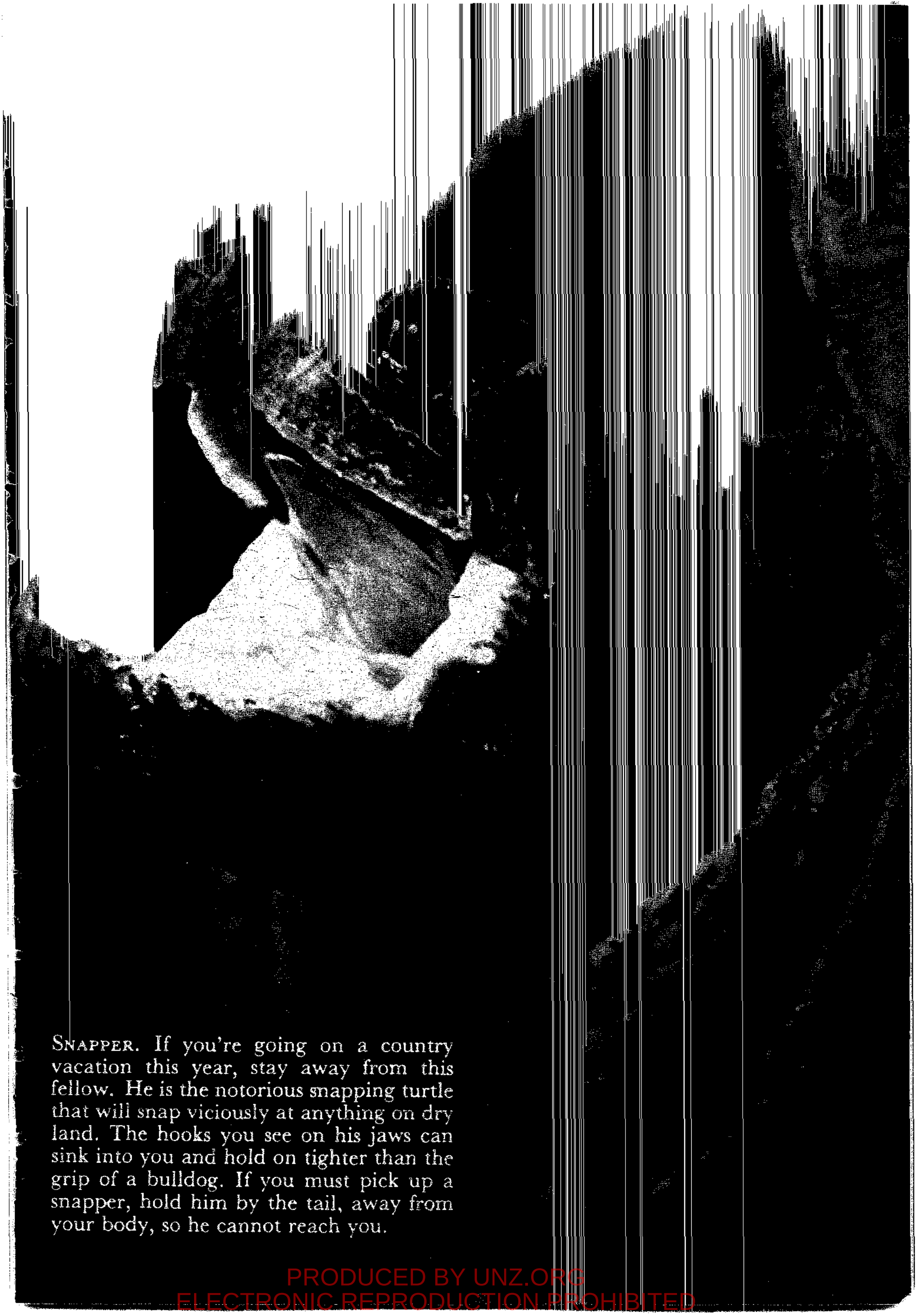
Wandering Wall. About 2,100 years ago, according to an old Chinese legend, Emperor Shih Huang Ti let a horse roam freely over his domain. In its path, he forced thousands of laborers to build a colossal fortress-like wall. The horse may never have existed, but the wall, ranging in height from 18 to 30 feet, still roams for about 1,400 miles along the northern and northwestern border of China. It is so huge that astronomers think it would be the only man-made structure visible from the moon.



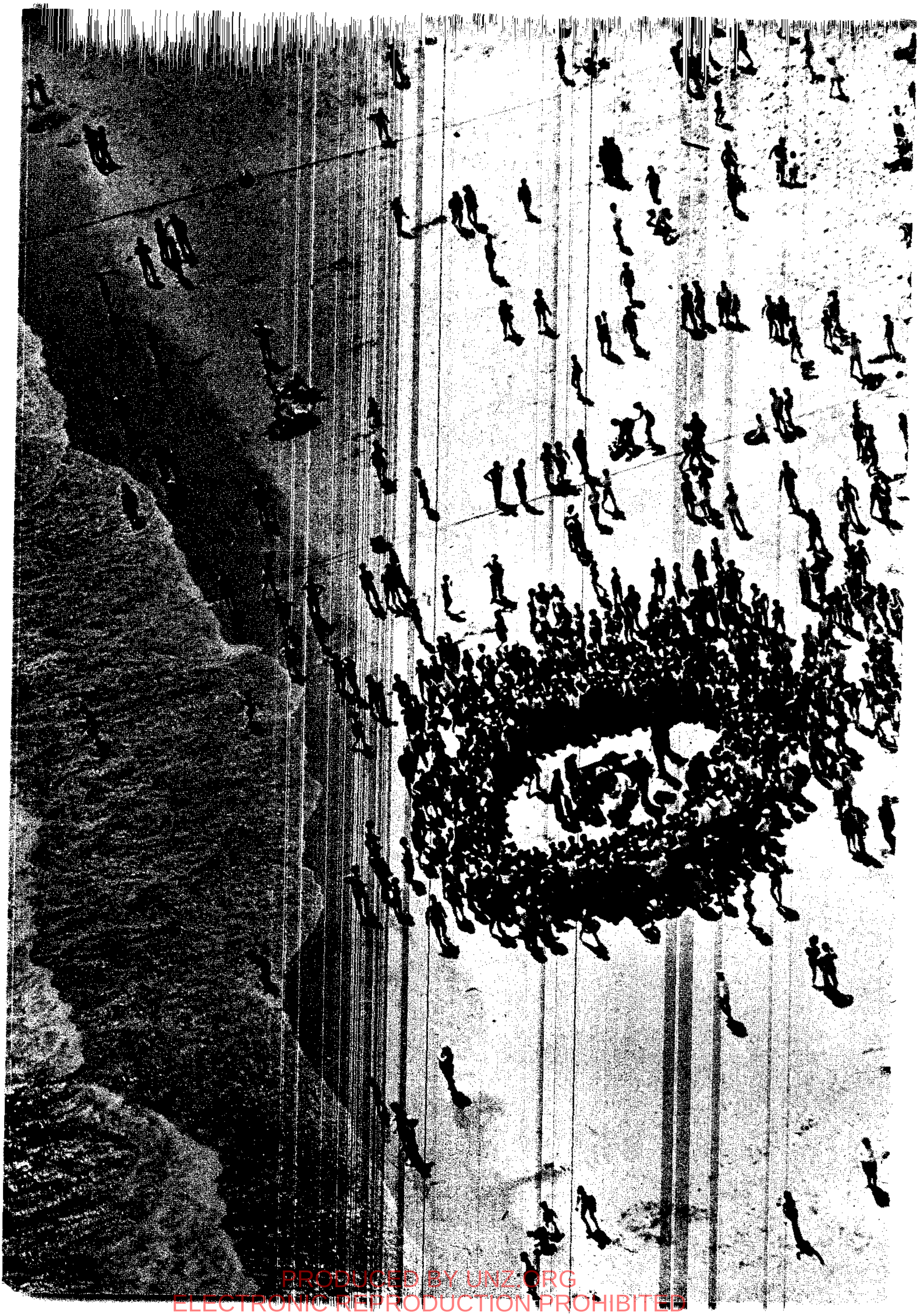
MAKING MONEY. Because money is so much a part of our daily lives, it rarely occurs to us that it is manufactured on a mass-production basis. In 1946, 1,500 employees of the main U.S. Mint at Philadelphia, Pa., worked 24 hours a day to produce over a billion nickels, dimes and quarters. This Mint worker smoothes blank coins, before "heads and tails" are stamped on them.

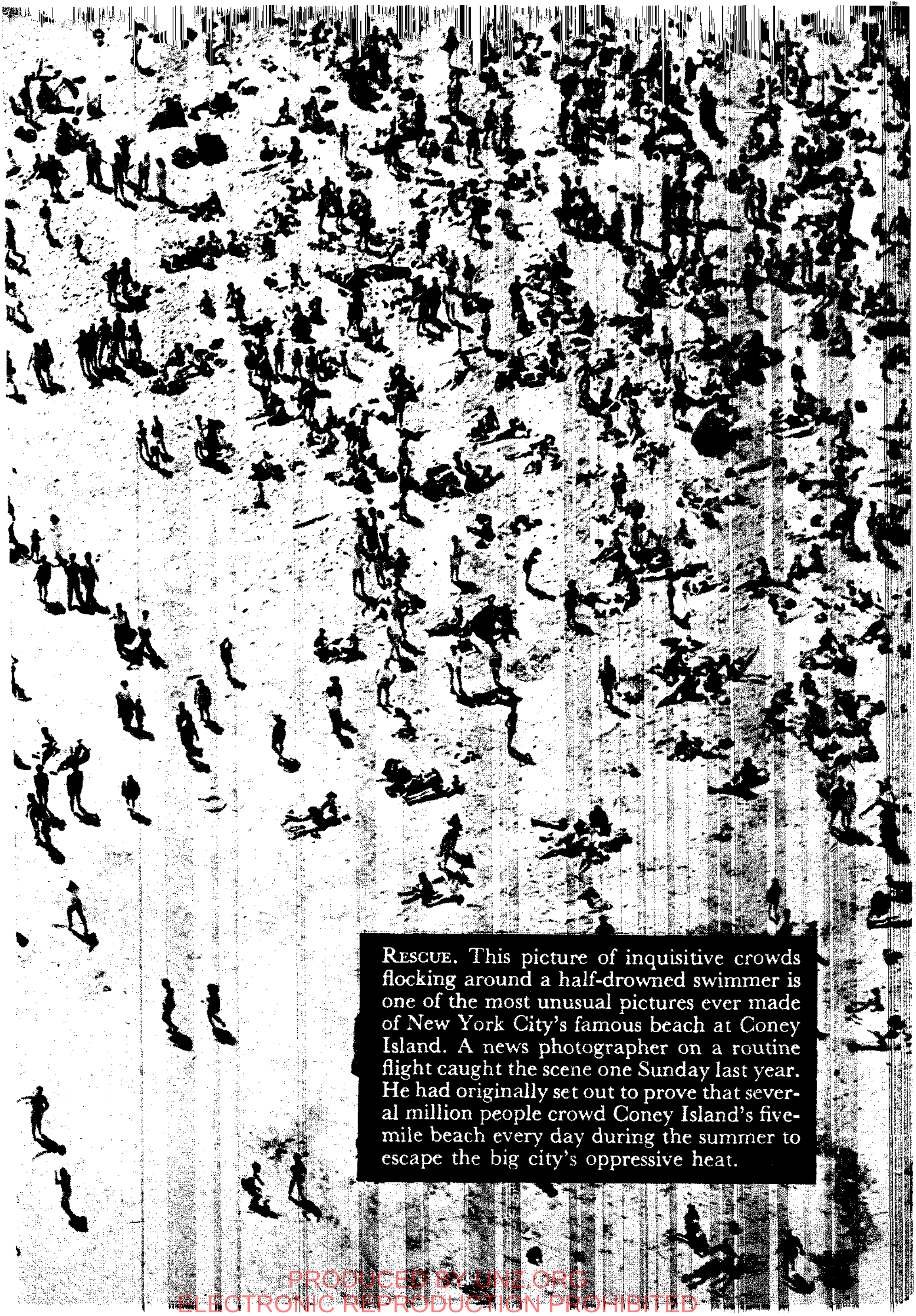


CHEF SUPREME. Ham and eggs may be America's favorite dish, but you won't find it on the menu at world-famous Antoine's in New Orleans, La. There, you might take *oeufs aux tomates St. Antoine* (eggs and tomatoes) prepared after a recipe probably handed down from Grandfather Antoine to Grandson Roy L. Alciatore, both pictured here. Honored by gourmets as a connoisseur, Roy L.—Antoine's present owner—says: "Like a magician, a successful chef must mystify the public."



SNAPPER. If you're going on a country vacation this year, stay away from this fellow. He is the notorious snapping turtle that will snap viciously at anything on dry land. The hooks you see on his jaws can sink into you and hold on tighter than the grip of a bulldog. If you must pick up a snapper, hold him by the tail, away from your body, so he cannot reach you.

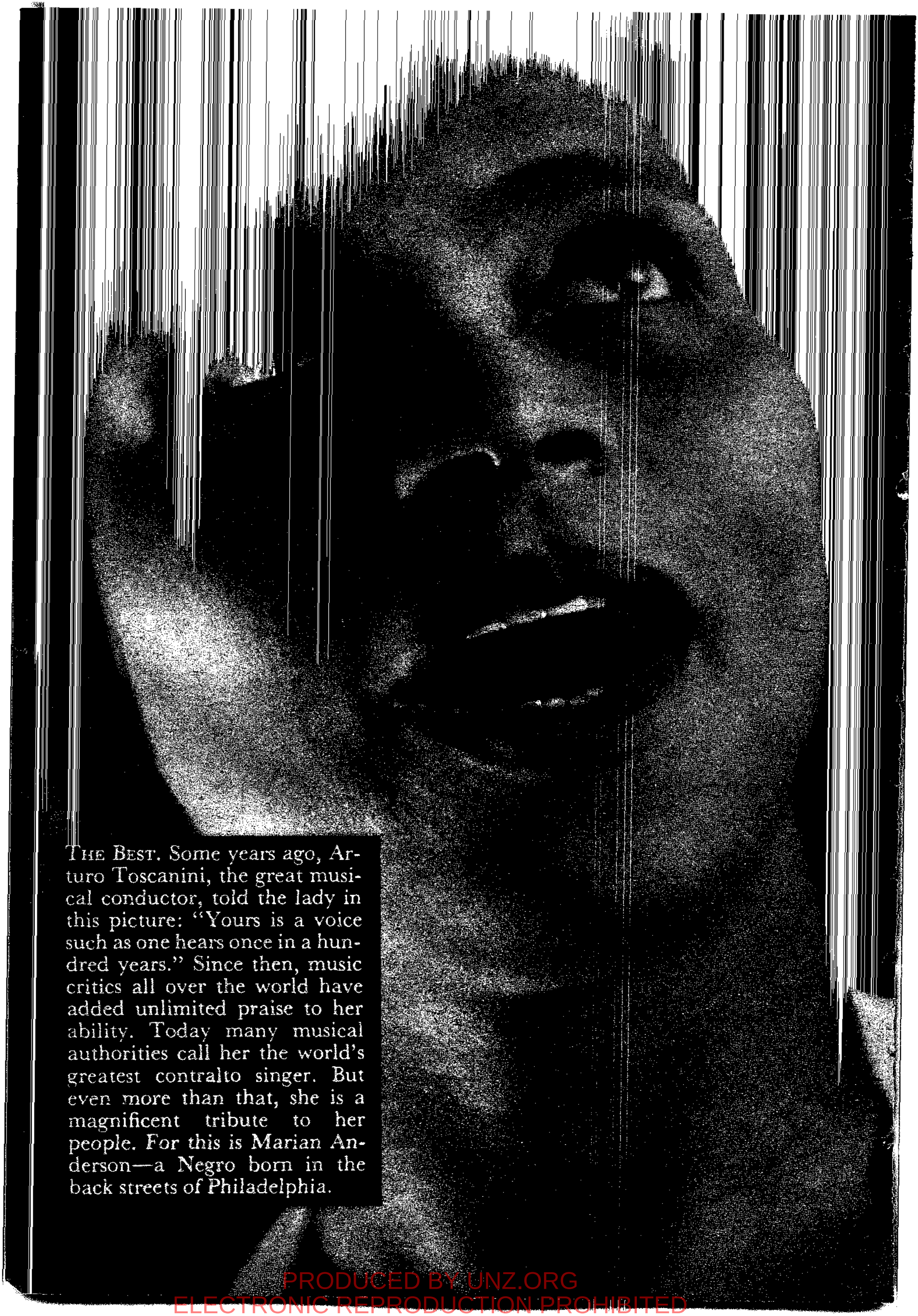




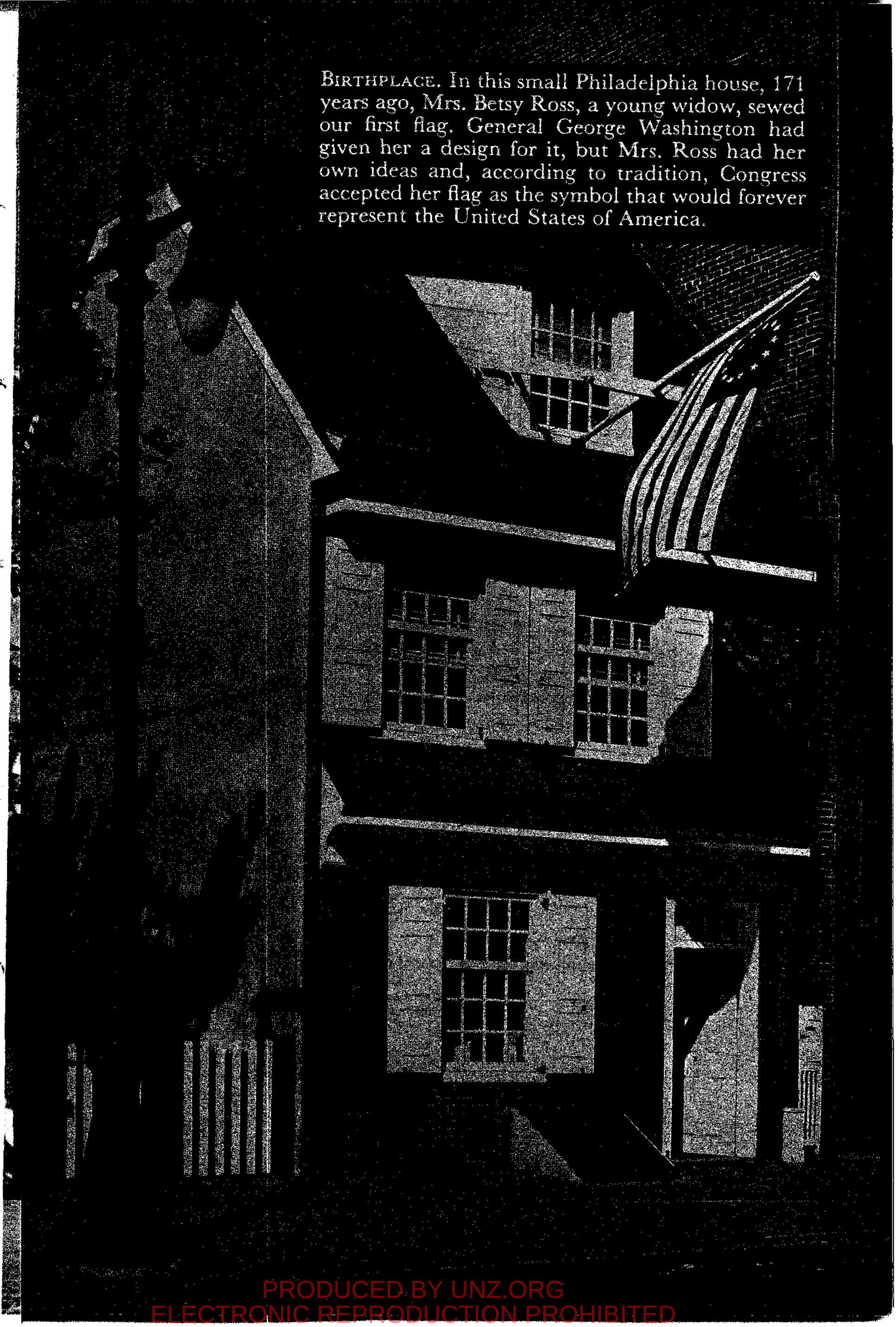
Rescue. This picture of inquisitive crowds flocking around a half-drowned swimmer is one of the most unusual pictures ever made of New York City's famous beach at Coney Island. A news photographer on a routine flight caught the scene one Sunday last year. He had originally set out to prove that several million people crowd Coney Island's five-mile beach every day during the summer to escape the big city's oppressive heat.

Warning. On July 1, last year, an Army-Navy task force dropped an atom bomb among shiploads of animals off Bikini Atoll in the Pacific. One of the survivors of the blast was Goat 23. Here he is being given a blood transfusion. By coming near death, Goat 23 proved something of vital importance: the big danger of atom bombs is not only in the immediate blast, but in the ensuing waves of radioactivity which kill living tissues, over a wide area, weeks after a bomb has struck.

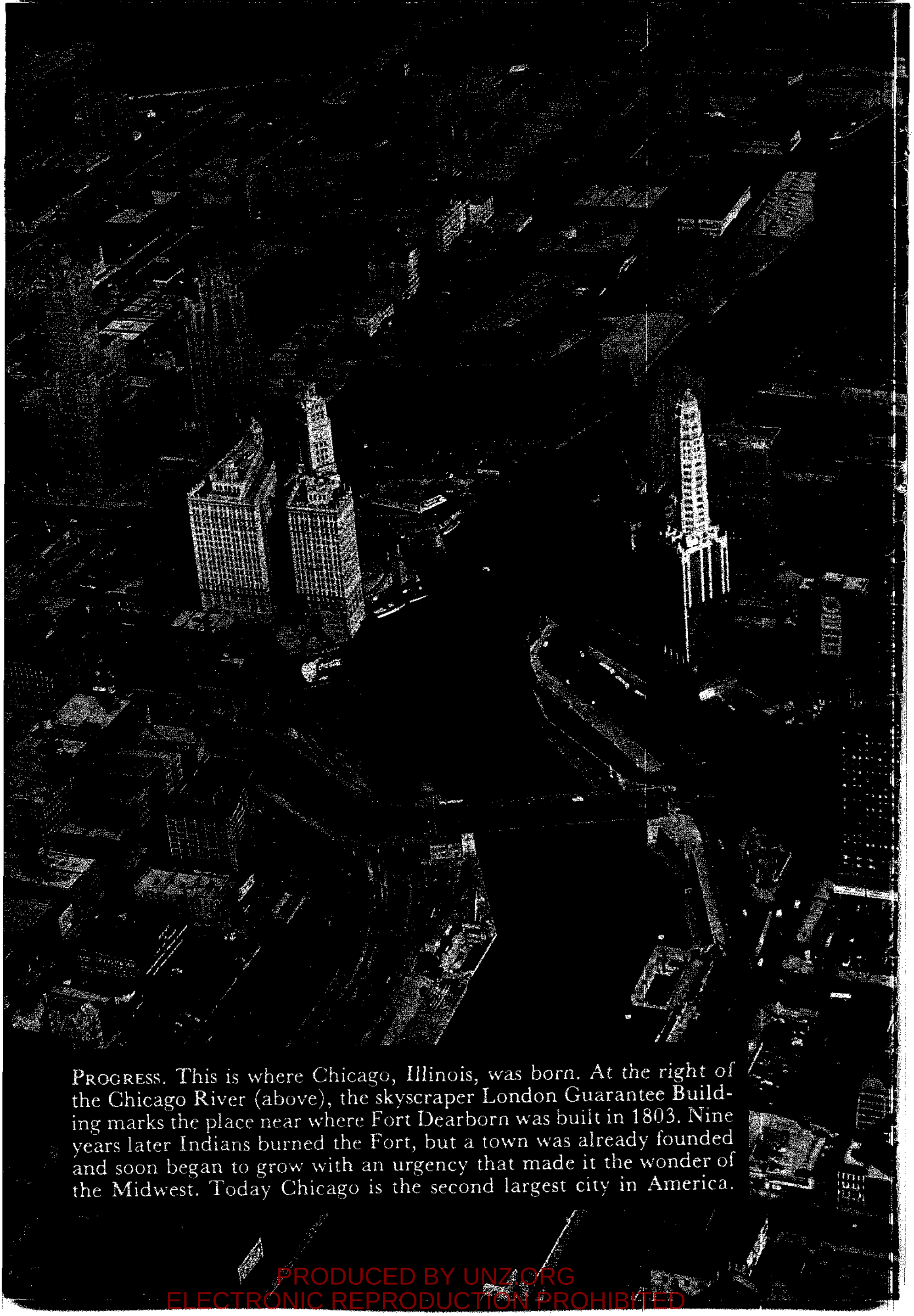
FERRY. In eastern India little is yet known of modern conveniences. Here is a *nauwallah*, or boatman, poling his long, narrow catamaran across the Damodar River. His boat does not carry many passengers, and he earns about four cents a trip, averaging 24 cents in an eight-hour day. In the dry season the river evaporates—and so does his business.



The Best. Some years ago, Arturo Toscanini, the great musical conductor, told the lady in this picture: "Yours is a voice such as one hears once in a hundred years." Since then, music critics all over the world have added unlimited praise to her ability. Today many musical authorities call her the world's greatest contralto singer. But even more than that, she is a magnificent tribute to her people. For this is Marian Anderson—a Negro born in the back streets of Philadelphia.



BIRTHPLACE. In this small Philadelphia house, 171 years ago, Mrs. Betsy Ross, a young widow, sewed our first flag. General George Washington had given her a design for it, but Mrs. Ross had her own ideas and, according to tradition, Congress accepted her flag as the symbol that would forever represent the United States of America.



Progress. This is where Chicago, Illinois, was born. At the right of the Chicago River (above), the skyscraper London Guarantee Building marks the place near where Fort Dearborn was built in 1803. Nine years later Indians burned the Fort, but a town was already founded and soon began to grow with an urgency that made it the wonder of the Midwest. Today Chicago is the second largest city in America.

The Fight for Fresh Air

by NEAL HUNTER

A big new industry is growing out of the efforts of our research scientists to banish unpleasant odors from the very air we breathe.

WE ARE A STRANGE people; we crack the atom and signal the moon, but all our men of science can't explain the miracle which operates a couple of inches back of our nostrils. We still don't know what "smell" is, why some substances smell and others don't, how smell registers on the olfactory organ and how the brain identifies an odor.

But we are in full pursuit of that knowledge. Around the pursuit is growing a big new industry, handling millions of dollars' worth of air cleaners, deodorants, deodorizers and ozone-making equipment. What our smell fanatics are chasing down is the reason for odor, and how to renew and freshen the air we breathe, as nature does.

As a spearhead for research, 35 scientists have banded together under the name of Florida Chemical Research, Inc. This cooperative organization is non-profit; its income, all of which is spent on research, comes from a popular "air freshener" which the experimenters have developed. In New York City the headquarters staff sits among 4,000 bottled odors and the world's biggest bibliography on the subject, investigating the composition of the atmosphere we breathe and its effect on living things.

There are believed to be some 1,000 substances in the layer of air which surrounds the earth. Their effect on our health and comfort is the broad gauge of the research. After we breathe out air, nature in some way restores it to a pure state. Why can't we do the same?

In a day the average man eats and drinks about six pounds of food and water. But he breathes in 32 pounds of air. We have discovered that the six pounds of food and water contain long-unsuspected vitamins and such, but only now have we turned close attention to those 32 pounds of air.

Scientists are rounding up every conceivably related phenomenon in medicine, electricity, chemistry, physics, psychology, biology, even photography. One contacts an electric eel; another patiently studies the vibration habits of mercury; others are busy creating an "odor spectrum" on the theory that since the musical scale is a scale of vibrations, and since light and sound are classified in the same way, why not smells as well?

The scientists traveled thousands of miles up and down the East Coast, analyzing samples of air from the deep South to the pine forests of Nova Scotia. Noting that emanations from green leaves render air more breathable, they found these emanations more effective in proportion as the leaves contained certain substances. Among them was that much-courted favorite of scientists, chlorophyll.

Chlorophyll and sunlight are both necessary agents in that mysterious business called "photosynthesis," the process by which plants turn carbon dioxide and water in the presence of sunlight into carbohydrates. Oxygen is the by-product of this process. After years of work the scientists of Florida Chemical brought out an air-freshening compound of more than 125 chemicals, including chlorophyll. On the royalties from the sale of that chemical, the research is endowed and financed.

The compound has gone to such places as Ringling Brothers' circus, where it fought the classic old animal smell to a standstill. Madison Square Garden in New York uses it to make the circus smell "like the country after a spring rain," as well as to freshen the air at hockey games, prize fights, dog shows and other spectacles.

Not long ago the compound averted labor trouble in a watch factory. The Swiss artisans insisted on using a fish oil which nauseated girls in an adjacent department. The Swiss refused to change oils, the girls could not work, a shutdown impended. Chlorophyll freshener made air and people comfortable again.

ON THE SHELVES OF your grocery you will find other weapons designed for the war on odors. Some replace an unpleasant odor with a stronger, pleasanter one. Some are antiseptic-smelling germicides. Some you spray into the air, some you expose to the air on a cloth.

Quite a different type operates by electricity and creates ozone. You have smelled ozone if you have been close to a sparking electric motor, or around an ultraviolet lamp or X-ray machine. A few people dislike its "fresh and pungent" smell, a few are stimulated by it in spite of the fact that it is toxic. The electric ozonator machines make it by means of a tiny spark, and carefully hold it down below the toxic limit.

One of the largest and oldest distributors of such machines is Electro-Aire Corporation in Long Island City. For more than 40 years it has built big ozonators for industrial use and installed thousands of them in slaughterhouses and warehouses. During the war Electro-Aire installed machines in warships and cargo vessels, but is now concentrating on an ozonator for domestic use. Plug the small gadget into an electric circuit and it sets up a faint buzzing. Almost immediately you smell the "sweetish" ozone.

Suppose you are cooking cabbage, and start the ozonator first. What happens is this: ozone, or O_3, disintegrates into O_2, oxygen, and O, the third atom. This loose fellow wanders in the air till he meets a particle of odor, and immediately commits suicide along with the odor. No one, needless to state, has witnessed this interesting act, but your nose assures you that the cabbage is under control.

Still a third weapon in the fight for fresh air is activated carbon. Despite the impressive name, this is merely carbon in which the cellular structure has been preserved so that it is full of little pores. Air going through these pores is cleansed of odor. As one chemical engineer phrases it, "The particles of odor are larger than the particles of oxygen, and when they pass through the carbon pores together the oxygen squeezes through, but the smell gets stuck to the walls of the pore."

YET FOR ALL WE ARE learning about eliminating odor, we still do not know what it is. Is it a gas, particles of which must touch the olfactory surface of our nose? Is it a kind of wave, like a sound wave or light wave but of a lower order? Does a chemical reaction take place in the olfactory organ?

The human olfactory surface, up behind the nose, is the size of a postage stamp. The olfactory cells are epithelial cells which end in seven or eight tiny hairs. The epithelial cells have pigment, and the darker the pigment the more sensitive the nose.

Dogs have darker pigment than people; and most brunette humans have darker pigment and therefore a sharper sense of smell than blondes. Albinos often have no sense of smell at all. White sheep and white pigs frequently die from eating poison weeds, whereas their black brothers and sisters are warned by the smell.

The scientists of Florida Chemical are piling up evidence that not all smelling is done in or by the olfactory surface. They have identified "sub-olfactory surfaces" all the way from the larynx to the nostrils. Acetate lacquers, for example, affect the larynx and make you cough. And everybody has observed that certain odors sting mildly at the very entrance to the nostrils.

A really keen sniffer has a nose many times as sensitive as a rough, tough average nose. The blind are good at this; the crack smeller with the Florida Research group is blind. Other good smellers can detect disease by their odor, notably acute rheumatism, acute nephritis, typhus, smallpox and advanced diabetes. The scientists are now in pursuit of this fact for practical use in diagnosis. Recently a doctor with a useful nose diagnosed a patient's trouble as typhoid. Other physicians scoffed, but tests proved the diagnostician to be right.

Smell, taste and sight are all closely allied, as we realize when we have a heavy cold. Close your eyes, and your sense of smell is much reduced, if not shut off. Few people, for instance, enjoy smoking in the dark. And as proof that smell is far more sensitive than taste, the person who can't smell—like an albino—can't tell one ice cream from another. All he knows is that he had something cold and sweet to eat.

Certain odors released in a room will blot out ultraviolet rays. What goes on here? Does one vibration cancel out another? Is it a phenomenon in physics? And what is it in the case of the Venus's-flytrap, the flower which gobbles flies and moves its "jaws" if a protein which smells like a fly is held close to it?

All of us have had the startling experience of noticing an odor and instantly recollecting an occasion when we smelled it long ago. No other sense is so closely linked to the memory. There is reason in this. The olfactory nerve, dignified by the title of the First Cranial Nerve, comes closest to the psychic center of the brain. Thus has arisen a standard medical practice in seeking to locate a brain tumor. The patient is asked to smell a number of standard odors; by the one which he cannot smell, the position of the tumor may be charted.

Over the olfactory nerve to the brain a nervous impulse travels—a measurable electric current—at 220 miles an hour. Researchers tie in to this current, throwing it on a screen by means of an oscilloscope to see whether it intensifies in proportion to the strength of an odor.

But by what extraordinary process does the brain, on receiving that impulse, instantly sort out its reactions? The sorting out is wholly beyond our control. The brain says, "Hmm, lilies of the valley," and instantly you recollect a certain day in May many years before. Why?

"Why" is the word which recurs insistently in all this research. Why, to go back to a famous story 2,000 years old, did the Wise Men bring gold, frankincense and myrrh as their finest treasures? Frankincense and myrrh are odors. Why were they so treasured? Because they were associated with religion, even as incense is in churches today? Yes. But again—why?

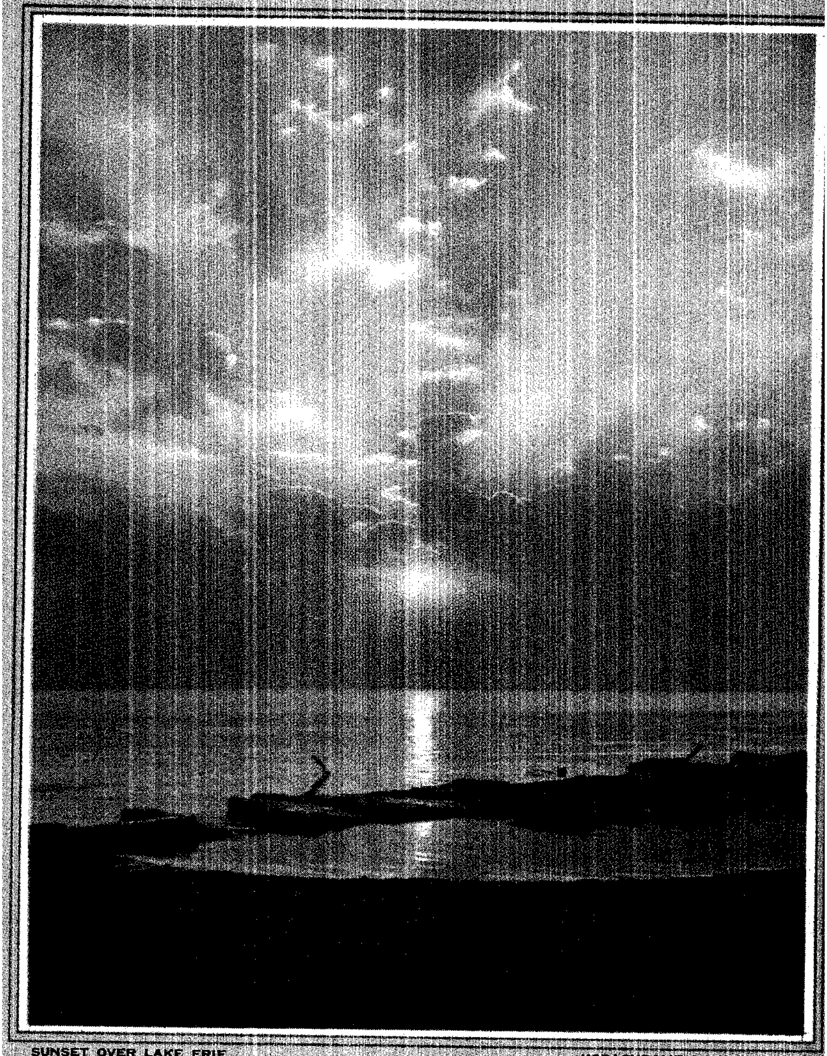
Man will ultimately find the answers to these questions, just as he has to others that have baffled him in the past. Now that science has launched an all-out attack, the solution may lie close at hand. Surely, if we can weigh the distant stars and unlock the secrets of the universe, we can penetrate the veil of smell—the most personal and individual of human mysteries.

A "Purl" of Wisdom

THE CLICK OF THE KNITTING needles, the creak of the rocker and the ticking of the grandfather's clock were all that disturbed the silence of the warm, sunny room. With childish curiosity, little Gloria sat watching the purls and stitches.

"Grandma," she asked, "why do you knit?"

"Oh," replied the old lady, "just for the hell of it." —*Exchange*

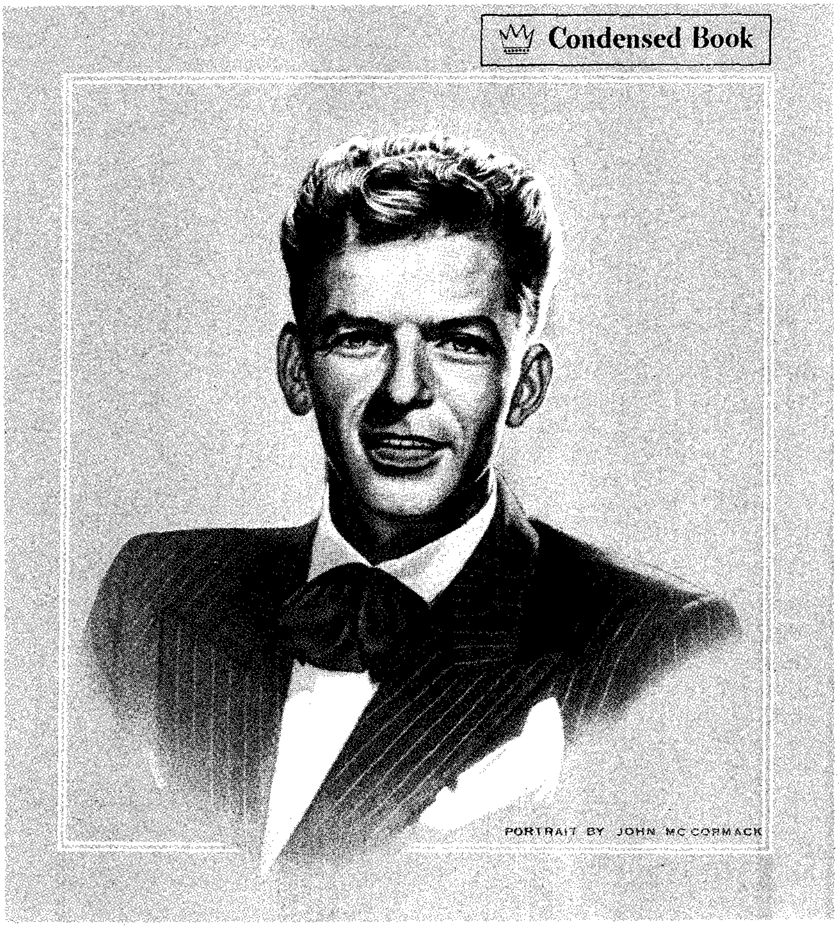


SUNSET OVER LAKE ERIE

KODACHROME BY EVA LUOMA

. . . As I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave t'wards the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.
—THOMAS MOORE

Condensed Book


PORTRAIT BY JOHN MC CORMACK

The Voice

by E. J. KAHN, JR.

FRANCIS ALBERT SINATRA, a young man of 29 who sings popular songs to the satisfaction of several million adolescent girls, is probably the most celebrated living American not listed in the 1946-47 edition of *Who's Who in America*. He has more avowed fans today than any other living entertainer, and not only what he sings but everything he does is of greater concern to them than are the actions of anybody else in the world, including President Truman.

Since Sinatra first became re-

Condensed from the book *The Voice*, published at $2 by Harper and Brothers; copyright 1946 by E. J. Kahn, Jr.
Based on material originally published in *The New Yorker*.

soundingly prominent, four years ago, there have been no indications that he is, as they say on Broadway, slipping. A lady whose unenviable duty it is to paste up his publicity scrapbooks, each one of which, though large, can accommodate only a 30-day accumulation of published items, is now a year-and-a-half behind in her work.

Some people are troubled at the thought that Sinatra could become a permanent institution, and they may get some comfort from the fact that his income has been declining. Last year, it amounted to slightly less than $1,000,000, before taxes, whereas in both 1944 and 1945 he earned nearly $1,500,000. According to Walter Winchell, Sinatra's earnings during 1944 were greater than those of any other individual in the world.

Few idols have burst upon the public consciousness with the fanfare that attended the sudden rise to fame of Frank Sinatra. Here, condensed from a bright and popular new book, is a penetrating analysis of the Sinatra legend. For his fans, *The Voice* is, of course, "must" reading. For those who can take Sinatra or leave him alone, it is a witty and diverting portrait of a man whose every word and action are of enormous concern to a large number of his fellow citizens.

These figures are misleading, however. Sinatra's annual take has diminished principally because he has lately been seeking only part-time employment, having chosen to devote a considerable portion of his energies to speech-making and to entertaining, gratis, on behalf of a number of liberal causes with which he is in articulate sympathy.

However long or short a time he may continue to occupy the perch on which he is now comfortably settled, practically all his fellow citizens will think of his ascent to it as astonishing. Sinatra is one of the few people who honestly disagree. His success does not astonish him in the least. It has always seemed to him the logical reward for his own peculiar talent.

Sinatra is not conceited. He is, however, extraordinarily self-confident. Early in his career, he asked a music critic for an opinion on some records he had just made. The critic replied that they sounded fine. "Don't you think they're *wonderful?*" Sinatra asked in a somewhat hurt tone.

Sinatra usually has the idea that he can do anything he tries better than anyone else has ever done it. Several months ago he walked into the office of Emanuel Sacks, an executive of the Columbia Recording Corporation. Sacks is not only a business associate (Sinatra is one of the company's most important assets) but a crony.

"You know, Manie?" said Sinatra, "I want to conduct."

"You can't even read music," said Sacks truthfully.

But Sinatra can be persuasive, and Columbia soon found itself committed to allowing him to conduct a symphony orchestra in a recording. As the time drew near, Columbia became nervous and discreetly engaged a professional conductor to stand by.

"Well," said Sacks, reconstructing the scene afterwards, "here were all these symphony guys with their goatees and their Stradivarius fiddles and one damn thing after another, and Frank steps up on a platform just like Koussevitzky, and by the time he's through, the musicians are applauding and grabbing him and hugging him.

"I don't know how he did it, but he made the most beautiful records you ever heard."

SINATRA HAS BEEN singing in public for 11 years, during the first few of which he was his *only* fan. As late as 1942, when he was a vocalist with Tommy Dorsey's band, he was still so inconspicuous that he got no more than 100 fan letters a week. Today, he averages 700 or 800 a day.

Sinatra has been most successful as an interpreter of slow, dreamy love songs, or what the trade calls ballads. He records 24 popular songs a year, enabling Columbia to issue one new Sinatra record a month. His records are now selling at the rate of 10,000,000 a year, from which massive output he will derive annual royalties of some $250,000. He earns an additional $200,000 in the movies. He is the star of a weekly radio program, which pays him nearly $500,000. For performing in movie theaters, his present minimum salary is $25,000 a week.

Even before Sinatra's voice became quite so splendid an asset, a talent agency advertised it as "The Voice That Is Thrilling Millions." This sweeping phrase was condensed by a weary journalist to "The Voice," a term the writer applied not merely to Sinatra's voice but to all the rest of him as well. This name, which has resulted in such imitations as The Hat, The Look, The Body and The Shape, has stuck to him ever since.

The Voice's voice is one of the world's most precious uninsured properties. Every now and then, Sinatra and a few business advisers consider inviting Lloyd's of London to issue a policy on it, but they have taken no action, perhaps because they think that Lloyd's appraisal of its worth might not concur with Sinatra's.

He regards his voice as an instrument without equal, and although he tries to be polite about the possessors of other renowned voices, he is apt—if the name of a competitor comes up—to remark, "I can sing that bum off the stage any day of the week!"

The most successful of all contemporary singers, Bing Crosby, began singing with bands in 1922, when Sinatra was four. Since Sinatra has grown up, he has occasionally imitated Crosby; at rehearsals, he sometimes shows up wearing a yachting cap and clutching a pipe, equipment for which Crosby is noted. The two singers, who are casual acquaintances, get along well enough, but their supporters have been known to clash. A 27-year-old lady admirer of Sinatra had to be taken to a hospital after her roommate, a Crosby fan, had stabbed her with an ice-pick during a heated debate.

Many radio stations that rely on recorded music have tried to give variety to their fare by calling any joint recital of Crosby and Sinatra records a Battle of the Baritones or something equally bellicose. Listeners are often asked to indicate which of the contestants they favor. Crosby wins the majority of polls. Sinatra's most noteworthy triumph was beating out Crosby, in one of the larger ones, 571,978 to 533,211.

LIKE MANY OTHER entertainers, Sinatra offstage does not in every detail resemble his onstage self. His youthful audiences, who think of him as one of themselves, are constantly exchanging what they consider significant bits of information about him—such as that he is fond of banana splits, collects lawn furniture and utters five "ha's" when he laughs, the fifth slightly louder than the preceding four.

Sinatra does collect lawn furniture, occasionally eats banana splits, and laughs a good deal, now and then employing only four "ha's," but in general his habits are quite mature. He likes parties and night clubs. He has been known not to refuse a drink. He stays up late at night. He is brash, candid, high-strung and irritable, but when in a benevolent mood can turn on a flow of charm capable of melting the iciest resistance. As a Broadway song plugger recently put it, "There's something about him if he wants to be a nice guy that you could eat him up."

Sinatra's private life is somewhat circumscribed by the fact that, for him, privacy is in a sense unattainable. During the several years he and his wife lived in a six-room house in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, he would occasionally, upon looking out a window, meet the admiring gaze of some young lady looking in.

In 1944, he moved to Hollywood, and the house he owns there is surrounded by a 10-foot brick wall. He doesn't have any official bodyguards now, but he has had them. One of them who had previously trained heavyweight prize fighters remarked, after a tussle with some schoolgirls, that the heavyweights fought cleaner.

New York is the singer's favorite city, and he would like to be able to wander around it freely, but the police have asked him not to linger on its streets because he is a traffic hazard. One night, Sinatra went to a sparsely settled section of Brooklyn to eat a spaghetti dinner at the home of a friend. A small boy saw him enter the house, and before the meal was over 1,000 children had gathered outside.

Another night, also in search of spaghetti, Sinatra and a few pals went to a restaurant in Little Italy. Sinatra, who is of Italian parentage, is the special darling of many Italian-Americans, and as soon as the neighborhood heard of his presence, a commotion involving 3,000 people and 50 policemen developed outside the restaurant. The police forbade Sinatra to leave by the front door. They broke a basement window, hoisted him out into an alley and smuggled him to a taxi parked in the next block.

Sinatra's closest friends are in the main people with whom he does business. He is nearly always accompanied by a retinue of friends and advisers, over whom he rules with the easy grace of a benevolent monarch. One of them is his secretary, a young veteran named Bobby Burns, who was manager of Tommy Dorsey's band before the war, and another is George B. Evans, a Broadway press agent who, since January, 1943, has been handling Sinatra's publicity and other complex affairs.

In Evans' office in New York is a scroll awarded to him by *Billboard* in 1943 for the "Most Effective Promotion of a Single Personality." People familiar with Evans' diligent promotion of Sinatra are inclined to the belief that the press agent thoroughly deserved the testimonial.

Most of Sinatra's friends, and some people with whom he is barely acquainted, have received expensive presents from him. The record shows that in the past four years he has distributed 300 gold cigarette lighters at $150 apiece—$45,000 worth of lighters.

Sinatra inscribes most of these, using "Frankie"—the name his fans have chosen—when he is really fond of a recipient, and "Frank" when he is giving a routine present. Now and then, he sends a gold money clip to a headwaiter.

He is equally generous toward himself. He glitters with gold accessories and has a huge collection of clothes to go with them. His wardrobe contains 50 suits, 25 sport coats, 100 pairs of slacks and 60 pairs of shoes. This is not entirely luxury, for the wear and tear on his clothes is abnormal. Young women find it diverting to try to separate him from his apparel, and often succeed to the extent of pulling off buttons, lapels and sleeves.

Members of Sinatra's entourage have suffered, along with their front man, at the hands of collectors of old Sinatra clothing; one group of deft girls who wanted an unusual souvenir once enveloped a bodyguard of Sinatra's and made off with the brim of his hat.

Sinatra is one of the country's notable bow-tie wearers, and a type he invented a couple of years ago is now one of his trade-marks. He commissioned the custom-tie department of A. Sulka & Co. to make an experimental model, from his own design, and Sulka bravely complied. Sinatra now owns several hundred, all of the same peculiar droopy cut, with ends that hang down like a spaniel's ears, and he orders a few more from Sulka whenever he is in town.

UNTIL A COUPLE OF YEARS ago, Sinatra confined himself to singing in his public appearances, but lately he has been adapting his voice to other uses. Last summer, without even background music, he lectured for 15 minutes over a coast-to-coast radio network on the Paris Peace Conference, veterans' rights, the Congress, President Roosevelt, President Lincoln, truth, and Lee Hats, sponsors of his talk. It was an excellent speech, but undoubtedly thousands of young listeners were sorry that he did not liven it up by singing at least a few bars of some popular ballad.

The fact that he has become an outspoken liberal has irritated many non-liberals and has confused a few liberals. Some people who overhear him quoting Thomas Paine are inclined to view this recitation with dismay. Sinatra is quite candid about his stature as a commentator.

"I am not a heavy thinker," he says.

"It is like this," one liberal said recently, trying to clarify Sinatra's position. "Frankie's not very conscious, but instinctively he's on our side of the fence."

Sinatra is so belligerent that the squared shoulders of his coats sometimes seem to be built up largely with chips. He has threatened various citizens with violence, among them a patron of the Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgwood Room who made a loud and disparaging comment while he was singing there. Sinatra asked the owner of the disrupting voice to identify himself and, when the fellow failed to do so, invited him to drop around after the performance so they could pursue the matter further.

He has laid punitive hands upon a musician whose unfriendly attitude toward autograph seekers he disapproved of, a counterman down South who would not serve a cup of coffee to a Negro in Sinatra's party, and a fellow who swore at Sinatra when he objected to the man's needlessly obstructing his view of a night-club floor show.

Sinatra's spindly physique is deceptive, and a great many jokes have been made about what happens to him in a strong wind, and so on. "He's only a squeaker in a jam tin," an Australian girl said knowingly in 1944. "I looked at a picture of him and he won't live five years."

When a columnist in this country intimated that Sinatra was in such tottering health that he hired a flunky to feed him two invigorating pills a day, George Evans angrily pointed out, in a letter to the newspaperman, that Sinatra was "138 pounds of solid, healthy guy who eats five good meals a day." But not even this staggering quota of meals has any effect on his weight or his emaciated appearance.

One of the many psychologists who have attempted to define his charm concluded that it boiled down to "one of the elemental instincts of womankind—the urge to feed the hungry." Sinatra's associates become alarmed when they contemplate the possibility of his appearing outwardly to have eaten as many as three meals a day.

When Sinatra arrived in New York on a flight from Europe in 1945, he stepped off the plane wearing an ample trench coat under which he was carrying some souvenirs that soldiers had given him abroad. Evans watched him debark. "My God, look at Frankie," he moaned. "He's put on so much weight we're ruined!"

Actually, Sinatra has a 29-inch waistline and is five feet ten and a half inches tall. He has an attractive, bony, expressive face; his hair, now thinning on top, is black; his eyes are blue, and his ears protrude a little. He has even white teeth, which were capped when he went into the movies.

Sinatra can be as impetuous with his voice as with his fists. For the past year or so, he has been outspoken mainly about racial and religious intolerance. He has lectured to a variety of audiences, including the student bodies of quite a few schools. Some people have muttered that the project is simply a publicity stunt. But Sinatra is an Italian and a Catholic; he has had a thorough schooling in intolerance and is well qualified to talk about it.

Sinatra, an ambitious young man, is constantly expanding the scope of his interests. He is thinking about putting up a Hollywood Square Garden (bigger than its Madison Square counterpart), a hotel at Las Vegas and an office building in Beverly Hills. He has an interest in a race track near Atlantic City, in a band led by Buddy Rich, a drummer whom he once punched in the nose when they were both working for Dorsey, and has recently launched a music-publishing company to be called Sinatra Songs, Inc.

The contemporary Sinatra, with his fingers in so many rich pies, is a disturbing figure to some old acquaintances. "When he makes a statement nowadays," one has said, "he thinks it ought to go right into the *Congressional Record.*"

None of his friends has the faintest idea where he will end up. "He might degenerate into being just another crooner, like Crosby," one of them speculated not long ago. Sinatra himself is beguiled with the notion of becoming a publisher of a crusading liberal newspaper. "I want to try to even up the score somewhat," he said belligerently several months ago.

ACCORDING TO EVANS, there are 40,000,000 Sinatra fans in the U.S. His calculations may be imprecise, but there are unquestionably millions of fans, mostly young women in their middle teens. Few, however, seem to have designs on Sinatra. Of the 5,000 letters they send him every week, not many are as amorous as one he received from a young lady who wrote, on stationery smeared with lipstick, "I love you so bad it hurts. Do you think I should see a doctor?"

Sinatra's fans, an unselfish lot, have always considered it one of his lovable assets that he married his childhood sweetheart, Nancy Barbato. They have been married seven years, and have a six-year-old daughter, Nancy-Sandra, and a three-year-old son, Franklin Wayne. Mrs. Sinatra and the children have, among them, received as many as 2,000 fan letters in a week, and some admirers have professed to be nearly as fond of them as they are of the man of the house.

Sinatra's female fans, generally described by a reference to their socks, or sox, seem to regard Mrs. Sinatra as a cross between a godmother and an older sister. Whenever one of the Sinatra children has a birthday, enough presents pour in to equip an orphanage. Two years ago, some friends of Sinatra composed a song about his daughter, entitled *Nancy with the Laughing Face.* Sinatra recorded it, and though practically no other ranking vocalist plugged the song, more than 1,000,000 copies of the record have been sold.

Most of his fans are plain, lonely girls from lower-middle-class homes. They are dazzled by the life Sinatra leads and wish that they could share in it. They insist that they love him, but they do not use the verb in its ordinary sense. As they apply it to him, it is synonymous with "worship" or "idealize."

In Detroit last summer a radio

station conducted a "Why I Like Frank Sinatra" contest. Among the 1,500 essays submitted was one that read: "I think he is one of the greatest things that ever happened to Teen Age America. We were the kids that never got much attention, but he's made us feel like we're something. He has given us understanding. Most adults think we don't need any consideration. We're really human and Frank realizes that. He gives us sincerity in return for our faithfulness."

Sinatra is skilled at giving each of his listeners the impression that she is the particular inspiration of the sentiments he is proclaiming. While singing to an audience, he rarely gazes into space. Instead he stares with shattering intensity into the eyes of one trembling disciple after another. Though his fans usually greet his appearance with loud acclaim, Sinatra remains unperturbed. Never was a man more attuned to the discord of his accompaniment.

His fans seemingly will do almost anything he tells them to, and it is fortunate for the rest of the population that he does not have a hankering for, say, arson. Their obedience falters only when he asks them to keep quiet, as he usually does just before a broadcast.

"It's like trying to tell the tide not to come in," the producer of his program has said.

Sinatra fans have a party line, like Communists. Lately they have been preaching self-control. It was once policy to make as much noise as possible, but the older hands now profess to disapprove of squealing unless Frankie does something so wonderful that you can't help yourself. They insist that they do not really scream but merely murmur "Ooh" or "Aah," but to the unaccustomed ear the bleat of many lambs can sound as harsh as a lion's roar.

Sinatra fans express their devotion to him in odd ways. They sign letters "Frankly yours" or "Sinatrally yours," and they begin postscripts not with "P.S." but with "F.S." They try, as nearly as is feasible for young women, to dress as he does. Once, after he absentmindedly appeared in public with his coat sleeves rolled up, thousands of other coat sleeves were tortured out of shape.

The fans pin club buttons not only over their hearts but also on their socks, and they inscribe his name on sweaters and coats. One of them painstakingly inked the titles of 200 Sinatra songs on the back of a beer jacket. Another braided her hair and tied one braid with a ribbon labeled "Frankie" and the other with one labeled "Sinatra."

A girl whose arm he had accidentally brushed while trying to escape from a pack of fans wore a bandage over the spot for two weeks, to prevent anybody else from brushing against it. Another became the envy of her gang when, after Sinatra had checked out of a hotel room, she got into it before the maids did and escaped with a precious cigarette butt and a half-used packet of matches, both of which she assumed her idol had touched. After he had left a restaurant, an equally lucky girl got to his table just ahead of the bus boy and managed, hurriedly, to polish off a dish of cornflakes her idol had unquestionably touched.

Nowhere are Sinatra's fans more exuberant than in New York, and nowhere in New York is their exuberance more spirited than at the Paramount Theater, where in the past four years the singer has made four appearances, covering 18 weeks in all. The Paramount is the shrine of their disorder. "No holds are barred there," a Sinatra fan said cheerfully a few months ago. "That's the home of the swoon."

Sinatra has broken the house records almost everywhere he has appeared, but not at the Paramount, for when he is there many of his fans literally consider the theater their home and spend the day in it, occupying a seat through half a dozen shows for the price of one ticket.

A girl who sat through 55 stage and screen shows in the three weeks of Sinatra's last tour of duty at the Paramount, quivers with remorse when she recalls that during his first engagement there she left after one performance. She points out that she was only 12 years old then, but she says, "I die every time I think of it."

The management of the theater has resorted to various devices in an attempt to clear the house. It has, for instance, required young patrons who bring box lunches to check them in the lobby. This rule is difficult to enforce. Many fans hide sandwiches, candy bars and other emergency rations in their purses.

The theater tries to book inferior movies to complement Sinatra, hoping that recurrent flashes of mediocrity on the screen will discourage fans from waiting around for the next stage show, but the faithful fans either take naps or turn their backs to the screen and chat during the picture.

Ever since the Sinatra tide began to swell, some people have blamed the whole business on press-agentry. Evans has frequently offered to donate $1,000 to the favorite charity of anyone who could prove that "a kid was given a ticket, a pass, a gift, or a gratuity of any kind at all to go in and screech." Recently Evans has raised the stake to $5,000. He does not maintain, though, that Sinatra's acclaim has always been entirely spontaneous.

"Certain things were done, of course," he says mysteriously. "But it would be as wrong for me to divulge them as it would be for a doctor to discuss his work."

THE WORD "SWOON," now inseparably attached to Sinatra, was tied to him in an imaginative item that two press agents for the Riobamba, a New York night club in which he toiled in 1943, persuaded a gossip columnist to publish. Its import was that women were swooning and otherwise acting up all over the joint. When, a couple of weeks after Sinatra opened there, a woman customer leaped to her feet without being prodded, while he was singing, and embraced him, all the press agents in the room were dumbfounded.

One of the few actual cases of coma induced by Sinatra's singing turned out to be simply the result of malnutrition; a young lady had been waiting in line outside a theater all night and then had sat through seven shows without nourishment. Many other girls, however, have obligingly lost consciousness to accommodate photographers.

Of the 5,000 fan letters Sinatra receives a week, most are either requests for photographs, renditions of certain songs, buttons off his suits, or else run-of-the-mill expressions of admiration. There are, in addition, a few crackpot notes and a quantity of appeals for information, advice or comfort.

A surprisingly large number of young people think Sinatra is omniscient and thus qualified to answer such questions as "What does a girl do whose world seems to have come to an end?" or, as a 14-year-old boy put his problem, "Do you think a fellow should talk to his best girl about sex?"

Most of Sinatra's fans are insatiable for information about him and find that the sustenance provided by movie magazines—articles with titles like "That Old Sinatra Magic," "Sweet Sin-atra," and "Sinatra—Prophet of Peace?"—is, like chop suey, filling enough but of little nutritive value. Their fan-club publications, mostly mimeographed affairs, provide more nourishment. Nearly every issue contains sentimental poems and an account of a dream in which the author met the singer. The text is usually laced with the slang Sinatra uses. Two recurrent words are "fave" and "natch" for, respectively, "favorite" and "naturally."

The fans' fave adjectives are "cute," "sweet" and "smooth," most frequently employed in modification of Sinatra. The fave utility word is "hey," which Sinatra occasionally uses, as if it were a period, to end his sentences. "If you're old enough to smoke, try an Old Gold hey," the fans tell each other, or "Now please send in your dues hey." The word has even been incorporated into one of the most popular Sinatra cheers, which goes "H and a U and B,B,A; Hubba, Hubba, Frankie Hey."

A conscientious Sinatra fan carries at least half a dozen snapshots of him in her purse and is always ready to trade with other Sinatra fans. Fans who can afford cameras take shots of Sinatra whenever he comes within range. (He carries a camera, too—a miniature the size of a cigarette lighter—but he never photographs fans.) Often, in their eagerness, they make the mistake of photographing someone who looks like him, but they usually manage to trade the resulting pictures off in a dim light.

The most loyal of his fans are those who follow him about whatever city he happens to be in. They usually run in packs of about ten. Lots of these girls, who have been fans of his for two or three years, are now 16 or 17. They consider it poor taste to pester him for autographs, and they rarely try to converse with him, being content merely to stare. They insist that there are two kinds of Sinatra admirers—themselves, who are the true fans, and a younger, noisier element, who do not trouble to pursue him but simply gather outside stage doors or restaurant entrances and howl for his or any other celebrity's autograph. The "fans" refer to this rowdy faction as "fiends."

A man who was confused by this

distinction once asked Sinatra if he understood the difference between a fan and a fiend. "Certainly," he said. "The kids who hang around stage doors and ask for an occasional autograph—they're fans. But the ones who follow me all over the place—they're fiends."

Whatever they are, the roving admirers work extraordinarily hard at their singular hobby. "You know," one of them reflected after she had bruised her knee and lost a silver-plated barrette in a scuffle involving many fiendish fans, "you have to like someone an awful lot to go through what we go through."

SINATRA IS A NATIVE of Hoboken, New Jersey. In public statements he likes to describe himself as "just a kid from Hoboken" and to imply that if a poor boy from a place like Hoboken can do as well as he has done, this is indeed a land of hope and promise. The story-book quality of his life is probably the basis of much of the appeal he has for young citizens who have never known anything even approximating success or prosperity.

Sinatra, an only child, was born on December 12, 1917, to Martin and Natalie Sinatra, who were born in Italy. In his younger days, Martin Sinatra was a boilermaker, but he abandoned boilermaking for the somewhat less strenuous routine of the Hoboken Fire Department, in which he is now a captain. Mrs. Sinatra has spent a good part of her life keeping house for her family, but lately she has been passing her winters in Florida, as befits any mother of so eminent a son.

Sinatra had a public-school education in Hoboken, but even in his teens he had a single-minded determination to become a successful singer. He enjoyed certain social activities, such as high-school proms and neighborhood weddings, but only because they afforded him an opportunity to sing to an audience, even if sometimes an inattentive one.

In 1936, shortly after his 18th birthday, he went to a Jersey City theater to hear Bing Crosby and decided, with characteristic self-confidence, that if Crosby could make a go of singing, he could too. Without bothering to inform Crosby, he forthwith began singing in amateur contests and with pick-up bands that were then prowling New Jersey, snaffling a small job here and a smaller one there.

Sinatra became a full-time professional soloist at 20, when he got a job at the Rustic Cabin, a roadhouse outside Hoboken, at a weekly wage of $15. He remained there a year and a half, during which time he received his only formal instruction in singing from a man who specialized in voice exercises to strengthen the muscles of the throat.

Sinatra, his throat muscles now bulging, got a $10 raise in February, 1939, and celebrated by getting married. Faced with new responsibilities, he looked for new opportunities. He wangled introductions to officials of three radio stations in the New York area and offered to sing over the air without charge. All three took him up, and he was soon singing 18 times a week—at dawn, at noon, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, as well as at the roadhouse later on.

by E. J. Kahn, Jr.

His first break came in June, 1939, when Harry James, the trumpeter, who had left Benny Goodman's band to form one of his own, began casting around for a vocalist and hooked Sinatra. James had not then attained any great renown, and in the six months that Sinatra was with him neither created much of a stir.

Then Tommy Dorsey asked Sinatra to join his band. Sinatra, who was in Chicago when the call came, hurried to the theater in Milwaukee where Dorsey was playing. The singer nervously went through a couple of numbers for the audience, and was received with considerable enthusiasm.

"The guy actually looked into a mirror and pinched himself," a member of Dorsey's band recalls. It is one of the few times Sinatra has been astonished by approval.

Dorsey taught him some useful tricks, such as how to handle teenage music lovers, and introduced him to branches of the entertainment world with which he was largely unfamiliar. Sinatra was briefly visible in a couple of movie sequences with the Dorsey band, he was frequently heard on network radio programs, he took bows from the stages of some big motion picture theaters and, through Dorsey's records, he became a permanent inmate of the nation's juke boxes.

His salary went from $75 a week to $250. But he never saved much, being seized even then by the extravagant impulses that still grip him. He was constantly picking up restaurant checks, and he insisted on staying at high-priced hotels.

He amazed his companions most of all by his immaculateness. Bandsmen become conditioned by one-night stands to an acceptance of small amounts of dirt; Sinatra was sensationally fastidious.

"He used to change his shirt every day," one of his colleagues has said. "Sometimes he took two or three baths a day, and he was always washing his hands. Also, damned if he'd eat from a dirty plate!"

Sinatra left Dorsey in the summer of 1942. Shortly thereafter, he signed a recording contract with Columbia and the Columbia Broadcasting System began to use him on some sustaining programs. Also, he got a booking at the Mosque Theater in Newark, where he was practically a home-town boy and where he made extremely good. He was heard there by the manager of the New York Paramount, who engaged him as an extra added attraction on a bill headed by Benny Goodman's orchestra.

Sinatra was held at the Paramount for eight weeks. Just after his debut there, he took on George Evans, who went to work on Sinatra with considerable *esprit*. He also went to work on American womanhood, a junior segment of which soon became convinced that ordinary applause was no longer an adequate expression of approval for a performer.

Today, Sinatra's health and patience are remarkable for a man whose disciples often come close to trampling him to death, and during some engagements he has sung as many as 480 heart-wringing ballads in a single week.

While doing an evening's stint

at a night club, Sinatra sometimes performs for a whole hour by himself—except, that is, for a supporting band of 20 or so pieces. During such a stretch, he does as many as 20 consecutive numbers, which is a lot of singing for a bit of after-theater divertissement.

In addition to the standard ballads that comprise the bulk of every crooner's repertoire, Sinatra has taken to featuring his version of a somewhat more ambitious work—usually either *Ol' Man River*, the *Soliloquy* from *Carousel*, or *Bess, Where's My Bess?* from *Porgy and Bess*. When he doesn't sing *Ol' Man River*, he is apt to present a parody of it entitled *Ol' Man Crosby*, the internecine lyrics of which many Sinatra fans know better than they do those of the original.

Sinatra has been the star of one and sometimes two weekly network radio programs for four years. His first sponsored show was the Lucky Strike *Hit Parade*, on which he started in February, 1943. *The Hit Parade* antedated Sinatra by many years and, before his time, had always regarded its vocalists as incidental to brash and brassy bands. With the arrival of Sinatra, the emphasis shifted to the singer.

The tradition of musical liveliness was maintained to such an extent, however, that once, entangled in the wordy lyrics of *Don't Fence Me In*, Sinatra found himself unable to keep up with his accompaniment, stopped in mid-song and muttered, to several million surprised listeners, "This song has too many words."

In any circumstances Sinatra has trouble committing to memory all the songs he sings. Many singers would rather lose their front teeth than be caught glancing at the words of a song while singing it. Sinatra has no compunctions, and rather than memorize dozens of lyrics, carries them in his pocket and consults his notes while performing.

Now and then he varies this nonchalant procedure by interrupting himself, when searching for a lost line, and asking the audience to help with the errant phrase.

TODAY, SINATRA'S fans are well organized; whenever he flies from, say, Chicago to New York, some key fan on the East Coast is almost certain to get a telegram from some key fan in Illinois, giving his flight number and time of arrival. His fans find him fairly easy to pursue, since he is a man of regular and limited habits.

In New York, he checks in at the Waldorf and rarely strays south of Fortieth Street or north of Sixtieth. He usually eats out — at Toots Shor's, the Stork Club, or one of a number of midtown Italian places.

Most of his fans have to attend school or work during the daytime. Accordingly, except for vacations, week ends and holidays, they follow him mainly between 7 and 11 at night; many of the girls quit at 11 because they know that Sinatra disapproves of their staying up as late as he does.

Sinatra usually goes out to dinner at 7:30, so at 7 the girls deploy themselves around the Waldorf, close to whichever of its 12 exits their intuition tells them he is likely to use. When he emerges and hops into one of the limousines he engages while in town, any girls who are lucky enough to be near a vacant taxi swarm into it and take off after him. Others light out on foot, but they lose track of his car after a block or so. Then, breathing heavily, they try to guess where he is eating or—since he generally goes to the theater after dinner—which of the shows is on his agenda.

Some of Sinatra's pursuers may go two or three days without seeing him; on the other hand, certain fans have been known to get as many as four separate glimpses of him in a day. While waiting around for him, they may catch sight of other celebrities, but an all-out Sinatra fan will have little to do with run-of-the-mill notables. "We only say hello to them if we know they're friends of Frank's," one girl has said.

Sinatra bears up remarkably well under it all. A man who had dinner with him at Toots Shor's not long ago, before he was to take off by plane for California, noticed that he was a good deal calmer than were his secretary, his press agent, his recording adviser, his real-estate adviser and one or two other associates at his table.

When Sinatra got up to leave, Evans signaled to the doorman. The doorman beckoned to the driver of Sinatra's car, who maneuvered it into position for a getaway. At this hint of impending action, 25 fans scrambled onto the hoods and running boards of any convenient car, including Sinatra's, and another 25 pressed into a mass before the entrance.

At another signal from Evans, Sinatra's retinue emerged from the door in a flying wedge, the doorman tugged open the door of the car, and the singer darted toward its glittering security. A nimble girl, outflanking all protective formations, pressed into his hand a white carnation which he accepted without breaking stride.

Then, taking a last look around to make sure none of his flock had been swallowed up, Evans churned through the crowd like an egg beater and jumped into the car. With the help of Shor, who used to be a bouncer, the doorman got the door closed, and the car crawled off, fans tumbling from the fenders.

The girl who had given Sinatra the carnation said, "Now I gotta get to Western Union, quick," and scurried down the street. She sent off a wire to an official of a California fan club, saying that Frankie was on his way.

Scornet

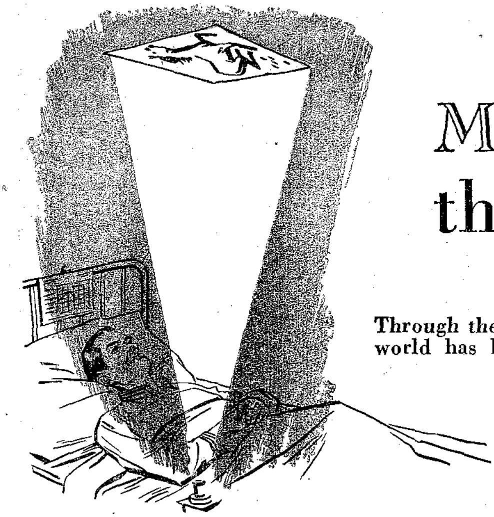
A YOUNG MAN whose chief asset was plenty of gall crashed a large party attended by the cream of Chicago society. When the guests were leaving, he edged into line to pay his respects to the hostess.

"Good-bye," he said. "It's been a wonderful party."

"So glad you enjoyed it," she responded cordially. "Remind me to ask you next time."

—EARL MERCER

by CAROL HUGHES



MAGIC on the Ceiling

Through the miracle of Projected Books, a new world has been created to cheer the helpless

A MAN APPEARED recently at the desk of the Detroit Public Library, holding a slip of paper signed by his family physician. "I would like a book projector for my wife," he said. "She wants to read *The Valley of Decision* and three other popular books."

Kurtz Meyers, head of the library's audio-visual department, picked up a small gray machine and four tiny rolls of film, and handed them to the visitor.

"Here you are, Mr. Oaks," he said. "A man will be out to set up the machine for you."

Oaks walked away with a $122.50 machine and $5 worth of films, after merely signing his name on a card and giving his wife's doctor as a reference. Then the library called a Detroit service organization. An hour later, Jack Gilliland, president of the Lions Club, appeared at the Oaks home, where Mrs. Karen Oaks was lying in an iron lung. Gilliland set up the projector and placed a small panel with three buttons under her hand. She pressed a red button, and on the ceiling flashed the first page of *The Valley of Decision*. As tears of joy came into her eyes, her husband fled the room, choked with emotion.

"That's the first thing I have been able to do for myself in three years," she said. "Now no one will have to turn the pages of my book."

This miracle of projected books for the helpless has recently been made available to any shut-in in Detroit and Ann Arbor, Michigan. The Detroit Library has 20 machines and expects 50 more within a few months. It also has a list of more than 200 books, ranging from the newest best-sellers to comic magazines, all microfilmed and available free of charge to any handicapped person who cannot hold a book without fatigue. Says

Librarian Meyers: "Detroit has proved that this service can be performed in any city, anywhere, if newspapers, community organizations and civic-minded people will look forward to the day when every library in America will offer this 'lifesaver' to the helpless."

Back in 1945, when the idea of projected reading became a reality, Coronet established a fund to inaugurate the service in veterans' hospitals throughout the U.S. Dimes and dollars poured in from Coronet readers—from the Park Avenue matron, the GI in Japan, the businessman in Denver, the nurse in Iowa.

By last April 11, a total of $76,588.71 had been contributed to the Coronet fund, and projectors were on their way to bedridden men who for months had been staring at blank ceilings.

As the projectors increased in number so did the letters — the grateful letters from all parts of the U.S. that told what these little machines meant to men who thought the world had been lost to them. Now their hospital ceilings had become a gay and happy stage where, with a nod of the head, a flick of the hand, the wriggle of a toe, they could laugh with Benchley, roam the Arctic, thrill to crime stories, or study a variety of educational subjects.

Wrote the commanding officer at one Army general hospital: "This amazing device not only diverts and amuses—it is a morale builder in an institution where high morale is vital to the rehabilitation of disabled soldiers. The six projectors we now have are in constant demand. I wish we had 50."

It was such experiences that gave Detroit the idea: why not make projectors available to *all* who needed them? A group of Detroit businessmen, members of civic clubs, met with Eugene Power, president of Projected Books, Inc., and John Bradfield of Argus, Inc., manufacturer of the machine. Together they decided that Detroit should set an example for other cities.

When the library was approached, Ralph A. Ulveling, chief librarian, enthusiastically agreed to handle the projectors, but said his office could not supply instructors to teach patients the proper use of the machines.

The Lions Club promptly voted to act as a service organization. Meantime the Kiwanis, Rotary, and other civic groups set out to raise funds for machines. Local newspapers joined the campaign, and within three weeks ten projectors had been placed in the library, while others had been donated for permanent use in Detroit children's hospitals.

When Gilliland, Power and Bradfield took a machine to the home of William Bowman, they found him lying in bed, paralyzed from the neck down. For 25 years he had been confined to that bed, staring listlessly at the ceiling.

His quiet, graying mother could not leave him alone day or night. "I used to read to him," she said, "and he loved it, but now my eyes are getting dim."

They set up the machine and placed the little panel under his chin. He nodded his head, and on the ceiling flashed Milton Caniff's *Male Call.* Jack Gilliland says: "His face brightened as though a beam of sunlight had suddenly passed through the room."

The total number of shut-ins in America is startling. When the U.S. Public Health Service made a survey based on 1940 census figures, it found that "341,000 persons are afflicted with incapacitating impairments." Now that the veterans have come home, there are many more thousands in need of mental recreation. These are the men, women and children doomed to sit in wheelchairs, or lie on their backs, dependent on others to hold books. Archibald MacLeish, an advisory trustee of Projected Books, says: "Projected reading is as vital to the immobilized as Braille is to the blind."

The story behind the projector is a heart-warming one. The idea for the machine was born in the mind of Eugene Power, who had once spent several weeks in a hospital with his leg in a cast. During the early years of the war, when he began to think of the thousands of wounded servicemen who would be coming home, he recalled his own hospital stay. After reading the microfilmed V-letters sent during the war, he wondered if the same principle could not be used to project books on a ceiling.

For days he worked on the idea. He began to haunt small machine shops, explaining his problem to engineers. Finally in desperation he put a haphazard model together and took it to young Robert D. Howse, president of Argus, Inc., manufacturers of cameras and optical instruments in Ann Arbor. Quickly, Howse said his concern would do the job—if it could be done at all.

Now it happens that Argus has a profit-sharing plan for employees. To ask them to design a machine that might take years of experiment and never show a profit was something that worried Howse. But when he presented the problem to his seven young engineers, there was not a dissenting vote; the project was assigned to a brilliant 29-year-old Dutch engineer, Jan A. Van den Broek.

Van den Broek soon discovered that the job was not simple. After eight months of night-and-day work, he found that he had expended thousands of dollars in company funds and still had no model.

"If I had not known what the machine meant to the people who were going to use it," he says today, "I would have thrown the whole thing out the window."

Such a projector had never been made; there were no standards to follow, no known parts to assemble. It was strictly trial and error, yet after two years of heartbreaking work the projector became a reality. Says Van den Broek:

"The first time I saw the model set up and a helpless veteran using it, I knew that I would have spent ten years to make such a machine for that one man."

ONCE THE MACHINE was in production, Power and Howse established Projected Books, Inc., a non-profit organization to facilitate the installation of projectors and microfilmed books in hospitals throughout the nation. A board of 20 trustees was set up, including Mrs. Walter Lippmann, National Director of the Red Cross Nurses' Aides; Michael E. Debakey, representative of the U.S. Surgeon General's Office; Bennett Cerf, publisher; Mrs. Archibald MacLeish; Luther H. Evans, Librarian of Congress, and Representative Frances P. Bolton of Ohio.

In the last two years, projected reading has brought joy and comfort to thousands. Now the service is being extended through the cooperation of public libraries.

One city nurse likes to tell about Joe, a paralysis victim who had been lying in the hospital for two years. He had no desire to live, seldom spoke, showed no interest in anything. Nurses and doctors agreed that without a will to live Joe could not survive.

One day he was given a projector and asked if he would like to read.

"Me read?" Joe replied. "With what?"

They placed the panel under his chin and asked him to touch it. He did, and for the rest of the day Joe read steadily, hour after hour. The nurse, coming through the ward at 3 A.M., found Joe still reading. Quietly she asked him if he didn't think he had had enough for one day.

"He told me in no uncertain terms that he was reading on his own and for me to leave him alone," the nurse recalls. "It was wonderful to see his fighting spirit coming back. With that, he can accomplish wonders."

The little gray machine has accomplished similar wonders for hundreds of others. Dr. Frederick A. Coller, chief of surgery at the University of Michigan Hospital, points to another great value in ceiling reading. "The helpless not only can amuse themselves but they can actually continue their education while lying in bed."

Similar enthusiasm is voiced by Miss Frances Hannum, head of the Ann Arbor Public Library. "I see this as a great educational program for the hundreds of children stricken each year by infantile paralysis," she says. "After the educational board has outlined a course, there will be no problem of getting the child to study. It will be fun."

Such a move is already under way in Detroit, where Mrs. Genevieve Magnuson, teacher at Sigma Gamma Hospital school for children, says: "When we were presented with our projector, one of our first questions concerned available textbooks. Later the club committee said our suggestion had been relayed to national headquarters, and that a board was being formed to select standard textbooks for projectors in children's hospitals throughout the country."

ORGANIZATIONS COOPERATING with Projected Books now include almost every nationally known social and welfare agency. The Red Cross, American Legion, National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, B'nai B'rith, Business and Professional Women's Clubs, the Lions, Elks, and dozens of other organizations are lending active support. To them come heartfelt thanks from projector users, such as this mother of five children:

"If you have a helpless child in the home, dependent on its mother to do everything, the strain becomes almost unbearable. Yet the child feels sorry for itself if left alone. My 12-year-old infantile paralysis victim now spends six hours a day with her ceiling reading and, knowing she is happy, I get my work done and have some time for the other children."

It is people like Sgt. Morris M. Vorenberg who have helped to make the program a success. Vorenberg, one of the first contributors to the Coronet Fund for Projected Reading, sent three pesos from his hospital bed in the Philippines. He had never seen a machine in action, but he could visualize what it would mean to helpless veterans.

Soon afterwards, Sergeant Vorenberg sent another check. His letter said: "Since my last contribution, I've had an opportunity to see the projector 'in action'. It was being used by a fellow with a broken back who had been in bed for months. He told me that until the machine came, his sole occupation during the long hours of the day was trying to keep awake so he could sleep at night."

Such letters bring a warmth of pleasure to tireless Eugene Power, now president of University Microfilms at Ann Arbor. "Any community can do what Detroit and Ann Arbor have done," he says. "And those of us who have seen projected reading create in patients a miraculous will to live, stand ready to do all we can to help get community programs started. Some day, with the aid of our supporters, our magic window will spread to the ceilings of all who need it."

The Need of the Bedridden Is Great

DISABLED VETERANS in scores of Army and Navy hospitals have found a new world of hope and encouragement through the miracle of projected books. Quick to sense the importance of the amazing device which transforms a cold white ceiling into a source of pleasure for the bedridden, the editors of Coronet in 1945 arranged to microfilm each issue of the magazine free of charge for any hospital which had a projector.

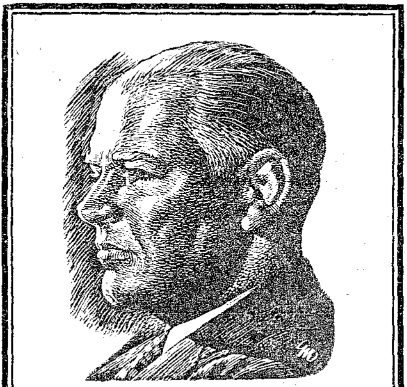
When they discovered that the supply of projectors was limited, the editors also established the Coronet Fund for Projected Reading and invited readers to contribute toward the purchase of machines and microfilms of books. Coronet has now received $76,588.71 from 7,049 contributors, the gifts ranging from as little as a dime to several thousand dollars.

But the need is still great, not only for veterans but also for countless civilians — bedridden men, women and children who desperately need new interests to help them forget their pain as they lie, day after dreary day, in polio clinics, old people's homes, and other institutions. Won't you help brighten their world by contributing to this unique and worth-while project? Please make your contributions payable to the Coronet Fund for Projected Reading and mail it to Coronet Magazine, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Ill.

by ROBERT W. MARKS

He Found a Fortune in a Tube

With his electronic gadgets, Allen DuMont has made science pay off in a big way



ALLEN B. DU MONT

A SOLDIER WOUNDED in World War I had carried a sliver of shrapnel in his body for 26 years. Periodically the piece of metal stirred up painful infections. Yet whenever an operation was undertaken, according to directions furnished by X-ray pictures, the shrapnel would shift position and elude the scalpel.

Suddenly, somebody thought of Allen DuMont, who has more electronic inventions to his credit than were ever envisaged in the wildest dreams of Tom Swift. DuMont was reached at his laboratory in Montclair, New Jersey. "I think," he said to the surgeon making the call, "I have a gadget which will do what you want."

Soon an engineer arrived at the hospital, carrying a special DuMont "metal locator." He explained that when a small metal contact was passed over the patient's body, an indicator would mark the shrapnel's hiding place. Patient and doctor agreed to another operation. This time the troublesome bit of metal was found on the first probe.

Isolated as a single invention, the "metal locator" would have commercial validity of its own; but this piece of electronic wizardry is only one member of a vast family of brilliant gadgets stemming from a common tube. In the Paramount Theater in New York, for example, experiments are nearing completion on a special television machine to flash moving pictures of outside news events which take place only a matter of minutes before they appear on the giant screen.

At the heart of both machines lies a tube which has altered the whole face of modern electronics, a tube which makes visible anything that can be translated into electrical pulsations. Allen B. DuMont was in the front rank of the pioneers who took the cathode-ray tube, which is also an important part of radar, out of the laboratory and made it into a commercially important unit.

DuMont is one of those prodigies in American industry to whom invention and development are commonplace. In the last 15 years, DuMont, who is now 45, has chalked up some 75 patents; on the record are 100 or more other inventions which have never been graced with the legitimacy of formal papers. Included is radar itself, for which DuMont filed claims in 1932. .

But underneath the turmoil of industrial development, DuMont has stuck to his one true love—the cathode-ray tube—a tube that writes. He was one of those who saw its possibilities when it was no more than a laboratory curiosity; he dreamed of it for years; and he lived to see it become one of science's greatest aids.

DuMont is a husky, baldish, reserved man who walks with a slight limp, the result of polio in childhood. His chief concerns in life are his experiments, his family life and power boating. This economy of interests has concentrated his energies, concentrated them geographically as well as emotionally, since it is not often that he travels far from his Montclair laboratory.

A legend has grown up, picturing him as a naïve, absent-minded engineer, too unworldly to be entrusted with the intrigues of business. Commander Mortimer Loewi, USNR, DuMont's chief associate, maintains paternally that "DuMont shouldn't be bothered with such things. Instead he should just putter around the laboratory and invent new things—that's what he's best fitted to do." Yet in the next breath Loewi concedes that DuMont has the toughest business head of any man in the organization. "He's the only inventor in history," says Loewi, "who has made more money than his promoters."

The history of DuMont, however, is the history of a man who has had plenty of money troubles. In 1931, he was a vice-president of the old DeForest Radio Company, clicking off invention after invention while DeForest steadily went broke. When bankruptcy finally came DuMont approached Henry L. Crowley, a company director. "How would you like to join me in manufacturing cathode-ray tubes? We could start in a small way . . . in my basement."

The idea was worth $500 to Crowley; no more. DuMont matched it and a shop was set up, but a few weeks later the money was gone, so DuMont cast his life savings into the business, borrowed from relatives, even raised a $6,000 bank loan.

The cathode-ray tube began to take commercial form. DuMont used laboratory flasks for glass, put the insides together with a soldering iron and shears. To secure certain chemicals, he visited a Jersey zinc mine containing a fluorescent ore known as Willemite. Working at dusk he flashed the ultra-violet beam of a sunlamp on the deposits and picked out by hand those chunks of ore which fluoresced with greatest brilliance.

The first crude tube burned for only 30 hours. Then DuMont hired a glass-blower and assistants. Some of the new tubes lasted 1,000 hours; then the figure was increased to 2,000, to 5,000. Meanwhile, DuMont and his associates built an electric precision-measuring instrument — the cathode-ray oscillograph. When connected, it would draw fantastic wave pictures—pictures which at first were meaningless because a technique had not been devised for utilizing them.

DuMont hooked up the oscillograph to a remote writing stylus and demonstrated how handwriting could be transmitted over phone wires and reproduced on the tube's surface. This contraption he called the "Cathautograph."

But DuMont had over-dreamed. The oscillograph was truly an extraordinary instrument, but the world was not ripe for oscillography, despite the fact that DuMont in 1933 opened the National Electrical and Radio Exposition in New York with a spectacular demonstration of the Cathautograph writing in letters of green fire, "NRA . . . We Do Our Part."

TIME PASSED. DuMont was standing with his back to the wall. Among his customers was Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence, University of California physicist who had built the atom-splitting cyclotron and had found the oscillograph useful. Then, on a gray day in September, 1935, the Dow-Jones ticker broke down in the office of Mortimer Loewi, then a Wall Street broker. A repairman spread the intricate parts of the ticker's brain on the floor. Loewi stared in admiration.

"It's wonderful," he mused, "how those tiny things can translate electricity into words."

"If you think a ticker's wonderful," said the repairman, "you ought to see the gadget DuMont has developed in Montclair. And DuMont needs financing. You ought to look into it."

Although Loewi was not interested in financing gadgets, he made his way to the shabby door of DuMont's laboratory, now grown to a three-story establishment in Upper Montclair. The place looked like a blacksmith shop. DuMont in shirtsleeves was puttering at a bench, surrounded by a wild assortment of wires, tubes, batteries and sputtering glass flames.

DuMont explained the principles of the cathode-ray tube. "It can draw a picture of anything which can be converted into electrical impulses," he said. "It can revolutionize television."

Loewi was laconic. "Could you use one to take down a phone message when nobody's home?"

DuMont explained that the tube would only hold an image for a few seconds. "But if I had the time and money," he went on, "I could build an instrument that would record the image in film."

"Good!" said Loewi. "Build one. I'll finance it and sell it to the phone company."

Some months later the DuMont recorder was finished; but complications had incubated in its electronic innards. Instead of turning out to be a compact, foolproof box, it looked like a Rube Goldberg contraption. The phone company was enthusiastically disinterested. And, although Loewi had induced DuMont to incorporate his company in order to raise funds, the cash box was alarmingly empty.

Salesmen dashed from one office to another, trying to fire interest. Loewi even turned to the life insurance companies. "The oscillograph," he argued, "is an ideal device to use in examining prospects. It will even detect halitosis." But the insurance companies were not yet wave-form conscious.

MEANWHILE, DuMONT was busy inventing and patenting. He had submitted a patent application to his attorney on the apparatus now known as radar, and had demonstrated to the War Department how the oscillograph could detect enemy ships and aircraft. The War Department requested that the application be withheld—for reasons of military secrecy. (In 1937, Washington issued similar patents to a French Company.)

Another DuMont patent concerned a miniature cathode-ray tube which would indicate whether a radio station was properly tuned in. DuMont handed Loewi the patent on this "Magic Eye."

"RCA is interested in this," he said. "Why don't you make a deal with them?"

Loewi negotiated. Meanwhile, DuMont had located an abandoned pickle works in Passaic, New Jersey, a vinegaresque building which could be used as a full-scale factory.

When a horse-trading impasse was reached with RCA, Loewi and DuMont agreed to accept $19,750 for an assignment to market the Magic Eye, but DuMont reserved certain rights for himself. This deal put the electronic penman in big business. He bought the pickle works and personally deodorized the plant and installed the necessary wiring. Then he decided on an educational campaign.

"If we hope to interest industry in this tube," he argued, "we had better start with student engineers. A man who learns to use the oscillograph in school will know what it really can do for industry."

Nearly every engineering school in the country was sold an oscillograph. Four years later, DuMont's logic paid dividends. A whole generation of engineers demanded the cathode-ray tube, and quickly expanded its field of usefulness. The youngsters used it to analyze knocks in auto engines, to match colors, to detect flaws in metal parts, to tune radio transmitters, to repair radio circuits, to compare tone quality in musical instruments, to visualize heart beats and brain waves.

As the fields of usefulness expanded, sales figures climbed. Then television began to boom, and the cathode-ray tube was accepted as the ideal means of translating received impulses into visual form. At last, DuMont was set to cash in on his years of struggle, experiment and uphill salesmanship. In 1939, Paul Raibourn, head of Paramount's television activities, arranged with Lehman Brothers to back the company with $600,000, and DuMont was in the Big Time.

Much of what followed was veiled in wartime secrecy. The detecting of enemy submarines, the shooting down of Axis planes, the accuracy of bomb-dropping in adverse weather—all owe a high technical debt to DuMont's basement struggles. For radar would not have been as useful without the cathode-ray tube. The principle of echoing radio waves had long been known; but radar would not have played the role it did in the last war if the cathode-ray tube had not been available in so high a degree of perfection. A considerable amount of credit for this belongs to DuMont.

DuMont was not the inventor of the cathode-ray tube, but he was one of the first to transform it into a commercial commodity. He shares the honors with others, particularly with engineers of RCA and Western Electric. The tube is now manufactured by several companies, including RCA and Sylvania.

Today, with five DuMont television stations in process of construction, and with cathode-ray tubes in every television receiving set, DuMont is electronically happy. With 300 engineers working on new developments, the research extensions, he claims, are infinite.

DuMont's thinking and living today are not very different from those of his youthful days, when he first began to tinker with gadgets. Always sure of himself, this Brooklyn-born inventor is a combination of simplicity, directness and prosaic stubbornness. He answers his own phone, eats with his workmen, refuses to close his office door. His only concession to success has been the use of the title of "doctor," conferred by his alma mater, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

His home is still the old home in Upper Montclair, a few miles from his office in the ancient pickle works. And if you should drop in unannounced some day at the new French-Provincial-style laboratory that DuMont has built on a wooded hill overlooking Manhattan, you would probably find Mrs. DuMont there with her little daughter, planting the terrace in rhododendron.

A few yards away a radar antenna will be probing the notches on the horizon; and on the grayish surface of a cathode-ray tube, silver ripples will tell of new test signals from Tokyo. A spark's jump away, in the quiet of the Jersey countryside, a special, long-memory tube will be taking down a phone message in electronic script—and projecting it on one of Allen DuMont's bulletin boards.

CREDITS

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This Month's Cover: Sheilah Beckett's nostalgic painting for Coronet's July cover is pretty much a family affair. Her artist-husband, J. Frederick Smith, in the sharpest Gay Nineties suit he could find, posed as the uncomfortable young swain waiting for his "date." And their small son Ian modeled for the children on the stairs. "While my hero is undergoing an ordeal of scrutiny, his sweetheart is probably still struggling with her corset laces," says Miss Beckett.

A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

Flowering Miracle

On September 1, 1661, London was a thriving, bustling city of crooked streets and flimsy wooden buildings. So when the great London fire broke out 24 hours later, the city burned like a torch. After four terrible days and nights, it existed only as a memory.

With heavy hearts, those who had escaped death turned homeward. But when they came within sight of the ruins, they stopped in amazement. Acres of flowers covered the scorched earth! Many had wanted to abandon the city, but those flowers—fire weeds—gave them courage to rebuild.

Spring came, then summer and autumn, but the pink and purple flowers did not reappear. They had vanished as mysteriously as they had sprung from the tortured soil.

Almost 275 years later, in the battle of Britain, London again experienced days and nights of agony as death and destruction rained from the sky. And again the fire weeds burst miraculously into bloom—this time to hide the scars of war.

To Londoners, the pink and purple flowers have become a symbol of hope and courage, a manifestation of Nature that seemingly appears when men need a bright reminder that life must go on!

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE MINK